

GLORY
BE TO GOD

Glory Bells

FRANKLIN G. CO.

FOR
SUNDAY SCHOOL AND GOSPEL
SCHOOL MEETINGS
BY

W.T. GIFFE

Published by

THE HOME MUSIC COMPANY

LOGANSPORT, IND.

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GLORY BELLS.

A COLLECTION OF

New Hymns and New Music

FOR

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, GOSPEL MEETINGS,
REVIVALS, CHRISTIAN ENDEAV-
OR SOCIETIES, EPWORTH
LEAGUES, ETC.

BY

W. J. GIFFE.

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PUBLISHED BY

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Logansport, Ind.

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Preface.

IN making this book the author has aimed to have the hymns and music fresh and new throughout. With a very few exceptions, my purpose has been accomplished.

It will be seen that strong hands have helped in the contributions. Many more were placed at my disposal but not used, hence the public may feel sure that every number in this book is here by the most careful selection and because of its eminent merit and pleasing fitness for some useful place in the kingdom of religious song.

In order to secure the best efforts of the best composers, the publishers offered four cash prizes for the four best and most suitable contributions. These prizes were awarded by a committee of three persons, chosen because of their special qualifications in musical and literary knowledge, and long experience, viz: Mr. Chas. H. Gabriel, Dr. J. B. Herbert, and Mrs. Carre B. Adams.

It became necessary to divide the fourth prize between two pieces of supposed equal merit.

THIRTY-NINE COMPOSERS

competed for these prizes with ninety-one pieces. Besides the editor's own pieces, a number of others were barred from the competition for commercial reasons, etc.

All pieces entered for a prize are designated by (E. P.) printed at the lower right hand corner of the page. The pieces that won the prizes are indicated under the titles.

I hereby tender my grateful thanks to all who in any wise assisted in furnishing material and lessening the arduous task of making such a book, and this is meant also, for the many who submitted contributions, which, for lack of space, were necessarily omitted.

And now, asking God's blessing on its songs, we send forth GLORY BELLS to help sing a new wave of religious song throughout the land.

W. T. G.

No. 1.

GLORY BELLS.

W. T. G.

W. T. GIFFE.

1. All the bells of heav'n go ring-ing when a soul returns, Yes, glo-ry bells,
 2. Bells of heav'n will ring the par-don God will glad-ly give; Yes, glo-ry bells,
 3. When the ransomed hosts go marching thro' the gates of gold, The glo-ry bells

glo-ry bells, ringing welcome home, Glad rejoicing sweeps the skies when prodigal
 glo-ry bells, glo-ry bells will ring, All a - dor - a - ble and mighty Father of
 all will ring, ring them welcome home. What a glorious convocation then will sur-

sons a - rise, And turn re - pent - ant fac - es tow'rd the throne. Glo-ry!
 light and love, In an-thems loud the an-gels then will sing. Glo-ry!
 round our God, To glo - ri - fy the Lamb up - on the throne. Glo-ry!

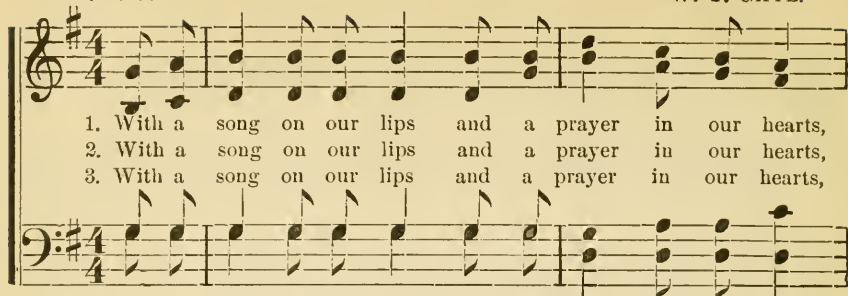
CHORUS,

Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry bells will ring, Glo - ry! glo-ry! glory! to the King!

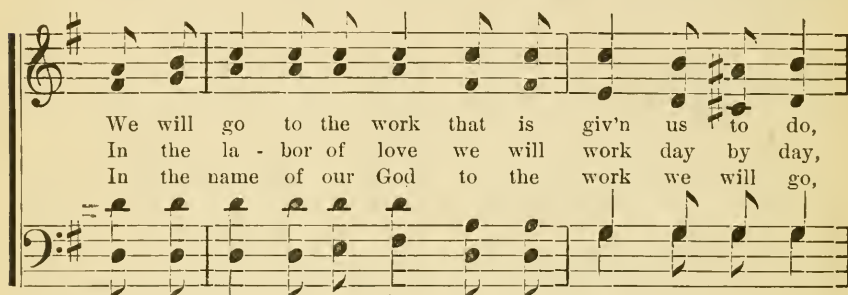
No. 2. WITH A SONG AND A PRAYER.

W. T. G.

W. T. GIFFE.



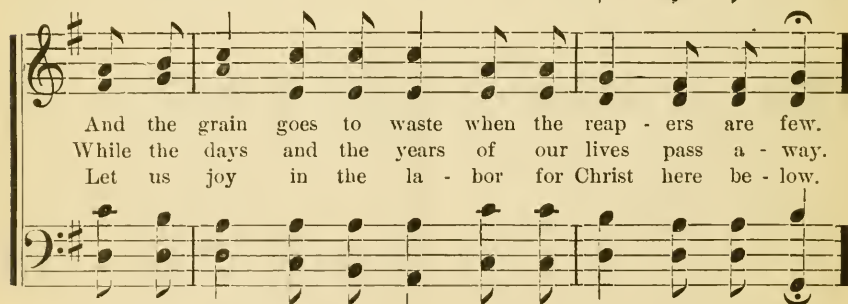
1. With a song on our lips and a prayer in our hearts,
 2. With a song on our lips and a prayer in our hearts,
 3. With a song on our lips and a prayer in our hearts,



We will go to the work that is giv'n us to do,
 In the la - bor of love we will work day by day,
 In the name of our God to the work we will go,



O, the fields for the har - vest al - read - y are ripe,
 For the cause of our Lord and his Christ we will work,
 What - so - ev - er our hands find to do let us do,



And the grain goes to waste when the reap - ers are few.
 While the days and the years of our lives pass a - way.
 Let us joy in the la - bor for Christ here be - low.

WITH A SONG AND A PRAYER. Concluded.

CHORUS. Vigorously.

f

To the work, to the work, we will brave - ly go,

f

To the work, to the work we'll not an - swer no,

For the Mas - ter hath need of our help to - day,

To the work, to the work, we'll no long - er de - lay.

No. 3. WON'T YOU TRY, MY BROTHER?

W. T. G.

W. T. GIFFE.

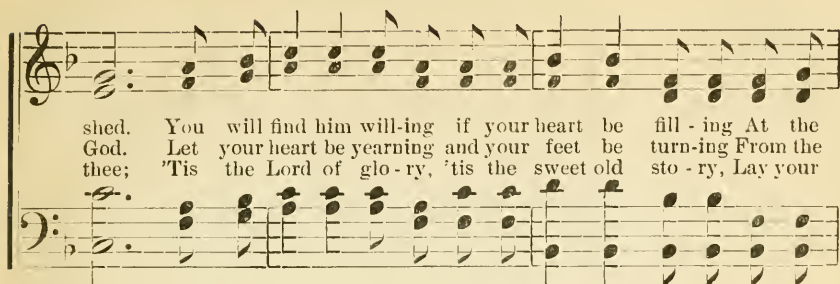
1. The way of the Lord is best when you find it, Won't you
 2. His prom - ise is sure, his mer - cy su - per - nal, Won't you
 3. There's mer - cy and grace for all who will seek him, Won't you

try, my brother? won't you try? His word is sure if you
 try, my brother? won't you try? You can - not fail of the
 try, my brother? won't you try? He's seek - ing now for an

on - ly will mind it, Won't you try, my brother? won't you try? There is
 life that's e - ter - nal Won't you try, my brother? won't you try? Let your
 entrance and greeting, Won't you try, my brother? won't you try? He is

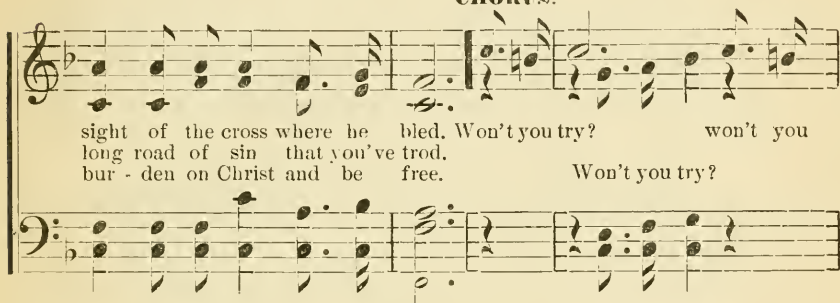
life and healing at his feet when kneeling, And the pen - i - ten - tial tear is
 light be shin - ing, put a - way re - plu - ing, Murmur not a - gainst the will of
 gent - ly call - ing, hear the ac - cents fall - ing, He is call - ing, call - ing now to

WON'T YOU TRY, MY BROTHER? Concluded.

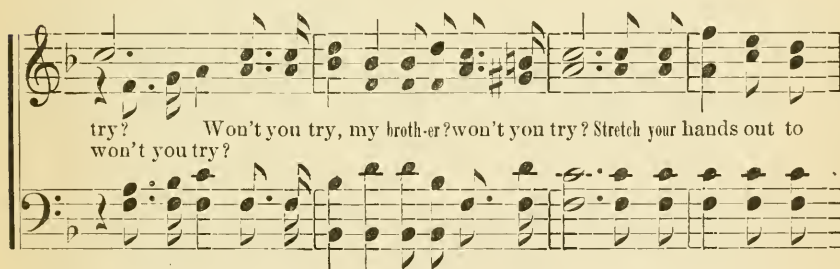


shed. You will find him will-ing if your heart be fill - ing At the
 God. Let your heart be yearning and your feet be turn-ing From the
 thee; 'Tis the Lord of glo - ry, 'tis the sweet old sto - ry, Lay your

CHORUS.



sight of the cross where he bled. Won't you try? won't you
 long road of sin that you've trod.
 bur - den on Christ and be free. Won't you try?



try? Won't you try, my broth-er? won't you try? Stretch your hands out to
 won't you try?



him From the depths of your sin, You can reach him, my brother, if you try.

No. 4.

WHO WILL ACCEPT HIM

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Who will ac-knowl-edge Christ as their Sav-iour? He who is
 2. Who will ac-knowl-edge Christ as their Sav-iour? Who will re -
 3. Who will ac-knowl-edge Christ as their Sav-iour? Who will on

Life, Light and Way, Who will ac-cept the terms of his par-don?
 pent of their sin? Who will for-sake the ways that are e-vil?
 Je - sus be - lieve? Who will in faith ac-cept his sal - va-tion?

D. S. Who will ac-cept the terms of his par-don?

FINE. CHORUS.

Who will con-fess him to - day? Who will ac-cept him?
 Let grace its work now be - gin?
 Who will his par - don re - ceive?

Who will con-fess him to - day?

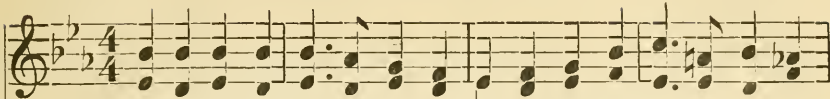
D. S.
 Who will con-fess him? Who will re-ceive him, I pray?

No. 5.

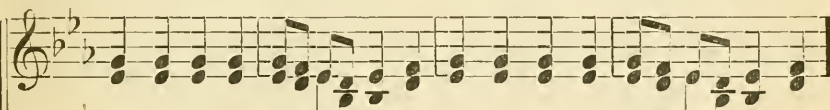
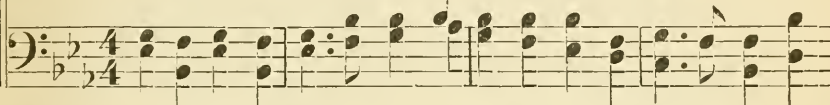
ONWARD SOLDIERS.

EDITH V. BRADT.

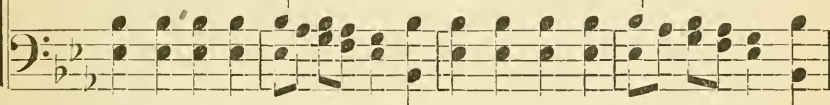
J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. Onward soldiers, fal - ter nev - er, Forward march in brave en-deav-or;
2. Children of a King vic - to rious, Children of a King all glo-rious,
3. Zi - on-ward our steps are tend-ing, For the right our pray'rs as-cend-ing;
4. Cast-ing down our crowns be-fore him Ev - er - more to praise, a-dore him,



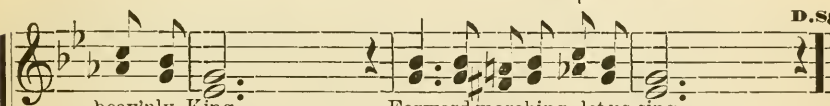
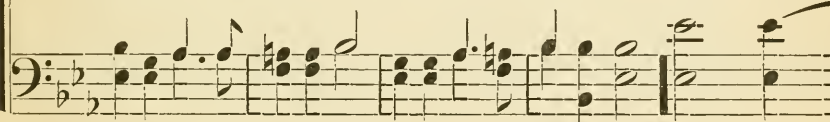
High the roy-al ban-ner fling-ing, Hearts a - tune and voic-es sing-ing,
 With his banner float-ing o'er us, Shout we still the mighty cho-rus,
 While with courage fail-ing nev - er, March we on-ward, sing-ing ev - er,
 Still our hap-py voic-es sing-ing, High the heav'nly an - them ring-ing,



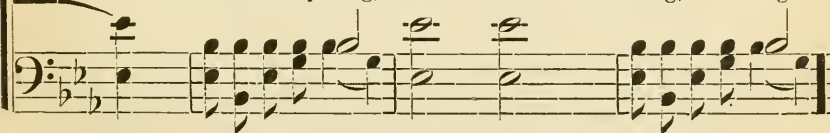
FINE. CHORUS.



"Chil-dren of the King are we, Children of the King are we," Children of the
 Chil - dren....



heav'nly King, Forward marching, let us sing,
 of the heav'nly King, For - ward marching, let us sing.



No. 6.

O HAPPY DAY.

W. T. G.

W. T. GIFFE.

Moderato.

1. There's sunshine and love in my soul to-day, I can-not keep from singing,
 2. O, hap-py my days as they're gliding by, I can-not keep from singing,
 3. I praise thee, O God, in my heart to day, I can-not keep from singing.

For Je-sus the darkness has rolled a-way And morning bells are ring-ing,
 My soul is en-rapt in sweet mel-o-dy, While to the cross I'm cling-ing.
 For in-to my life a sweet love-lit ray Thy grace is gent-ly bring-ing.

The night of my sin was dark and long, And fleeting was ev'-ry pleasure,
 I'm hap-pi-er now than I've ev-er been, Since Jesus is mine completely,
 To thee I renew all the vows I've made, And walk in thy courts contented.

But Je-sus has put a new thought in my song, Its joy I cannot measure.
 I rest in the arms of his love and dream, Of an-gels singing sweetly.
 Thy ways are the best and thy plans well laid For all who have re-pen-ted.

O HAPPY DAY. Concluded.

CHORUS.

O hap - py day,
Hap - py day, O hap - py day, When Je - sus made me whole,
Yes, whole.

O hap - py day,
Hap - py day, O hap - py day Of sun - shine in my soul.

No. 7. THE PROTECTING ROCK.

H. R. BALDWIN.

W. T. G.

1. Rock of A - ges shel - ter me, I have found a rest in thee,
2. Safe within thy cleft I stand, Shield-ed by thy lov - ing hand,
3. Rock of A - ges shel - ter me, I will still a - bide in thee,

In af - flic - tion's dreary hour, Thou hast shown thy gra - cious pow'r.
Oh, let noth - ing draw me thence, Still be thou my sure de - fense.
Gra - cious Mas - ter, Sav - iour, Friend, Keep, Oh, keep me to the end.

No. 8.

I WILL TRUST HIM.

IDA L. REED.

W. T. GIFFE.

1. I will trust the Lord for - ev - er, Though the days be
 2. I will trust the Lord for - ev - er, Though my path - way
 3. I will trust the Lord for - ev - er, To His ho - ly

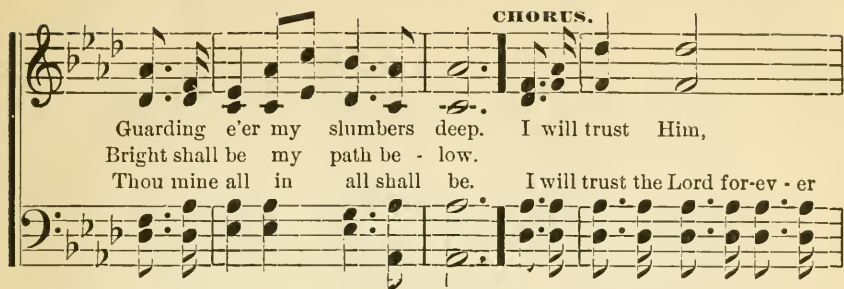
dark or fair, This sweet hope will fail me nev - er, I His
 oft may lie Thro' the wea - ry de - sert pla - ces, Love's sweet
 name I'll cling, When life's grief and, care op - press me, I will

mer - cy free shall share. All the day His hand doth lead me
 light will by and by Shine a - gain in beau - ty o'er me,
 come to Him my King, I will trust thee, Lord for - ev - er,


All the night His an - gels keep Lov - ing watch a - bove me ev - er
 And life's skies once more shall glow. With the bow of hope and prom - ise,
 All my hopes are stay'd on thee, I will trust thee, tho' thou slay me,

I WILL TRUST HIM. Concluded.

CHORUS.



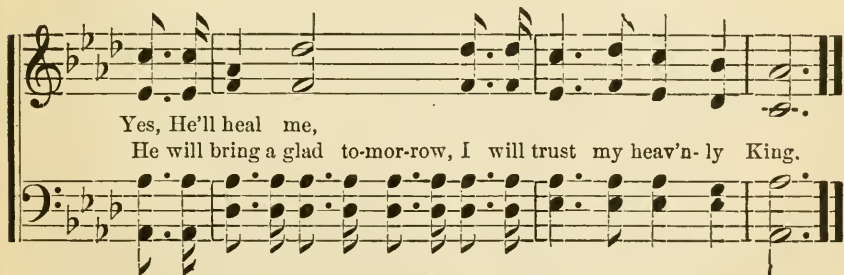
Guarding e'er my slumbers deep. I will trust Him,
 Bright shall be my path be - low.
 Thou mine all in all shall be. I will trust the Lord for-ev - er



I will trust Him.
 All my griefs to Him I'll bring; I will trust the Lord for - ev - er,



He will heal me,
 I will trust my heav'n-ly King. He will heal my ev' - ry sor - row,



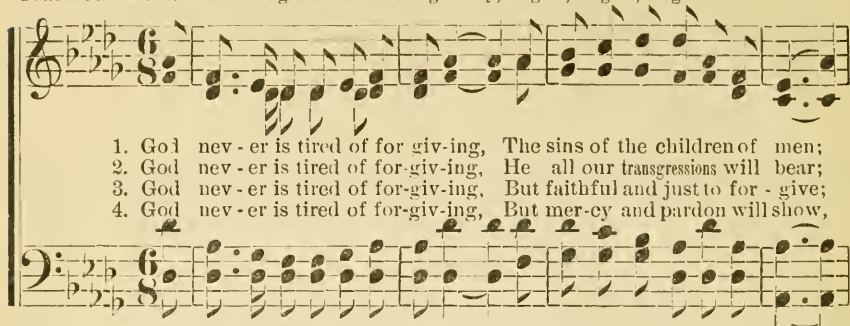
Yes, He'll heal me,
 He will bring a glad to-mor-row, I will trust my heav'n-ly King.

No. 9. NEVER TIRED OF FORGIVING.

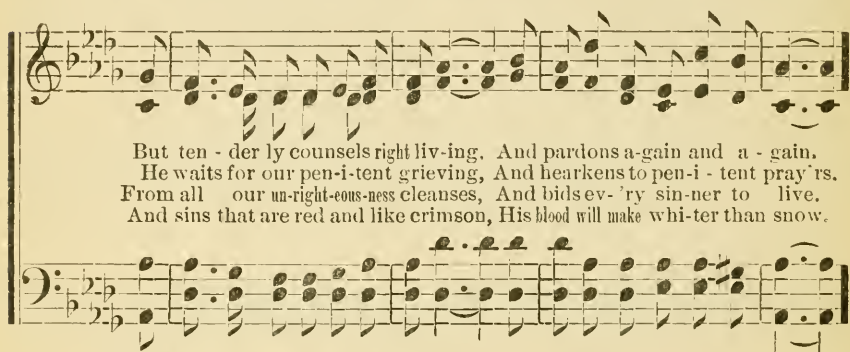
Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

A little boy after saying his usual prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses, &c.," said: "Mamma I should think that God would get tired of hearing us say, forgive, forgive, forgive."

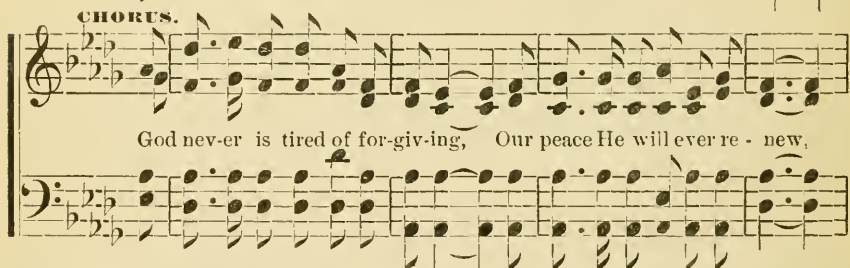


1. God nev - er is tired of for giv - ing, The sins of the children of men;
 2. God nev - er is tired of for - giv - ing, He all our transgressions will bear;
 3. God nev - er is tired of for - giv - ing, But faithful and just to for - give;
 4. God nev - er is tired of for - giv - ing, But mer - cy and pardon will show,

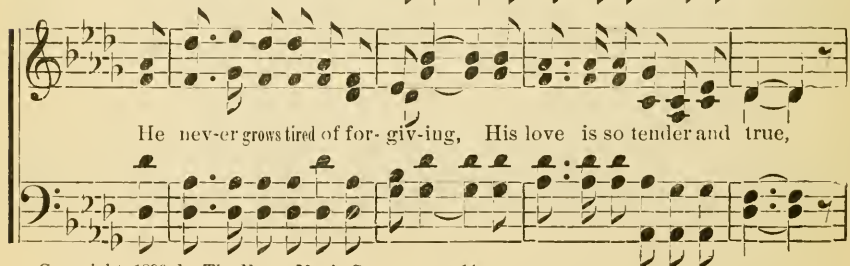


But ten - der ly counsels right liv - ing, And pardons a - gain and a - gain,
 He waits for our pen - i - tent grieving, And hearkens to pen - i - tent pray'rs.
 From all our un - right - eous - ness cleanses, And bids ev - 'ry sin - ner to live.
 And sins that are red and like crimson, His blood will make whi - ter than snow.

CHORUS.



God nev - er is tired of for - giv - ing, Our peace He will ever re - new,



He nev - er grows tired of for - giv - ing, His love is so tender and true,

NEVER TIRED OF FORGIVING. Continued.

ten - der and true

Ten - der and true, tender and true, tender and true.

Tender and true, tender and true.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the continuation of the song 'Never Tired of Forgiving'. It features a treble and bass staff in B-flat major (two flats) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and repetitive, with the lyrics 'Tender and true' repeated three times. The first instance has 'ten - der and true' written above the treble staff. The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes) and rests.

No. 10.

AMERICA.

Maestoso.

Words by S. F. SMITH.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try! thee, Land of the no - ble free,
 3. Let mu sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - ther's God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the first system of 'AMERICA.'. It features a treble and bass staff in D major (two sharps) and 3/4 time. The melody is simple and repetitive, with the lyrics 'My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,' repeated four times. The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes) and rests.

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
 To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the second system of 'AMERICA.'. It features a treble and bass staff in D major (two sharps) and 3/4 time. The melody is simple and repetitive, with the lyrics 'Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the' repeated four times. The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes) and rests.

pilgrim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side, Let free - dom ring.
 templed hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
 breath par-take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light; pro - tect us by thy might, Great God our King.


Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the third system of 'AMERICA.'. It features a treble and bass staff in D major (two sharps) and 3/4 time. The melody is simple and repetitive, with the lyrics 'pilgrim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side, Let free - dom ring.' repeated four times. The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes) and rests.

No. II.



GLORY TO THE LAMB.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

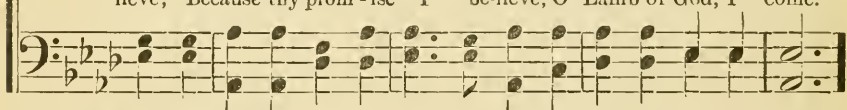
FRANK M. DAVIS.




1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for
 2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With many a con - flict many a
 4. Just as I am, -thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt welcome, par-don, cleanse, re-

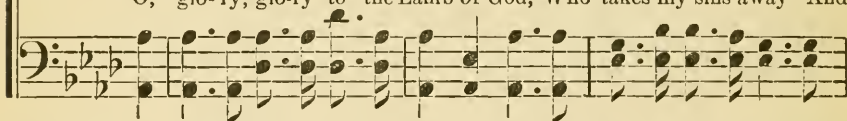
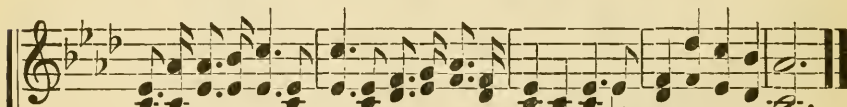
me, And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come.
 blot, To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come.
 doubt, Fightings within and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come.
 lieve, Because thy prom - ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come.



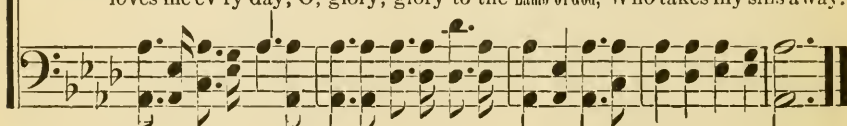
CHORUS.



O, glo-ry, glo-ry to the Lamb of God, Who takes my sins away And

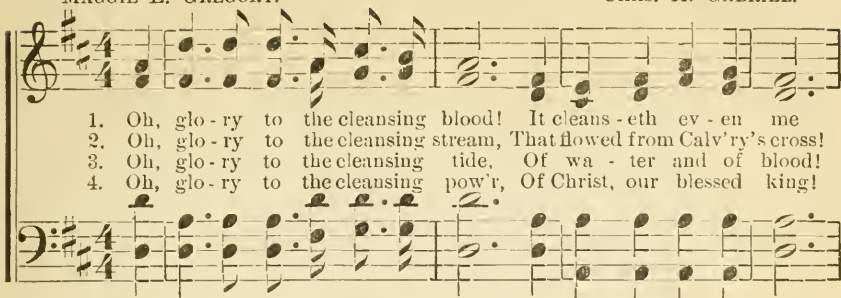
loves me ev'ry day, O, glory, glory to the Lamb of God, Who takes my sins away.



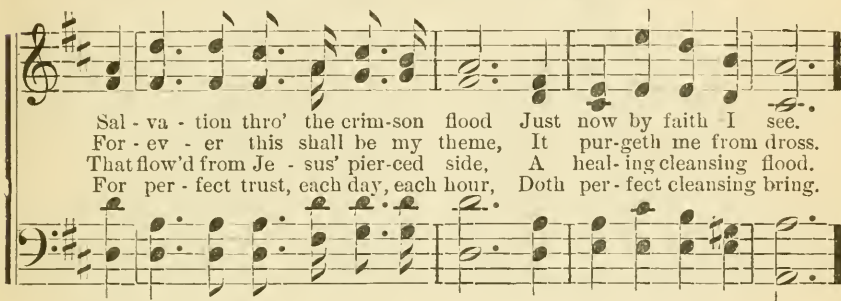
No. 12. THE CLEANSING BLOOD.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

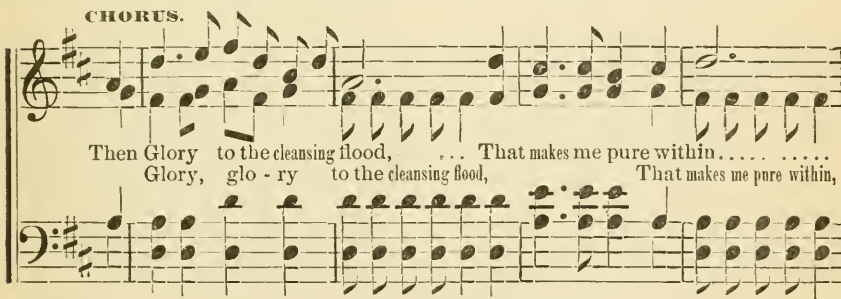


1. Oh, glo - ry to the cleansing blood! It cleans - eth ev - en me
 2. Oh, glo - ry to the cleansing stream, That flowed from Calv'ry's cross!
 3. Oh, glo - ry to the cleansing tide, Of wa - ter and of blood!
 4. Oh, glo - ry to the cleansing pow'r, Of Christ, our blessed king!

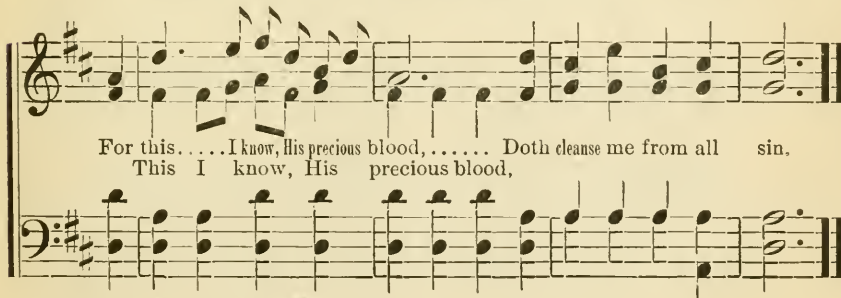


Sal - va - tion thro' the crim - son flood Just now by faith I see,
 For - ev - er this shall be my theme, It pur - geth me from dress.
 That flow'd from Je - sus' pier - ced side, A heal - ing cleansing flood.
 For per - fect trust, each day, each hour, Doth per - fect cleansing bring.

CHORUS.



Then Glory to the cleansing flood, ... That makes me pure within.....
 Glory, glo - ry to the cleansing flood, That makes me pure within,



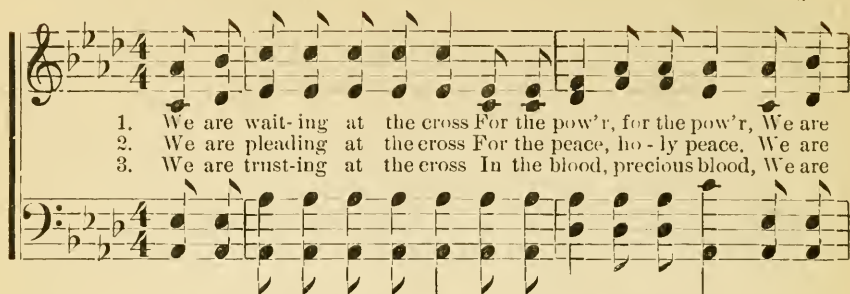
For this, I know, His precious blood, Doth cleanse me from all sin.
 This I know, His precious blood,

No. 13.

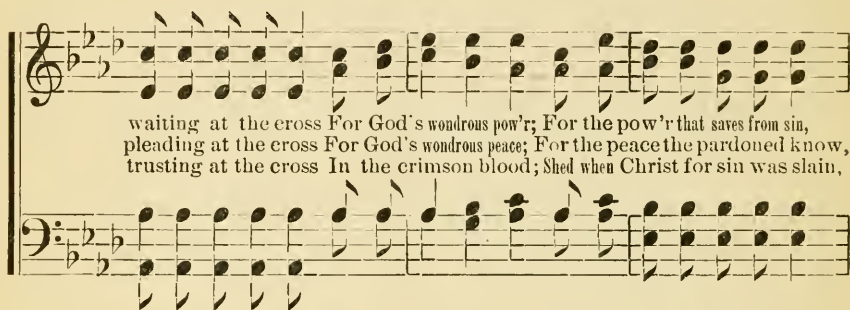
AT THE CROSS.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

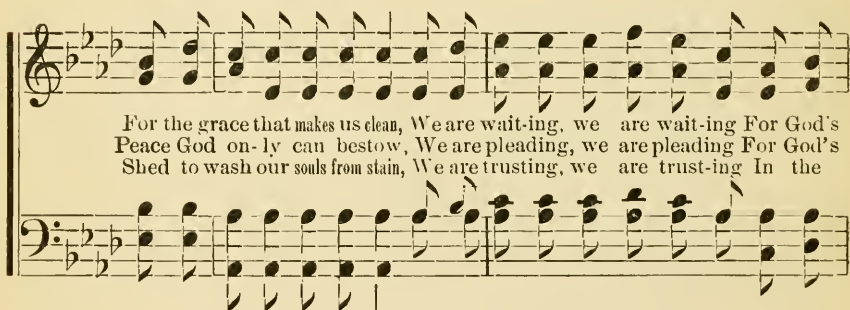
W. T. GIFFE.



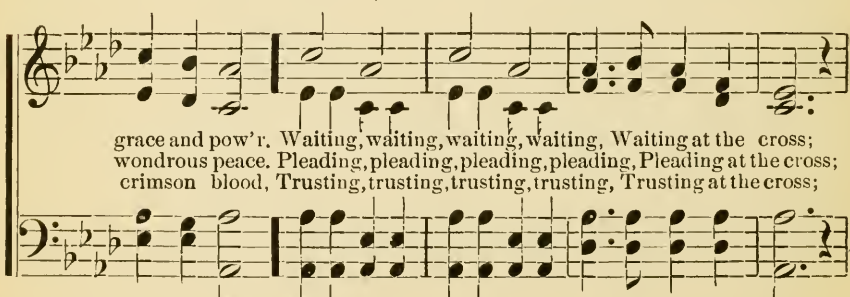
1. We are wait-ing at the cross For the pow'r, for the pow'r, We are
 2. We are plead-ing at the cross For the peace, ho-ly peace. We are
 3. We are trust-ing at the cross In the blood, precious blood, We are



wait-ing at the cross For God's wondrous pow'r; For the pow'r that saves from sin,
 plead-ing at the cross For God's wondrous peace; For the peace the pardoned know,
 trust-ing at the cross In the crimson blood; Shed when Christ for sin was slain,



For the grace that makes us clean, We are wait-ing, we are wait-ing For God's
 Peace God on-ly can bestow, We are plead-ing, we are plead-ing For God's
 Shed to wash our souls from stain, We are trust-ing, we are trust-ing In the



grace and pow'r. Waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting, Waiting at the cross;
 wondrous peace. Pleading, pleading, pleading, pleading, Pleading at the cross;
 crimson blood, Trusting, trusting, trusting, trusting, Trusting at the cross;

AT THE CROSS. Concluded.

Wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, waiting, Waiting for God's grace and pow'r.
 Pleading, pleading, pleading, pleading, Pleading for God's wondrous peace.
 Trusting, trusting, trusting, trusting, Trusting in the crim - son blood.

No. 14. SOME SWEET DAY.

S. H. C.

S. H. CHORD.

1. Some sweet day when life is o'er, We shall meet a - bove;
 2. Tri - als here be - low we meet, Sor - row, pain, and care;
 3. Bright the dawn - ing of that morn, Night be turned to day;

We shall greet those gone be - fore, In that home of love.
 In that hap - py home so sweet, Joy and peace we'll share.
 Part - ed friends no fare - wells know, Tears be wiped a - way.

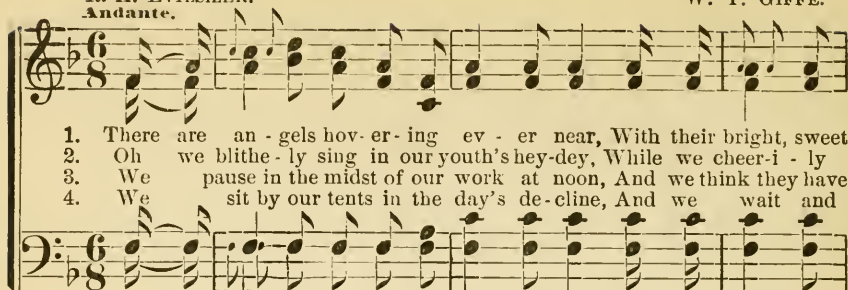
REFRAIN.

Some sweet day, some sweet day, Oh! that happy time will be, some sweet day.

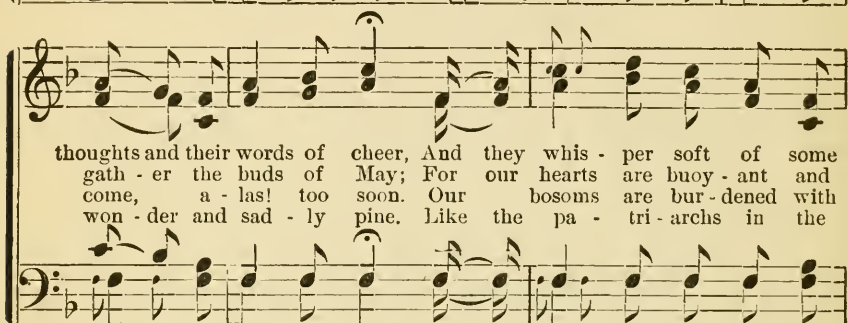
No. 15. WELCOME THE ANGELS IN.

R. A. EVILSIZER.
Andante.

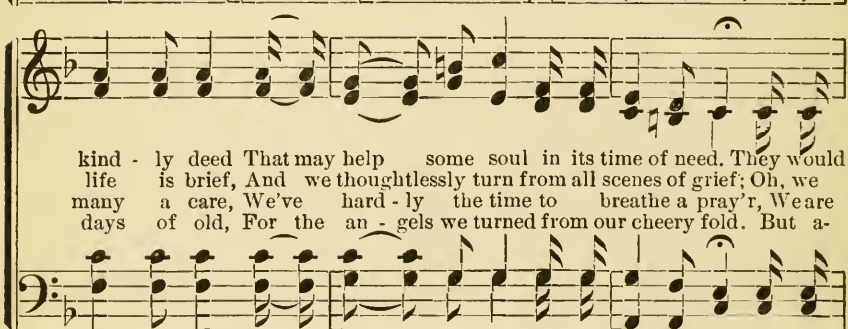
W. T. GIFFE.



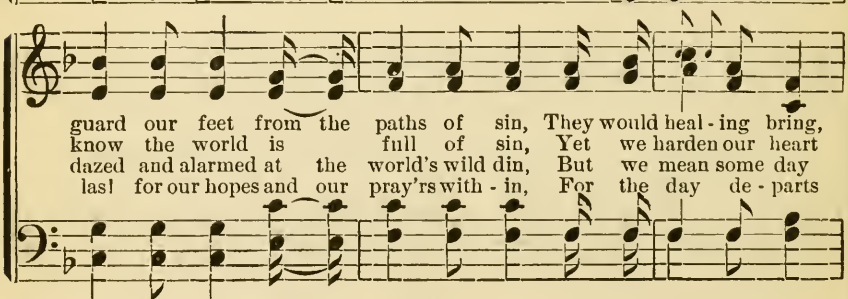
1. There are an - gels hov - er - ing ev - er near, With their bright, sweet
2. Oh we blithe - ly sing in our youth's hey-day, While we cheer-i - ly
3. We pause in the midst of our work at noon, And we think they have
4. We sit by our tents in the day's de - cline, And we wait and



thoughts and their words of cheer, And they whis - per soft of some
gath - er the buds of May; For our hearts are buoy - ant and
come, a - las! too soon. Our bosoms are bur - dened with
won - der and sad - ly pine. Like the pa - tri - archs in the



kind - ly deed That may help some soul in its time of need. They would
life is brief, And we thoughtlessly turn from all scenes of grief; Oh, we
many a care, We've hard - ly the time to breathe a pray'r, We are
days of old, For the an - gels we turned from our cheery fold. But a -



guard our feet from the paths of sin, They would heal - ing bring,
know the world is full of sin, Yet we harden our heart
dazed and alarmed at the world's wild din, But we mean some day
las! for our hopes and our pray'rs with - in, For the day de - parts

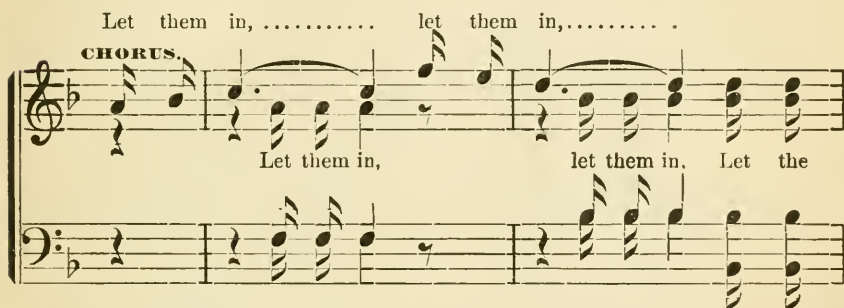
WELCOME THE ANGELS IN. Concluded.



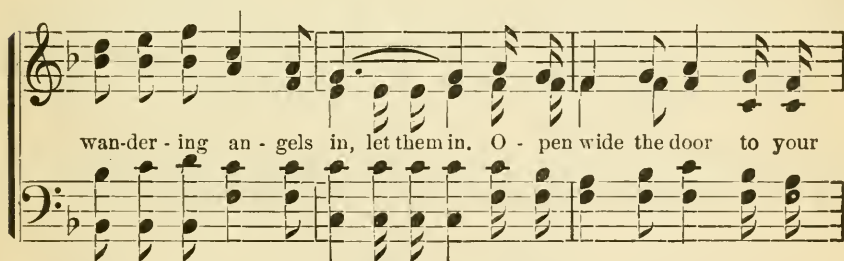
With each snow-white wing, If we opened our hearts to let them in.
 And we bid them de-part, Re - fus-ing to welcome the an - gels in.
 To stop and pray, And joy-ful - ly welcome the an - gels in.
 And our long-ing hearts May nev-er more welcome the an - gels in.

Let them in, let them in,.....

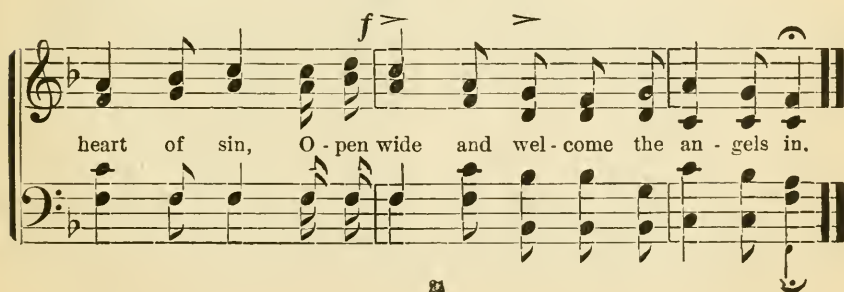
CHORUS.



Let them in, let them in, Let the



wan-der - ing an - gels in, let them in. O - pen wide the door to your

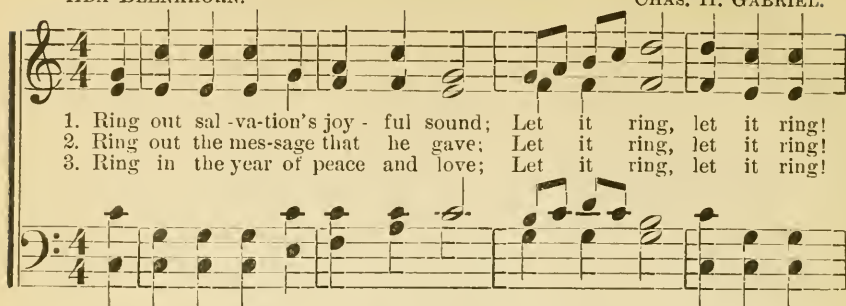


heart of sin, O - pen wide and wel - come the an - gels in.

No. 16. RING OUT SALVATION'S SOUND.

ADA BLENKHORN.

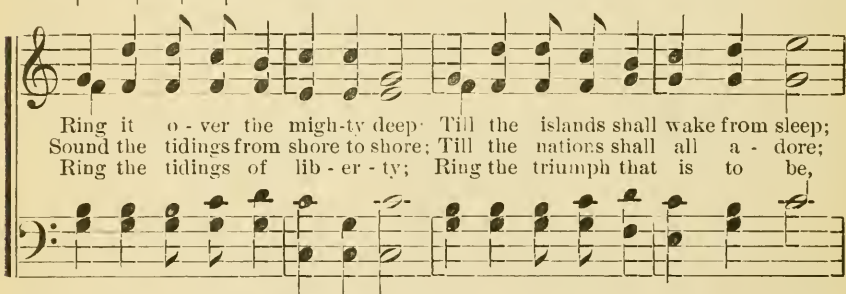
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



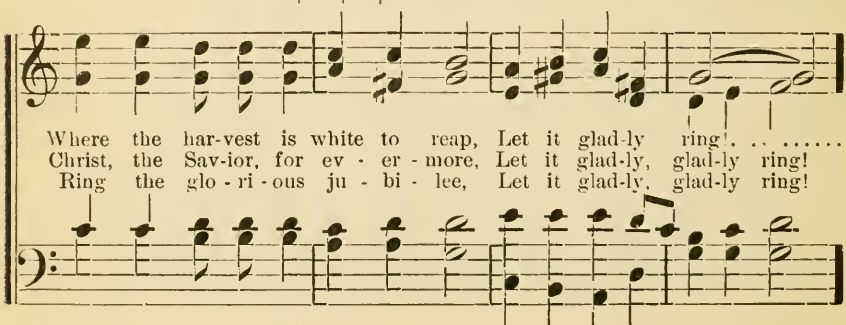
1. Ring out sal - va - tion's joy - ful sound; Let it ring, let it ring!
 2. Ring out the mes - sage that he gave; Let it ring, let it ring!
 3. Ring in the year of peace and love; Let it ring, let it ring!



Let it thro' all the earth resound; Let it glad-ly, joy-ous-ly ring!
 That Christ hath pow'r from sin to save; Let it glad-ly, joy-ous-ly ring!
 Till earth shall be like heav'n a - bove; Let it glad-ly, joy-ous-ly ring!



Ring it o - ver the migh - ty deep; Till the islands shall wake from sleep;
 Sound the tidings from shore to shore; Till the nations shall all a - dore;
 Ring the tidings of lib - er - ty; Ring the triumph that is to be,



Where the har - vest is white to reap, Let it glad-ly ring!
 Christ, the Sav - ior, for ev - er - more, Let it glad-ly, glad-ly ring!
 Ring the glo - ri - ous ju - bi - lee, Let it glad-ly, glad-ly ring!

RING OUT SALVATION'S SOUND. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Ring, ring, ring. Ring out sal - va-tion's joy - ful sound!
Ring, O ring the joy - ful sound,

Ring, O ring, ring, ring, joy - ful sound, Till love shall ev' - ry -

where a - bound! Ring it out for ev - er - more.

No. 17.

GLORIA PATRI.

ANON.

Glory be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost.
As it was in the be-gining, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with-out end. A - men.

No. 18. SWEET IS THE STORY.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

W. T. GIFFE.

Moderato.

1. O, wondrously sweet is the sto - ry that Jesus came down from above,
 2. O, wondrously great is his mer - cy, And wondrously free is his grace,
 3. O, beau - ti - ful sto - ry of Je - sus, The sweetest that ev - er was told,

To make an a - tone - ment for sinners, And bless this poor world with his love.
 And wondrously rich his com - pas - sion, For did he not die in our place?
 The ho - li - est, pur - est, most precious That God could to mortals un - fold!

CHORUS.

The sto - ry grows sweeter and sweeter, And cheers me a - long the way;

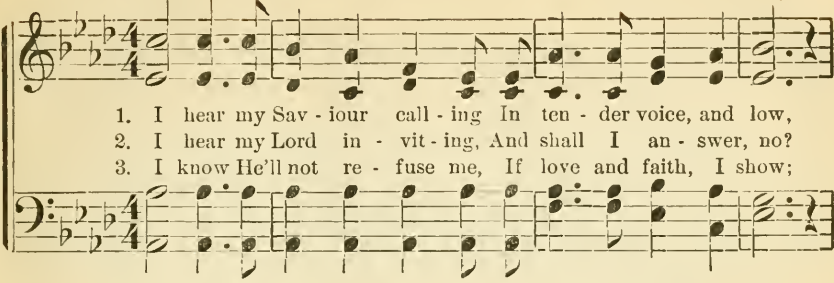
The Saviour grows dearer and dearer; His love is more precious each day.

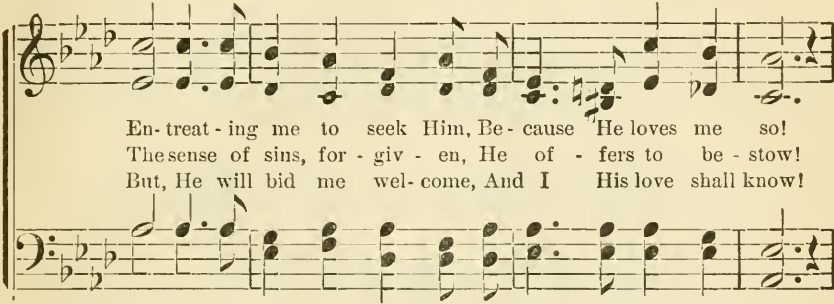
No. 19.

UNTO HIM I'LL GO.

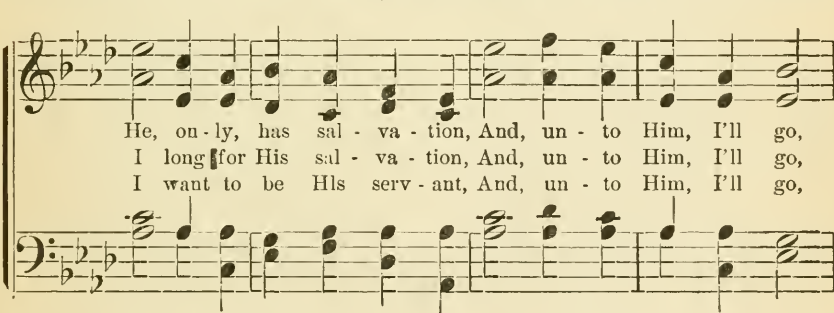
E. R. LATTA.

W. T. GIFFE.

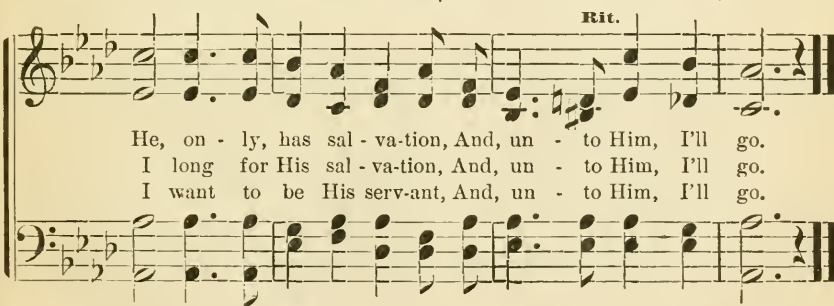
- 
1. I hear my Sav - iour call - ing In ten - der voice, and low,
 2. I hear my Lord in - vit - ing, And shall I an - swer, no?
 3. I know He'll not re - fuse me, If love and faith, I show;



En - treat - ing me to seek Him, Be - cause He loves me so!
 The sense of sins, for - giv - en, He of - fers to be - stow!
 But, He will bid me wel - come, And I His love shall know!



He, on - ly, has sal - va - tion, And, un - to Him, I'll go,
 I long for His sal - va - tion, And, un - to Him, I'll go,
 I want to be His serv - ant, And, un - to Him, I'll go,



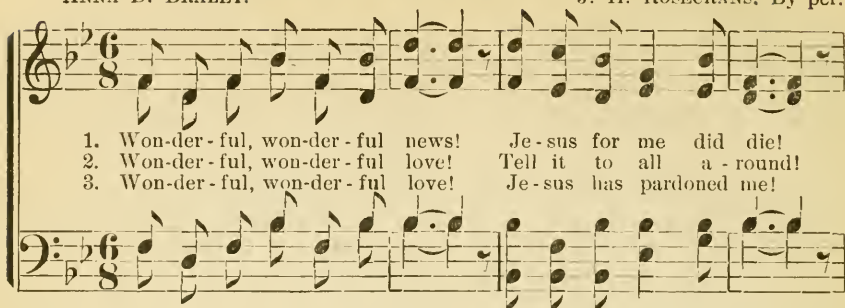
He, on - ly, has sal - va - tion, And, un - to Him, I'll go.
 I long for His sal - va - tion, And, un - to Him, I'll go.
 I want to be His serv - ant, And, un - to Him, I'll go.

No. 20.

WONDERFUL NEWS.

ANNA D. BRALEY.

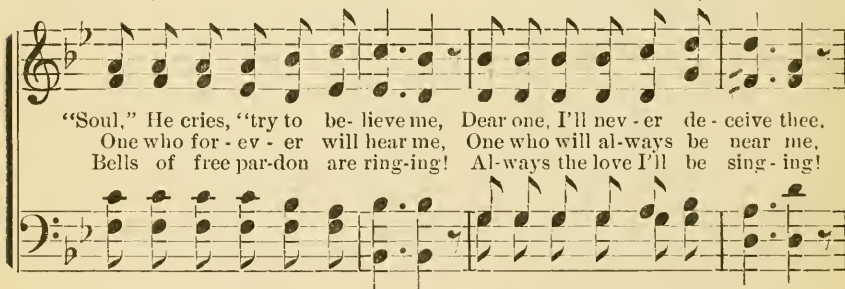
J. H. ROSECRANS. By per.



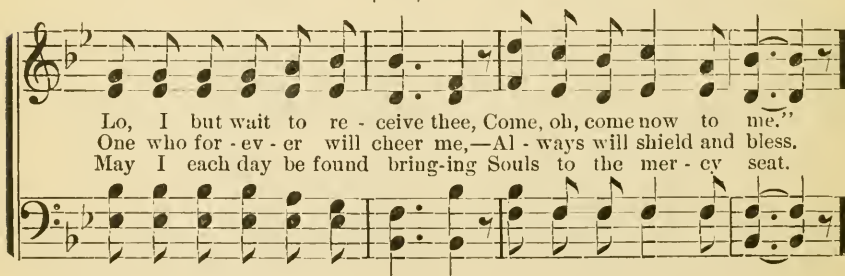
1. Won-der-ful, won-der-ful news! Je-sus for me did die!
 2. Won-der-ful, won-der-ful love! Tell it to all a-round!
 3. Won-der-ful, won-der-ful love! Je-sus has pardoned me!



Won-der-ful, won-der-ful love, Of-fered to such as I.
 Won-der-ful, won-der-ful news, I have a Sav-iour found,—
 Won-der-ful, won-der-ful news, I now from sin am free.



“Soul,” He cries, “try to be-lieve me, Dear one, I’ll nev-er de-ceive thee.
 One who for-ev-er will hear me, One who will al-ways be near me.
 Bells of free par-don are ring-ing! Al-ways the love I’ll be sing-ing!



Lo, I but wait to re-ceive thee, Come, oh, come now to me.”
 One who for-ev-er will cheer me,—Al-ways will shield and bless.
 May I each day be found bring-ing Souls to the mer-cy seat.

WONDERFUL NEWS. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Wonderful, wonderful love!..... Wonderful, wonderful love!.....
 Wonderful love! Wonderful love!

Offered in mercy to you and to me, Wonderful, wonderful love!

No. 21. LITTLE ONES LIKE ME.

W. T. G.

1. Je - sus, when he left the sky, And for sin - ners came to die,
2. Je - sus did not bid them, nay, No, he kind - ly bid them stay;
3. Children, they should love him now, Strive his ho - ly will to do,

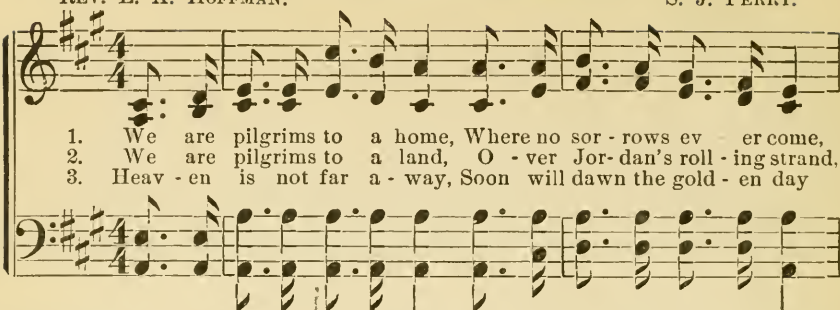
In his mer - cy passed not by Lit - tle ones like me.
 Suf - fered none to turn a - way Lit - tle ones like me.
 Pray to him and praise him too, — Lit - tle ones like me.

No. 22.

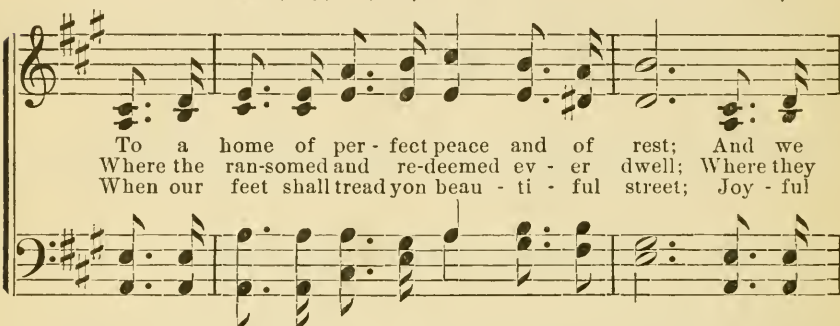
BEAUTIFUL HOME,

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

S. J. PERRY.



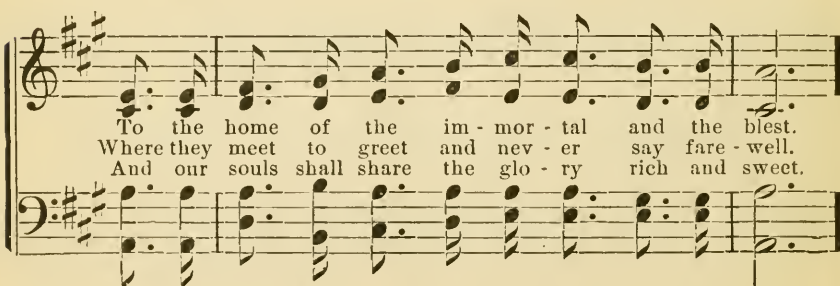
1. We are pilgrims to a home, Where no sor - rows ev - er come,
 2. We are pilgrims to a land, O - ver Jor - dan's roll - ing strand,
 3. Heav - en is not far a - way, Soon will dawn the gold - en day



To a home of per - fect peace and of rest; And we
 Where the ran - sored and re - deemed ev - er dwell; Where they
 When our feet shall tread yon beau - ti - ful street; Joy - ful



jour - ney, staff in hand, A u - nit - ed, hap - py band,
 meet to part no more, When the toils of earth are o'er,
 will the wel - come be, When our loved ones we shall see,



To the home of the im - mor - tal and the blest.
 Where they meet to greet and nev - er say fare - well.
 And our souls shall share the glo - ry rich and sweet.

BEAUTIFUL HOME, Concluded,

REFRAIN.

Beau-ti - ful home, beau-ti - ful home, Beau-ti - ful home,

On the bright and hap - py gold - en shore; Beau-ti - ful

home, Beau-ti - ful home, beau-ti - ful home.

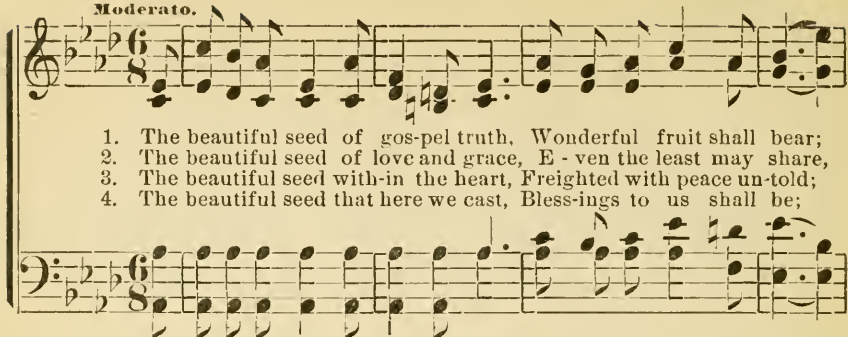
Where the faith - ful meet to part no more.

No. 23. SCATTER THE SEED.

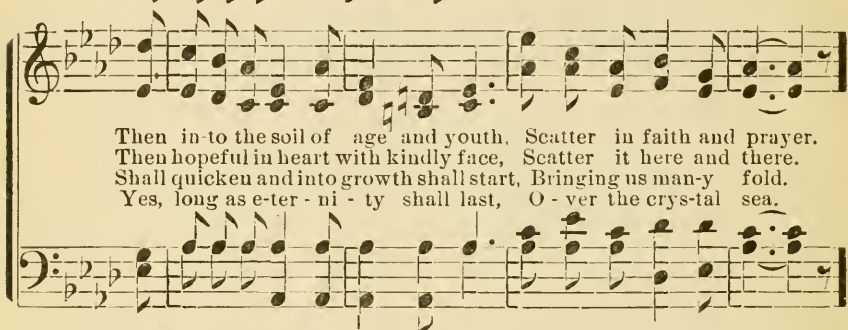
E. R. LATTA.

CHAS. L. MOORE.

Moderato.

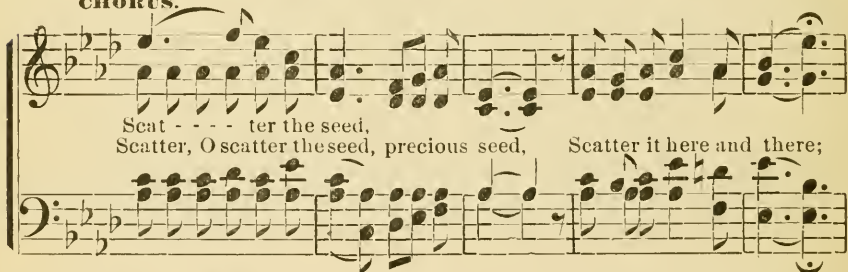


1. The beautiful seed of gos-pel truth, Wonderful fruit shall bear;
2. The beautiful seed of love and grace, E - ven the least may share,
3. The beautiful seed with-in the heart, Freighted with peace un-told;
4. The beautiful seed that here we cast, Bless-ings to us shall be;

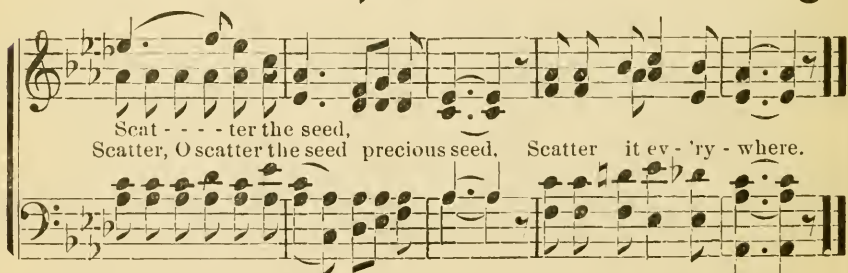


Then in-to the soil of age and youth, Scatter in faith and prayer.
 Then hopeful in heart with kindly face, Scatter it here and there.
 Shall quicken and into growth shall start, Bringing us man-y fold.
 Yes, long as e-ter - ni - ty shall last, O - ver the crys-tal sea.

CHORUS.



Scat - - - ter the seed,
 Scatter, O scatter the seed, precious seed, Scatter it here and there;



Scat - - - ter the seed,
 Scatter, O scatter the seed precious seed, Scatter it ev - 'ry - where.

No. 24. WHEN THE MISTS HAVE CLEARED.

ANNA HERBERT.
Andante.

Harmonized and adapted by
W. T. GIFFE.

1. When the mists have rolled in splendor From the beauty of the hills,
2. If we err in human blindness, And for-get that we are dust;
3. When the mists have ris'n a-bove us, As our Father knows his own,

And the sun-shine warm and tender, Falls in kis-es on the rills;
If we miss the law of kindness When we strug-gle to be just;
Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known.

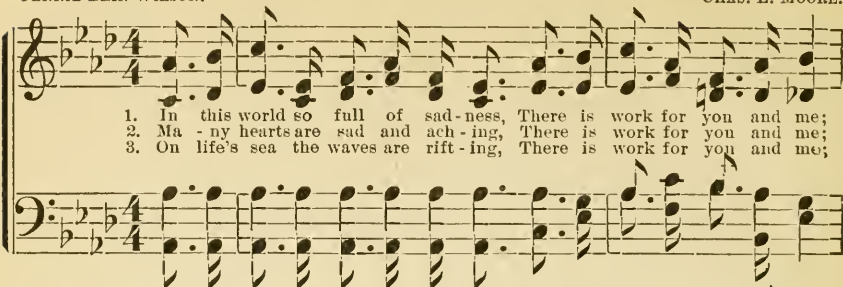
We may read love's shining let-ter In the rain-bow of the spray;
Snow-y wings of peace shall cover All the pain that hides a-way,
Lo! be-yond the o-rient shadows, Floats the golden fringe of day;

We shall know each oth-er bet-ter When the mists have clear'd away.
When the wea-ry watch is ov-er And the mists have cleared away.
Heart to heart we bide the shadows, Till the mists have clear'd away.

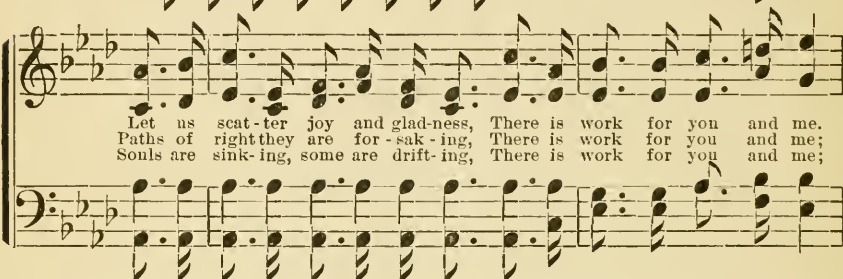
No. 25. THERE IS WORK FOR YOU AND ME.

JENNIE BAIN WILSON. (*Dedicated to the Agosta Epworth League.*)


CHAS. L. MOORE.



1. In this world so full of sad-ness, There is work for you and me;
 2. Ma - ny hearts are sad and ach - ing, There is work for you and me;
 3. On life's sea the waves are rift - ing, There is work for you and me;



Let us scat-ter joy and glad-ness, There is work for you and me.
 Paths of right they are for-sak - ing, There is work for you and me;
 Souls are sink - ing, some are drift - ing, There is work for you and me;



While we jour - ney here be - low, Let the sun - light ev - er flow,
 Round them streams and bil - lows roll, Let us res - cue some poor soul,
 Who to save will lend a hand? Heed the Mas - ter's blest com-mand,



'Till the world is all a - glow, — There is work for you and me.
 Lead them up to heav - en's goal, There is work for you and me.
 At His right hand then we'll stand; There is work for you and me.

4. See the day is fast declining,
 There is work for you and me;
 Will we stand at last repining?
 There is work for you and me:
 Copyright, 1895, by Chas. L. Moore.

If no soul for Christ we've won,
 When this earthly life is run,
 We'll not hear the words "well done".
 There is work for you and me.

THERE IS WORK FOR YOU AND ME. Concluded.

There is work,
CHORUS.

Yes, there's work,

There is work,

for you and me,

There is work for you and me, for you and me, While we

jour - ney here be - low, Let the sun - light ev - er flow, Till the

world is all a-glow; There is work for you and me.

No. 26. HIS SATISFYING LOVE.

R. A. EVILSIZER.

May be sung as a solo and chorus.

W. T. GIFFE.

1. Oh, the pre-cious love of Je-sus Fills my soul with joy to-day,
 2. Earth-ly friends may meet and se-ver, And the heart for-get-ful grow
 3. I will shout a-loud His prais-es For His gift of love di-vine,

Turn-ing all my grief to gladness, Driving ev-'ry care a-way,
 Of the ties that once have bound us In our journey here be-low,
 And I pray though all un-worthy, That this love may still be mine,

Matchless love,—so full of pi-ty, Dwelling in this heart of mine,
 But the love of our re-deem-er Is the same e-ter-al-ly,
 Je-sus, Sav-ior, dear Re-deem-er! Lift me to thy ten-der breast,

When I feel its glow with-in me Heav-en's glo-ries round me shine.
 Reaching down and bless-ing ev-er, Sa-tis-fy-ing, full and free.
 Ev-er thus a-bid-ing with thee, I shall be su-preme-ly blest.

HIS SATISFYING LOVE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh, the love, the love of Je-sus, Precious gift bestowed on me,

How it sat-is-fies my long-ing, Bless-ing me e-ter-nal-ly.

No. 27.

AVON. C. M.

CHAS. WESLEY.

HUGH WILSON.

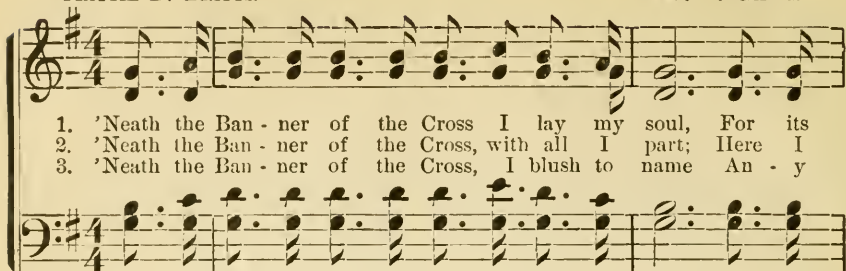
1. For-ev-er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleeding side;
2. My dy-ing Sav-iour and my God, Fountain for guilt and sin;
3. Wash me and make me thus thine own; Wash me and mine thou art;
4. Th'a-tone-ment of thy blood ap-ply, Till faith to sight improve;

This all my hope and all my plea, "For me the Sav-iour died."
 Sprin-kle me ev-er with thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
 Wash me, but not my feet a-lone, My hands, my head my heart.
 Till hope in full fru-i-tion die, And all my soul be love.

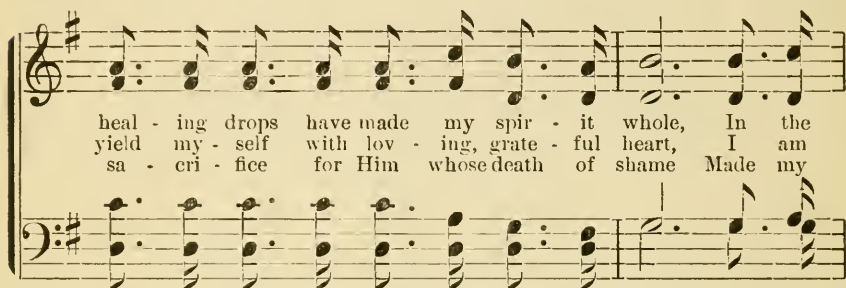
No. 28. 'NEATH THE BANNER OF THE CROSS.

MATTIE D. BRITTS.

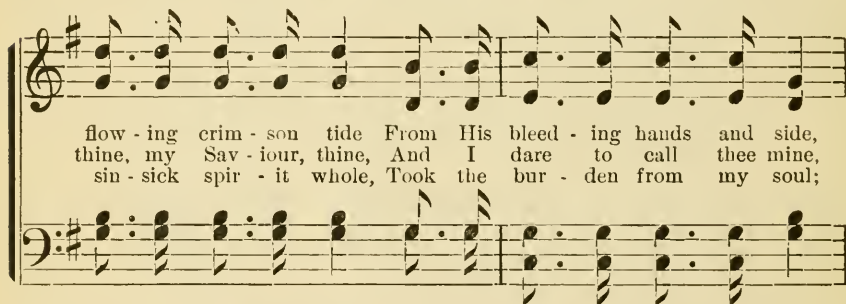
W. T. GIFFE.



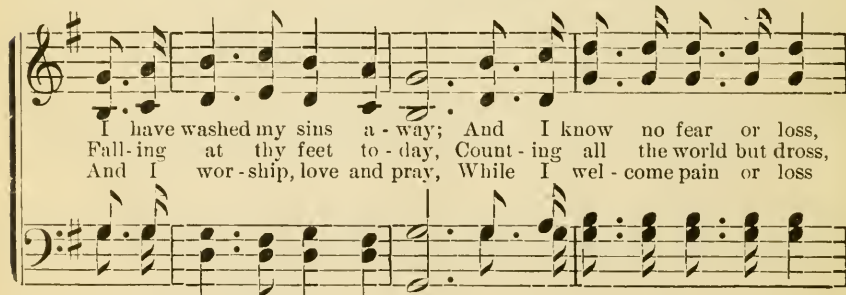
1. 'Neath the Ban - ner of the Cross I lay my soul, For its
 2. 'Neath the Ban - ner of the Cross, with all I part; Here I
 3. 'Neath the Ban - ner of the Cross, I blush to name An - y



heal - ing drops have made my spir - it whole, In the
 yield my - self with lov - ing, grate - ful heart, I am
 sa - cri - fice for Him whose death of shame Made my

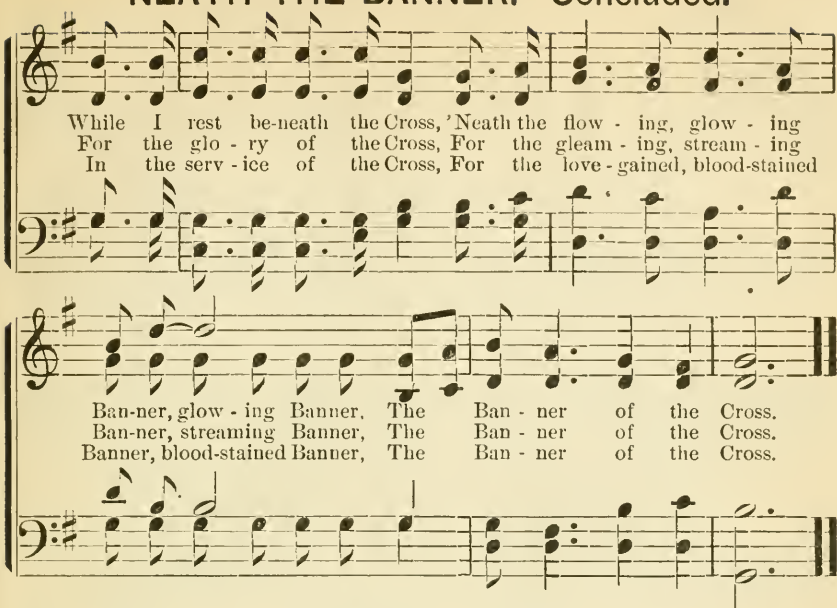


flow - ing crim - son tide From His bleed - ing hands and side,
 thine, my Sav - iour, thine, And I dare to call thee mine,
 sin - sick spir - it whole, Took the bur - den from my soul;



I have washed my sins a - way; And I know no fear or loss,
 Fall - ing at thy feet to - day, Count - ing all the world but dross,
 And I wor - ship, love and pray, While I wel - come pain or loss

'NEATH THE BANNER. Concluded.



While I rest be-neath the Cross, 'Neath the flow - ing, glow - ing
 For the glo - ry of the Cross, For the gleam - ing, stream - ing
 In the serv - ice of the Cross, For the love - gained, blood-stained

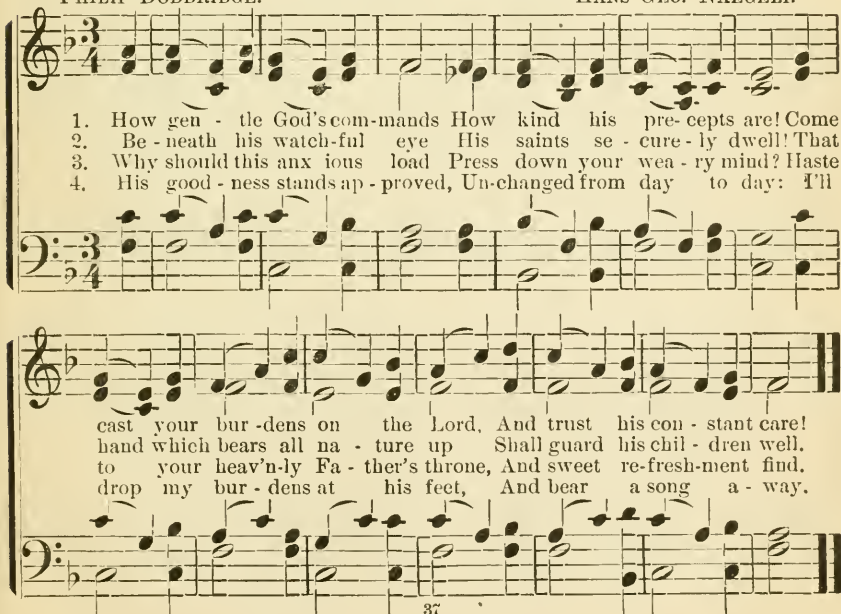
Ban-ner, glow - ing Banner, The Ban - ner of the Cross.
 Ban-ner, streaming Banner, The Ban - ner of the Cross.
 Banner, blood-stained Banner, The Ban - ner of the Cross.

No. 29.

DENNIS. S. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

HANS GEO. NÆGELI.



1. How gen - tle God's com-mands How kind his pre-cepts are! Come
 2. Be - neath his watch-ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell! That
 3. Why should this anx ious load Press down your wea - ry mind? Haste
 4. His good - ness stands ap - proved, Un-changed from day to day: 'I'll

cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care!
 hand which bears all na - ture up Shall guard his chil - dren well.
 to your heav'n-ly Fa - ther's throne, And sweet re-fresh-ment find.
 drop my bur - dens at his feet, And bear a song a - way.

No. 30. LET ME GO TO JESUS.

W. T. GIFFE.

W. T. G.

1. I would bathe in the foun-tain of the love of Je-sus, I would
 2. I would lay all my cares up-on this lov-ing Sav-iour, From the
 3. Oh, this love far sur-pass-eth all my un-der-stand-ing, I am

wash and be clean from my sin, There's no oth-er redemp-tion from the
 bond-age of sin I'd be free, By the cool flowing streams of E-den
 lost in the depths of its grace. My poor thought cannot measure all its

bonds that bind me, There is no oth-er Sav-iour like Him, Like the
 I would wander, While the Shepherd keeps watch over me. Oh, the
 height nor wideness, All I seek is a look from His face. Oh, a

moun-tains high my sins rise up be-fore me, And I
 love and mer-cy He hath shown to sin-ners,—Paid the
 look on me, a sin-ner, from my Je-sus, This one

LET ME GO TO JESUS. Concluded.

faint be - neath my load; Let me go un - to Je - sus, let me
 ran - som for us all; Nev - er love so tri - umph - ant, nev - er
 boon, Oh, Lord, I crave: 'Tis e - nough! 'tis e - nough! I will not

touch His gar - ments, Let me walk in the heav - en - ly road.
 deed so glo - rious, As when Christ res - cued me from the fall.
 tar - ry lon - ger, Let me go, He is will - ing to save.

No. 31.

A LITTLE CHILD.

E. R. LATTA.

May be sung as a solo or duet.

W. G. THOMAS.

1. Tho' I am but a lit - tle child, And young in years, am I,
 2. Tho' I am but a lit - tle child, I'm not too young to pray
 3. Tho' I am but a lit - tle child, I can his will o - bey.

I'm not too young to serve the Lord, And not too young to die.
 That I may be a child of God, And nev - er go a - stray.
 I'm not too young to live for Him, And I'll be - gin, to - day.

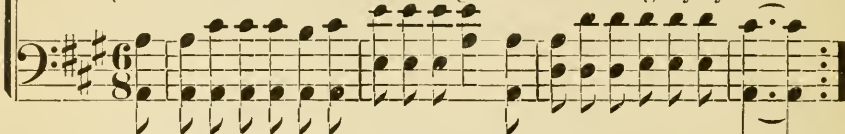
No. 32. AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

REV. J. H. MARTIN.

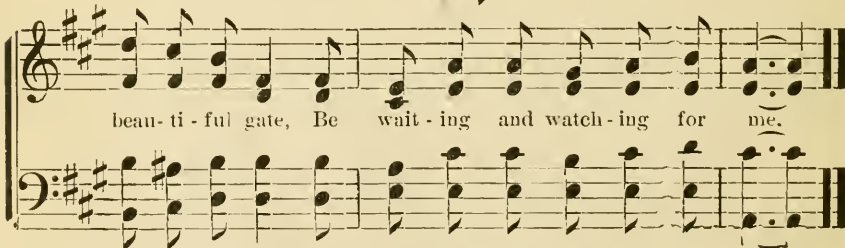
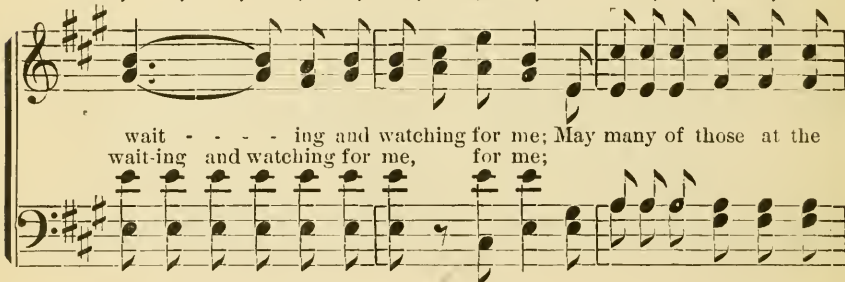
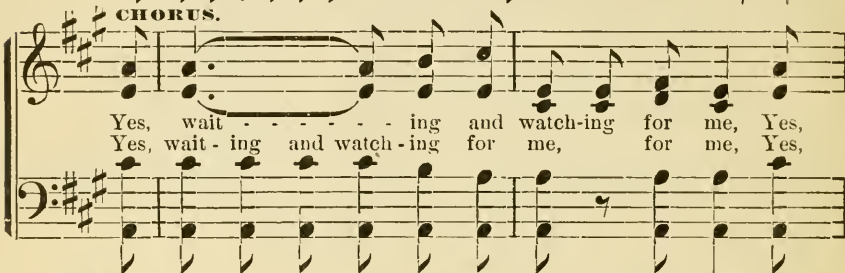
R. M. McINTOSH. By per.



1. { I think I should mourn o'er my sorrowful fate, If sorrow in heaven can be,
If no one should be at the beautiful gate, There waiting and watching for me,
2. { How sadly I'd feel in the heavenly state, If sadness in heaven can be.
If no one should be at the beautiful gate, Conducted to glory by me.



CHORUS.



- 3 O Lord, I beseech Thee for wisdom and grace,
In winning lost souls unto Thee.
That many may be in that beautiful place,
A crown of rejoicing to me.

No. 33. GATHER THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

R. A. EVILSIZER

W. T. GIFFE.

With energy.

1. The fields lay whit'ning in the sun, Gath - er the gold - en grain.
2. Come, lit - tle ones, there's work to do; Gath - er the gold - en grain.
3. When all the grain is garnered in, Shouting a glad re - frain.
4. The souls of men are gold-en grain; Gather them safe - ly in;

Oh, hast - en, hast - en, ev - 'ry one, Gath - er the gold - en grain.
 The Mas - ter has a work for you, Gath - er the gold - en grain.
 The Mas - ter's prais - es we shall win, Coming with sheaves of grain.
 They ripe - ning stand on life's broad plain, Gath - er the har - vest in.

CHORUS.

Gather the golden grain, Gather the golden grain,
 The golden grain, The golden grain,

Oh, haste, then, to the har-vest field, And gather the golden grain.

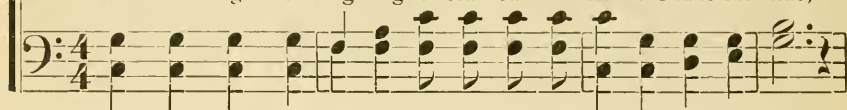
No. 34. ALL THE WORLD IS PRAISING HIM.

E. D. MUND.

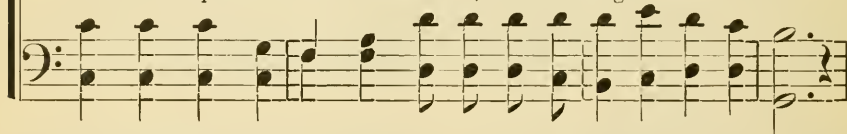
E. S. LORENZ.



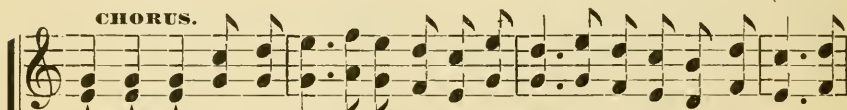
1. Like the sound of ma - ny wa - ters Or the roar - ing of the sea,
2. Lands once dumb have found their voices, And the chorus rings more clear,
3. Grand - er. full - er swells the chorus, New - born nations raise the cry,
4. Mountains high or surg - ing o - cean Can - not stem the tune - ful tide;



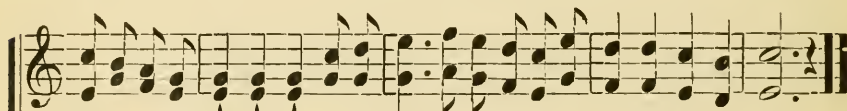
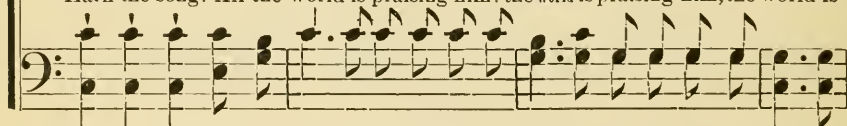
Voic - es of earth's sons and daughters Swell the song of Ju - bi - lee.
In his course the sun re - joic - es Voi - ces new each day to hear.
Gold - en days are just be - fore us, Praise to him who rules on high.
Death takes up the sweet de - vo - tion, Joins the song the oth - er side.



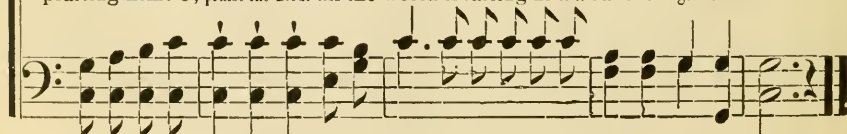
CHORUS.



Hark the song! All the world is praising him! the world is praising him, the world is



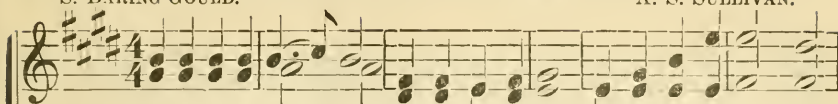
praising him! O, praise the Lord! all the world is raising him an anthem grand and free.



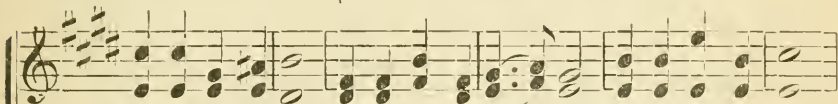
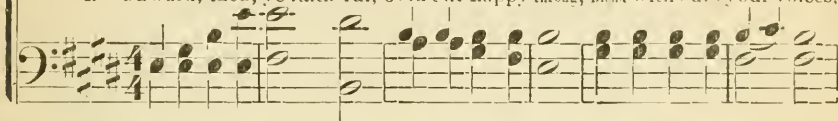
No. 35. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

S. BARING GOULD.

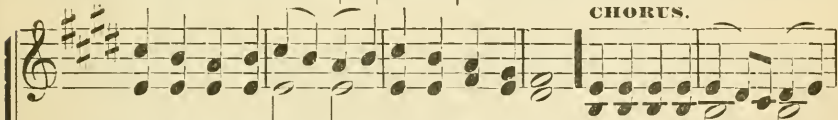
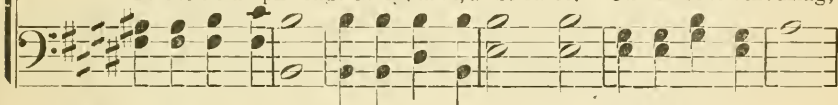
A. S. SULLIVAN.



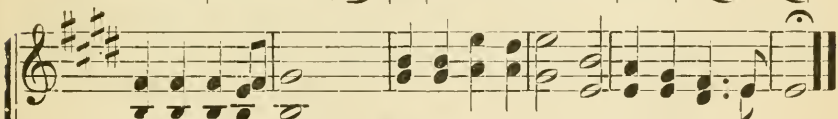
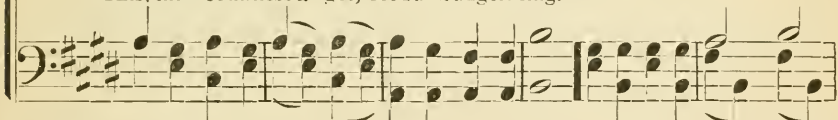
1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a mighty arm - y Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus
4. Onward, then, ye faith-ful, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices,



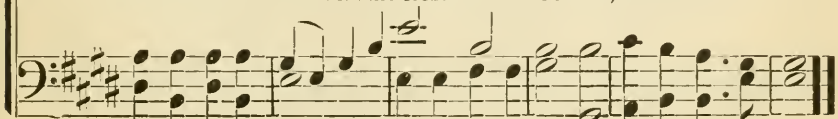
Go-ing on be-fore. Christ, the royal Mas - ter, Leads a gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Constant will re-main. Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the tri-umph-song: Glory, land, and hon-or. Un - to Christ the King;



Forward, in - to bat - tle, See His banner go.
One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i - ty. } Onward, Christian soldiers,
We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail
This, thro' countless a - ges, Men and angels sing.



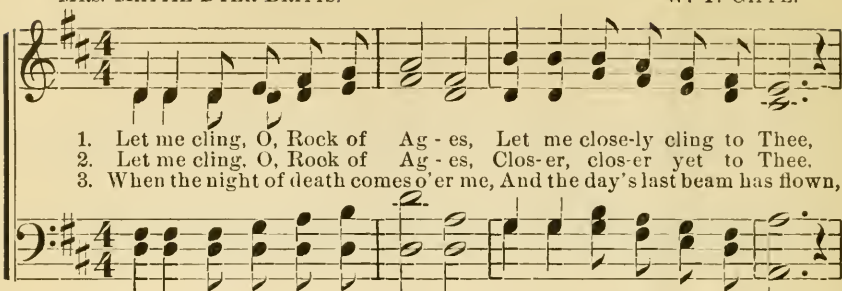
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus, Going on be - fore.
With the cross of Je - sus,



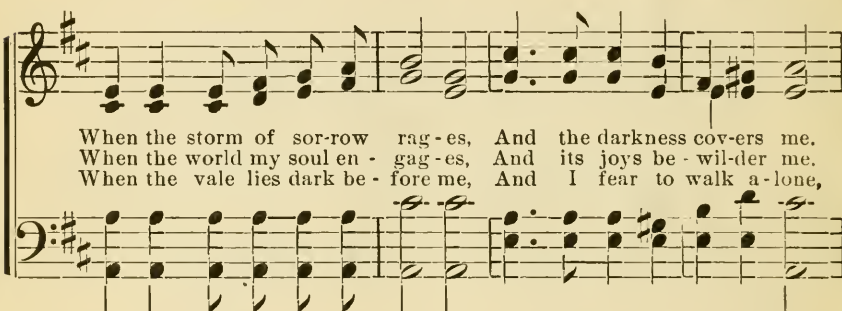
No. 36. LET ME CLING, O, ROCK OF AGES.

MRS. MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

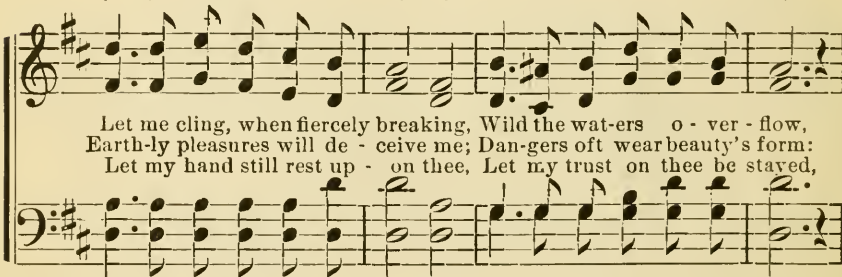
W. T. GIFFE.



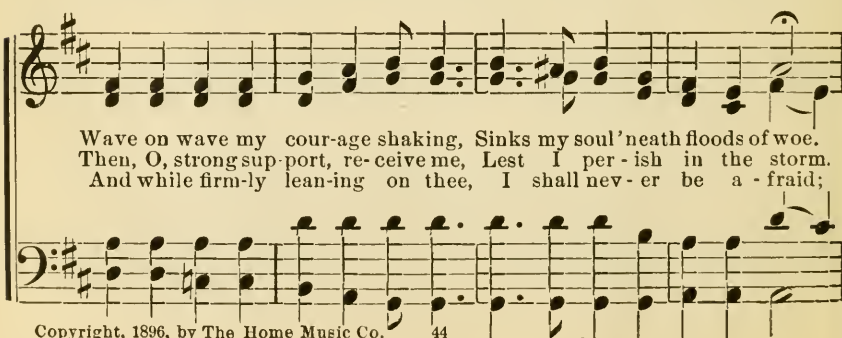
1. Let me cling, O, Rock of Ag-es, Let me close-ly cling to Thee,
 2. Let me cling, O, Rock of Ag-es, Clos-er, clos-er yet to Thee,
 3. When the night of death comes o'er me, And the day's last beam has flown,



When the storm of sor-row rag-es, And the darkness cov-ers me.
 When the world my soul en-gag-es, And its joys be-wil-der me.
 When the vale lies dark be-fore me, And I fear to walk a-lone,



Let me cling, when fiercely breaking, Wild the wat-ers o-ver-flow,
 Earth-ly pleasures will de-ceive me; Dan-gers oft wear beauty's form:
 Let my hand still rest up-on thee, Let my trust on thee be stay-ed,



Wave on wave my cour-age shaking, Sinks my soul 'neath floods of woe.
 Then, O, strong sup-port, re-ceive me, Lest I per-ish in the storm.
 And while firm-ly lean-ing on thee, I shall nev-er be a-fraid;

Let Me Cling, O, Rock of Ages.

Then, O, Rock, once cleft for me, Let me clos-er cling to Thee.
 "Rock of Ag-es, cleft for me," Let me close-ly cling to Thee.
 E'en from death I will not flee—Pre-cious Rock, I cling to Thee.

No. 37. OUR GLORIOUS HOME.

W. T. GIFFE.

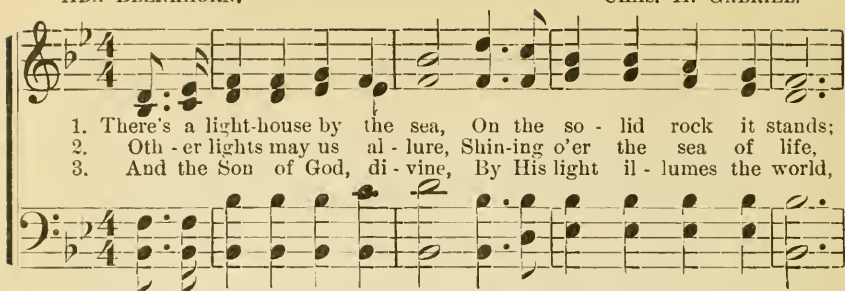
1. Our gio-rious home a-bove, The ci-ty of our God, 'The
 2. Pure man-sions of the blest, Pre-pared by Je-sus' hand, That
 3. May each we love be there, From death and dark-ness free; Our

rest-ing-place of peace and love, The pil-grim's sweet a-bode.
 all His own may sweet-ly rest Safe in Em-man-uel's land.
 joy un-speak-a-ble to share Throughout e-ter-ni-ty.

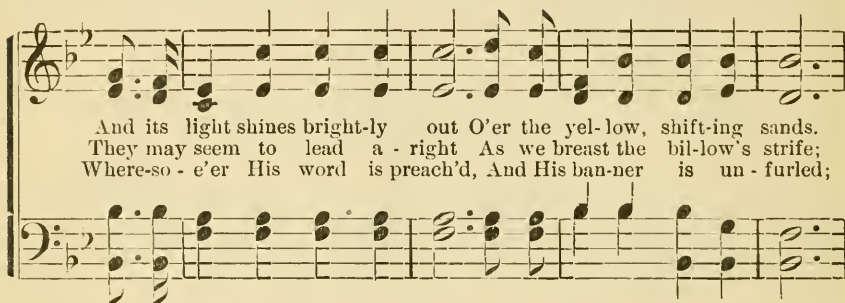
No. 38. THE LIGHT-HOUSE BY THE SEA.

ADA BLENKHORN.

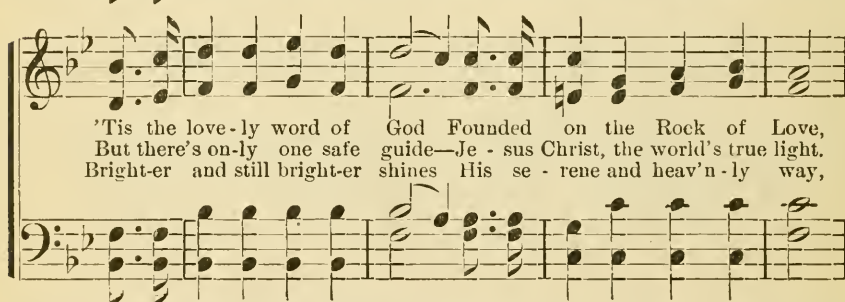
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



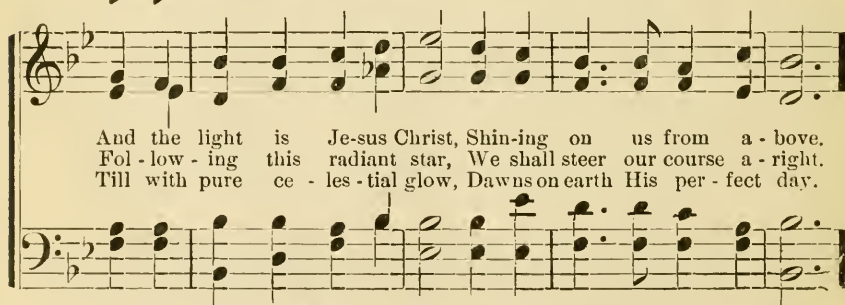
1. There's a light-house by the sea, On the so - lid rock it stands;
 2. Oth - er lights may us al - lure, Shin-ing o'er the sea of life,
 3. And the Son of God, di - vine, By His light il - lumes the world,



And its light shines bright-ly out O'er the yel-low, shift-ing sands.
 They may seem to lead a - right As we breast the bil-low's strife;
 Where-so - e'er His word is preach'd, And His ban-ner is un - furled;



'Tis the love-ly word of God Founded on the Rock of Love,
 But there's on-ly one safe guide—Je - sus Christ, the world's true light.
 Bright-er and still bright-er shines His se - rene and heav'n - ly way,



And the light is Je-sus Christ, Shin-ing on us from a - bove.
 Fol - low - ing this radiant star, We shall steer our course a - right.
 Till with pure ce - les - tial glow, Dawns on earth His per - fect day.

The Light-house by the Sea.

CHORUS.

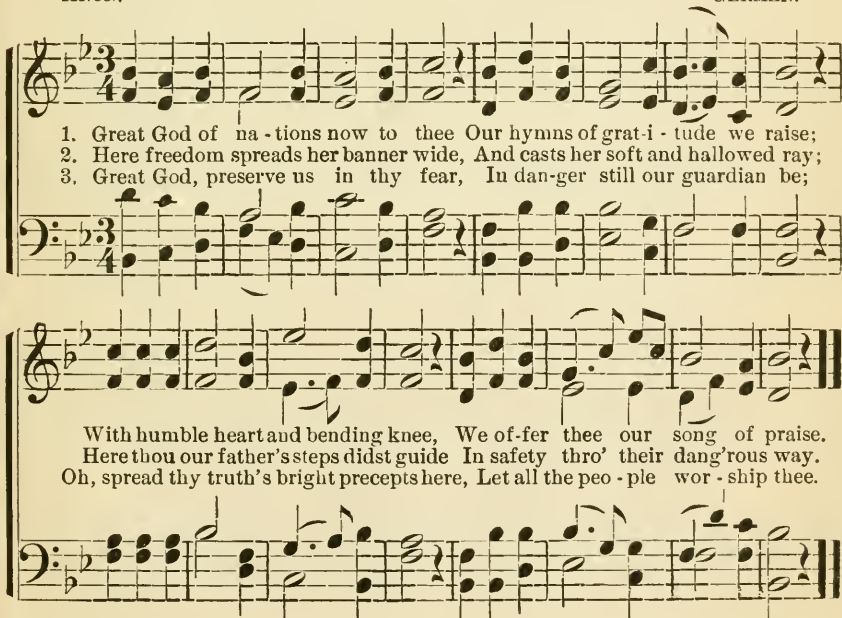


There's a light-house by the sea, Built up-on..... the rock of
 There's a light-house by the sea, Built up-on the rock, the
 love,..... And its light is Je-sus Christ, Shining on us from a-bove.
 rock of love,

No. 39. GOD OF THE NATIONS.

ANON.

GERMAN.



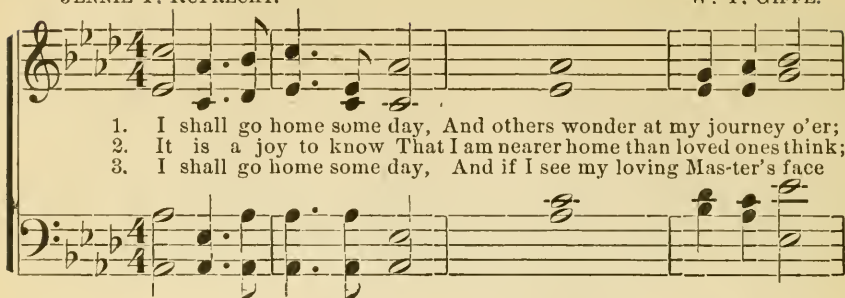
1. Great God of na-tions now to thee Our hymns of grat-i-tude we raise;
 2. Here freedom spreads her banner wide, And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
 3. Great God, preserve us in thy fear, In dan-ger still our guardian be;

With humble heart and bending knee, We of-fer thee our song of praise.
 Here thou our father's steps didst guide In safety thro' their dang'rous way.
 Oh, spread thy truth's bright precepts here, Let all the peo-ple wor-ship thee.

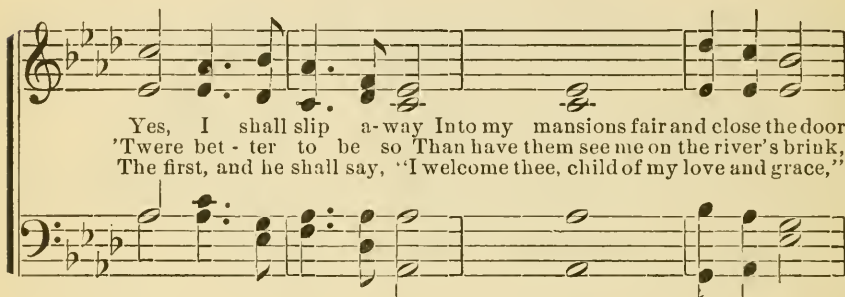
No. 40. I SHALL GO HOME SOME DAY.

JENNIE T. RUPRECHT.

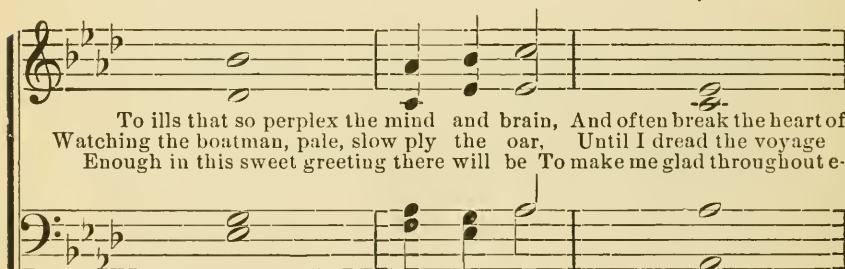
W. T. GIFFE.



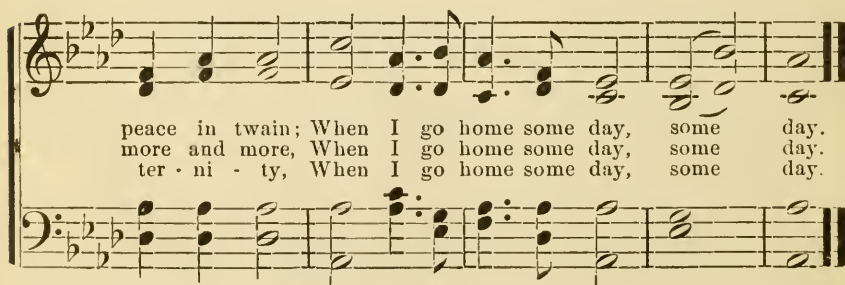
1. I shall go home some day, And others wonder at my journey o'er;
 2. It is a joy to know That I am nearer home than loved ones think;
 3. I shall go home some day, And if I see my loving Mas-ter's face



Yes, I shall slip a-way Into my mansions fair and close the door
 'Twere bet-ter to be so Than have them see me on the river's brink,
 The first, and he shall say, "I welcome thee, child of my love and grace,"



To ills that so perplex the mind and brain, And often break the heart of
 Watching the boatman, pale, slow ply the oar. Until I dread the voyage
 Enough in this sweet greeting there will be To make me glad throughout e-

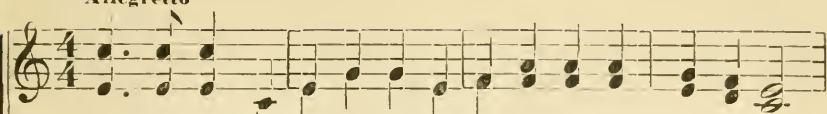


peace in twain; When I go home some day, some day.
 more and more, When I go home some day, some day.
 ter-ni-ty, When I go home some day, some day.

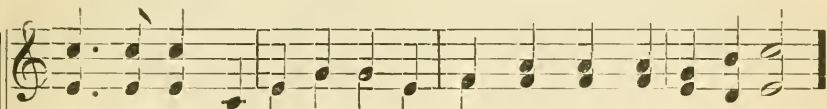
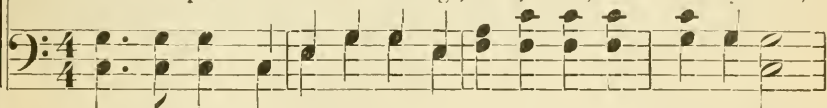
No. 41. THANK AND PRAISE HIM.

E. R. LATTA.
Allegretto

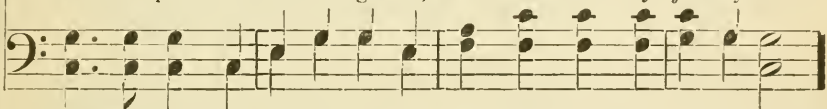
W. T. GIFFE.



1. Thank and praise Him for His goodness, And His ten - der mer - cies, all,
2. Thank and praise Him for His pa - tience, When we have un - faith - ful been;
3. Thank and praise Him for the pro - mise. That He ev - er will be nigh,
4. Thank and praise Him for the bless - ings, That, to us, He free - ly sends;



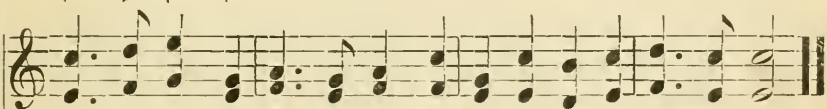
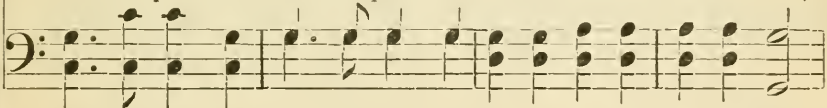
Who, in pi - ty, hath redeemed us From the curse of A - dam's fall!
And, for all His lov - ing kindness, When we turned to Him a - gain!
'Mid the ills that life may bring us; And when it's our time to die!
And the prize that He will give us, When our earth - ly journey ends!



CHORUS.



Thank and praise Him! thank and praise Him! Let the ech - oes far re - sound;



For He loved, and still He loves us. With a love that knows no bound.

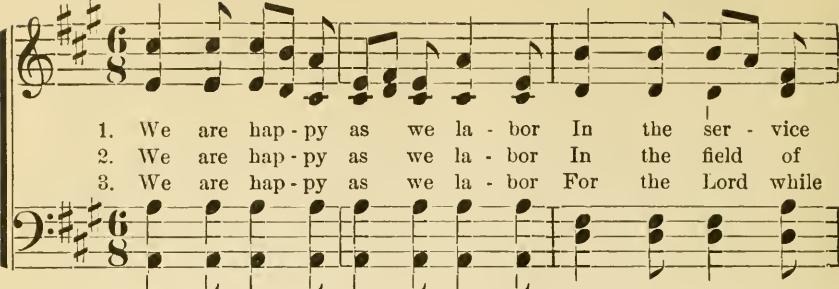


No. 42.

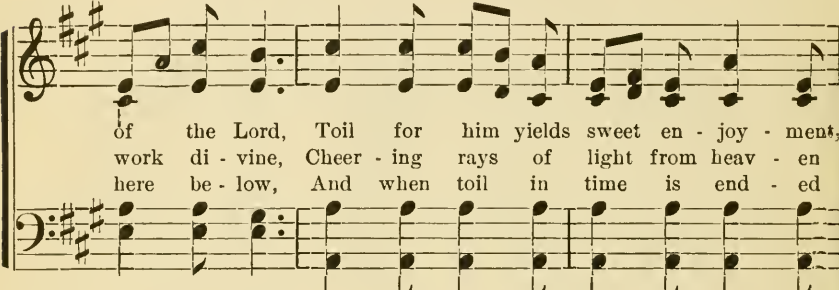
HAPPY AS WE LABOR.

JENNIE WILSON.

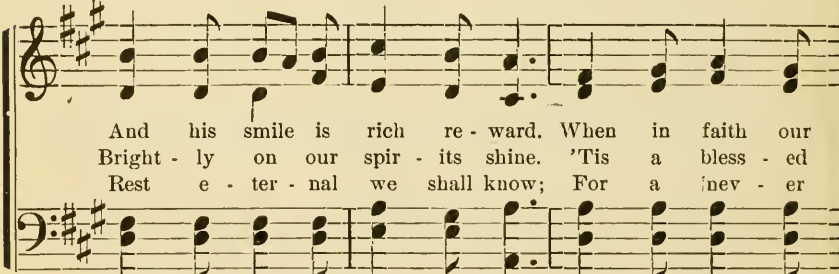
W. T. GIFFE.



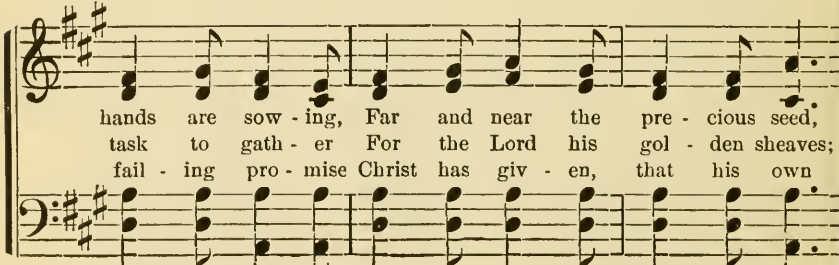
1. We are hap - py as we la - bor In the ser - vice
 2. We are hap - py as we la - bor In the field of
 3. We are hap - py as we la - bor For the Lord while



of the Lord, Toil for him yields sweet en - joy - ment,
 work di - vine, Cheer - ing rays of light from heav - en
 here be - low, And when toil in time is end - ed



And his smile is rich re - ward. When in faith our
 Bright - ly on our spir - its shine. 'Tis a bless - ed
 Rest e - ter - nal we shall know; For a nev - er



hands are sow - ing, Far and near the pre - cious seed,
 task to gath - er For the Lord his gol - den sheaves;
 fail - ing pro - mise Christ has giv - en, that his own

Happy as we Labor.

Je - sus gives us peace and gladness, And the strength we dai-ly need.
Joy un - told a - waits the serv-ant Who no grain to per-ish leaves.
Shall a - bide with him for -ev-er In the glo - ry of his throne.

We..... are hap-py..... as..... we la-bor.....
CHORUS.

We are hap-py as we la - bor, We are hap - py as we la - bor,

For..... his bless-ing.....

As we la - bor for the Lord; For his blessing brings a pleas - ure,

brings..... a pleas-ure,..

For his bless-ing brings a pleas-ure, That the world can ne'er afford.

No. 43.

JESUS LOVES ME.

P. L. H.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. List-en, O list-en, I've something to say, Something to glad-den your
 2. Waft it a-broad on the wings of the breeze, Mur-mur it, mur-mur it
 3. Car-ry it, car-ry it, Spir-it of Love, Up to the beau-ti-ful
 4. Glo-ry to God for the gift of His Son! Glo-ry to Je-sus for

hearts by the way: Once I was sor-row-ful, now I am free,
 o-ver the seas, Where-e'er the tried and the wea-ry may be,
 tem-ple a-bove, There 'mid the songs of the ransomed and free,
 what He has done! Died for my sins, Hal-le-lu-jah! I'm free;

CHORUS.

Now I love Je-sus, and Je-sus loves me. Whis- - - per it,
 Tell them, O tell them that Je-sus loves me.
 Whisper it, whis-per it, Je-sus loves me.
 Now I love Je-sus, and Je-sus loves me. Whisper it, whisper it,

whis-per it, an-gels a-bove;..... Mur - - - mur it,
 whis-per it, bright an-gels a-bove, Murmur it, mur-mur it,

Jesus Loves Me.

mur-mur it, Spir - it of Love..... Tell of it, sing of it,
mur-mur it, sweet Spir-it of Love,

now I am free, Now I love Je-sus, and Je - sus loves me.

No. 44.

ROCK OF AGES.

THOMAS HASTINGS.
FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know;
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death.

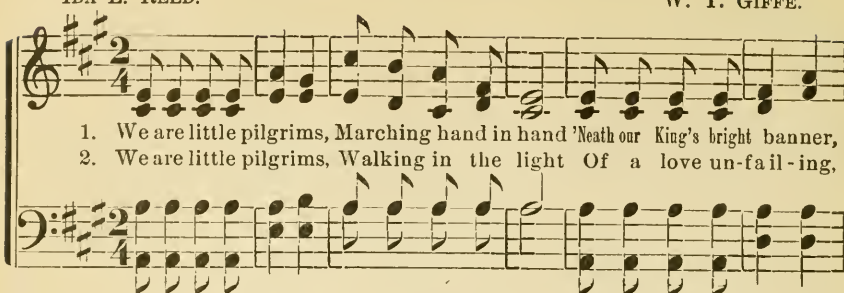
D.C. Be of sin the dou-ble cure—Save from wrath and make me pure.
D.C. In my hand no price I bring, Sim-ply to thy cross I cling.
D.C. Rock of ' A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

D. C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save and thou a - lone.
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be-hold thee on thy throne,—

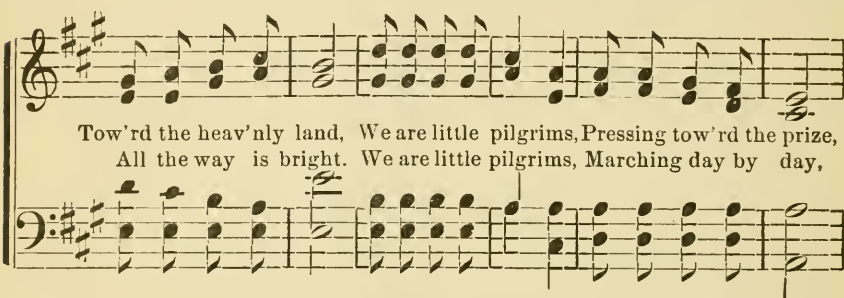
No. 45. WE ARE LITTLE PILGRIMS.

IDA L. REED.

W. T. GIFFE.



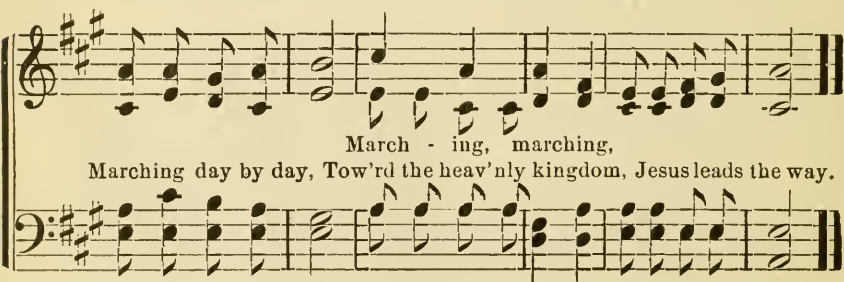
1. We are little pilgrims, Marching hand in hand 'Neath our King's bright banner,
2. We are little pilgrims, Walking in the light Of a love un-fail-ing,



Tow'rd the heav'nly land, We are little pilgrims, Pressing tow'rd the prize,
All the way is bright. We are little pilgrims, Marching day by day,



CHORUS.
Wait-ing us in heav-en, Far be-yond the skies. Marching, marching,
Near-er to God's kingdom, Je-sus leads the way. We are little pilgrims,

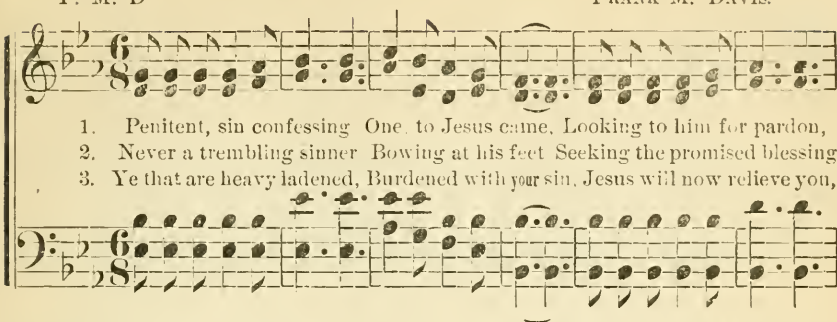


March - ing, marching,
Marching day by day, Tow'rd the heav'nly kingdom, Jesus leads the way.

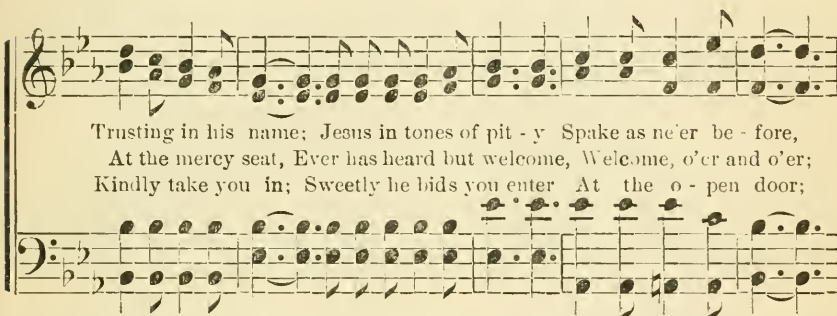
No. 46. NEITHER DO I CONDEMN THEE.

F. M. D

FRANK M. DAVIS.

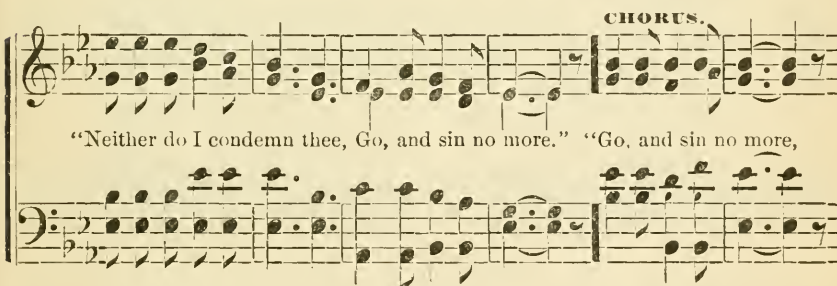


1. Penitent, sin confessing One to Jesus came, Looking to him for pardon,
 2. Never a trembling sinner Bowing at his feet Seeking the promised blessing
 3. Ye that are heavy laden, Burdened with your sin, Jesus will now relieve you,

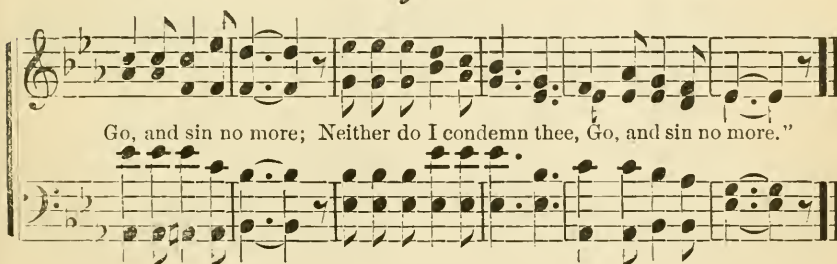


Trusting in his name; Jesus in tones of pit - y Spake as ne'er be - fore,
 At the mercy seat, Ever has heard but welcome, Welcome, o'er and o'er;
 Kindly take you in; Sweetly he bids you enter At the o - pen door;

CHORUS.



"Neither do I condemn thee, Go, and sin no more." "Go, and sin no more,



Go, and sin no more; Neither do I condemn thee, Go, and sin no more."

No. 47. THE BELIEVER'S HOPE.

W. T. GIFFE.

1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I
 2. When darkness seems to veil his face, I rest on his unchanging grace; In
 3. His oath, his co-ve-nant and blood, Support me in the 'whelming flood: When

dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But wholly lean on Je-sus' name.
 ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the vale.
 all a-round on earth gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.

CHORUS.

On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand: On Christ, the solid Rock I stand: All

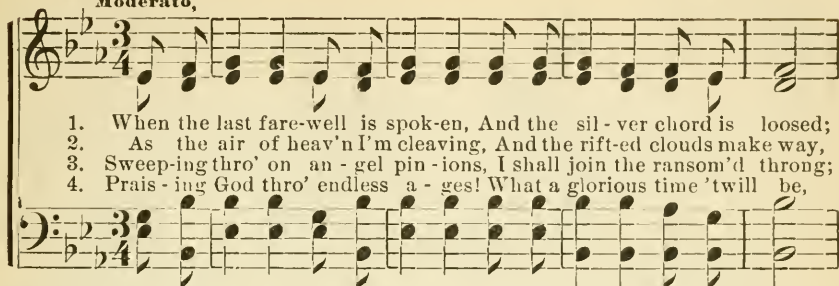
cres.

oth-er ground is sink-ing sand; On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand.

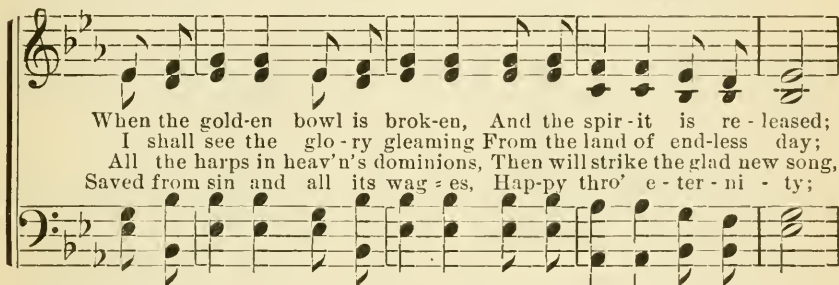
No. 48. FROM EARTH TO HEAVEN.

W. T. GIFFE.
Moderato,

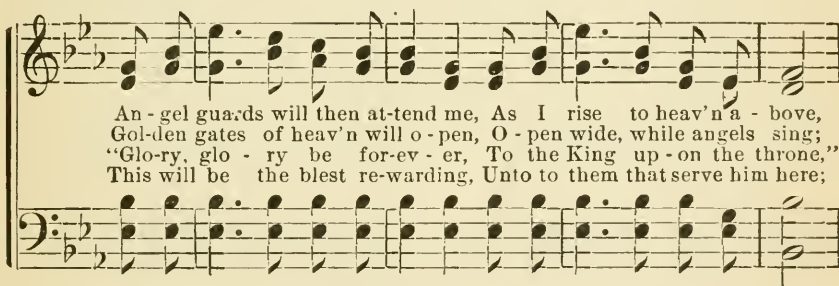
W. T. G.



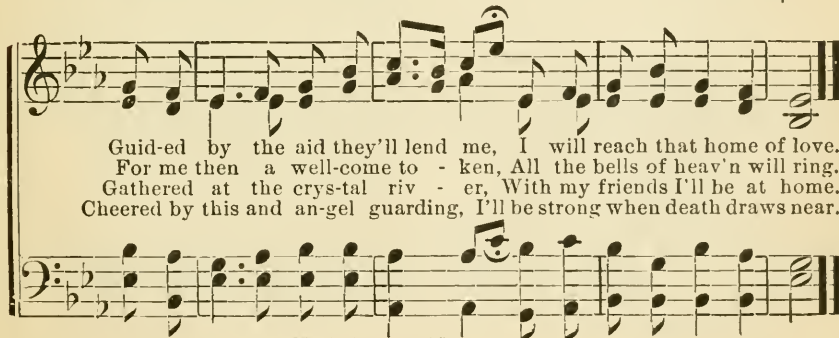
1. When the last fare-well is spok-en, And the sil-ver chord is loosed;
2. As the air of heav'n I'm cleaving, And the rift-ed clouds make way,
3. Sweep-ing thro' on an-gel pin-ions, I shall join the ransom'd throng;
4. Prais-ing God thro' end-less a-ges! What a glorious time 'twill be,



When the gold-en bowl is brok-en, And the spir-it is re-leased;
I shall see the glo-ry gleaming From the land of end-less day;
All the harps in heav'n's dominions, Then will strike the glad new song,
Saved from sin and all its wag-es, Hap-py thro' e-ter-ni-ty;



An-gel guards will then at-tend me, As I rise to heav'n a-bove,
Gol-den gates of heav'n will o-pen, O-pen wide, while angels sing;
"Glo-ry, glo-ry be for-ev-er, To the King up-on the throne,"
This will be the blest re-warding, Unto to them that serve him here;

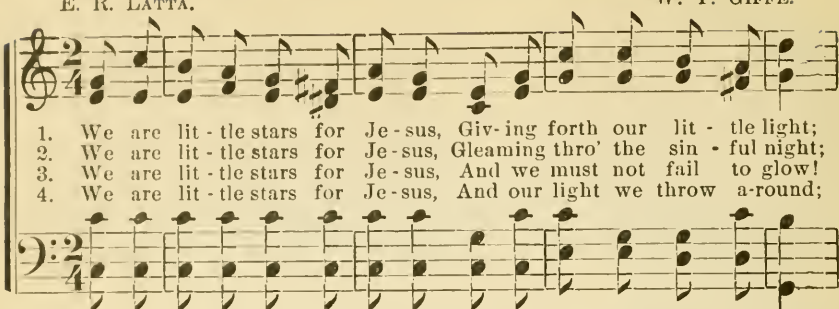


Guid-ed by the aid they'll lend me, I will reach that home of love.
For me then a well-come to-ken, All the bells of heav'n will ring.
Gathered at the crys-tal riv-er, With my friends I'll be at home.
Cheered by this and an-gel guarding, I'll be strong when death draws near.

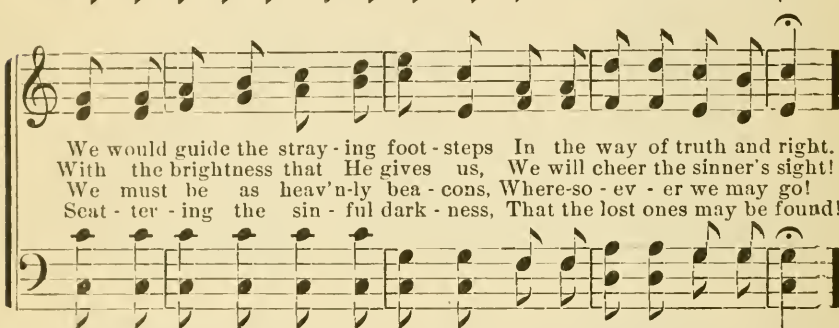
No. 49. LITTLE STARS FOR JESUS.

E. R. LATTA.

W. T. GIFFE.



1. We are lit - tle stars for Je - sus, Giv - ing forth our lit - tle light;
 2. We are lit - tle stars for Je - sus, Gleaming thro' the sin - ful night;
 3. We are lit - tle stars for Je - sus, And we must not fail to glow!
 4. We are lit - tle stars for Je - sus, And our light we throw a - round;

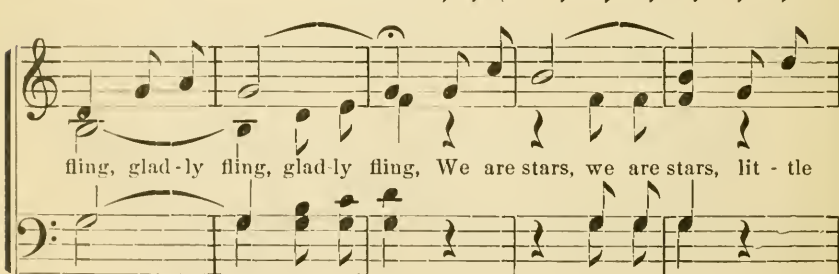


We would guide the stray - ing foot - steps In the way of truth and right.
 With the brightness that He gives us, We will cheer the sinner's sight!
 We must be as heav'n - ly bea - cons, Where - so - ev - er we may go!
 Seat - ter - ing the sin - ful dark - ness, That the lost ones may be found!

CHORUS.

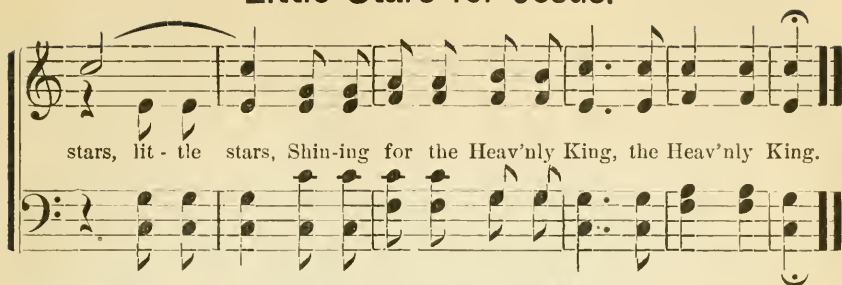


We are stars. we are stars, little stars, little stars, And our beams we gladly



fling, glad - ly fling, glad - ly fling, We are stars, we are stars, lit - tle

Little Stars for Jesus.

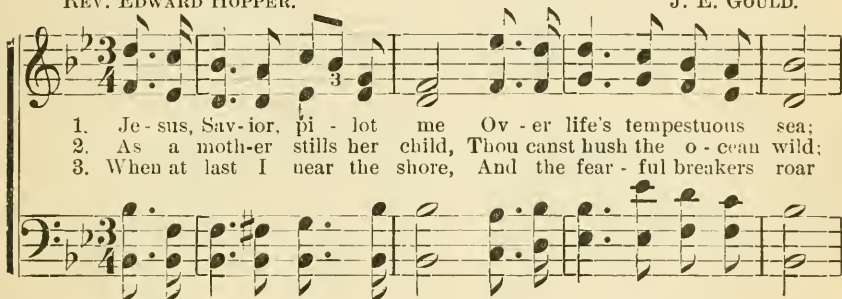


stars, lit - tle stars, Shin-ing for the Heav'nly King, the Heav'nly King.

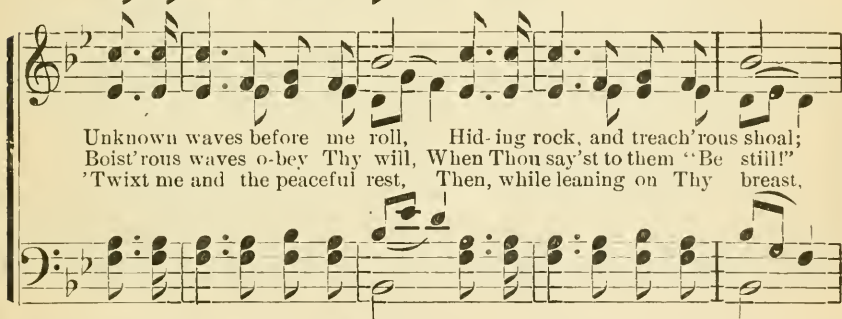
No. 50. SAVIOR, PILOT ME.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.



1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me Ov - er life's tempestuous sea;
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst lush the o - cean wild;
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar



Unknown waves before me roll, Hid - ing rock, and treach'rous shoal;
 Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

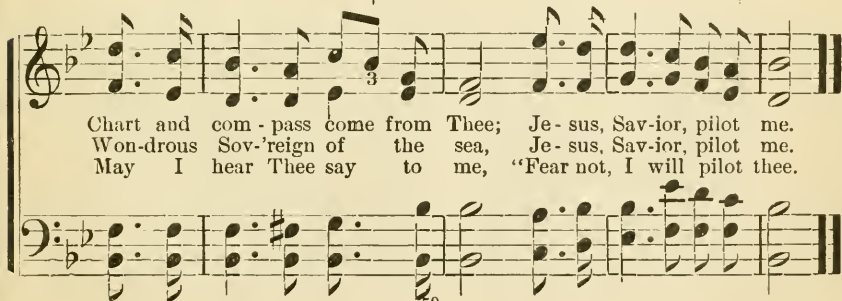


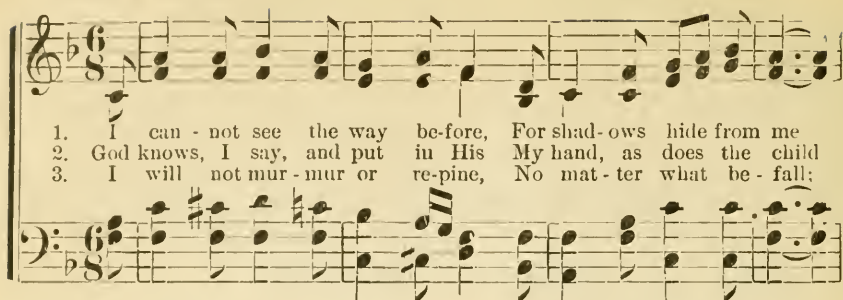
Chart and com - pass come from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pilot me.
 Won - drous Sov - reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pilot me.
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pilot thee.

No. 51.

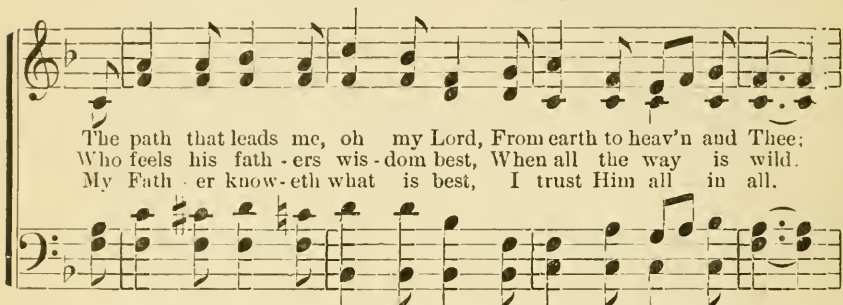
GOD KNOWS.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

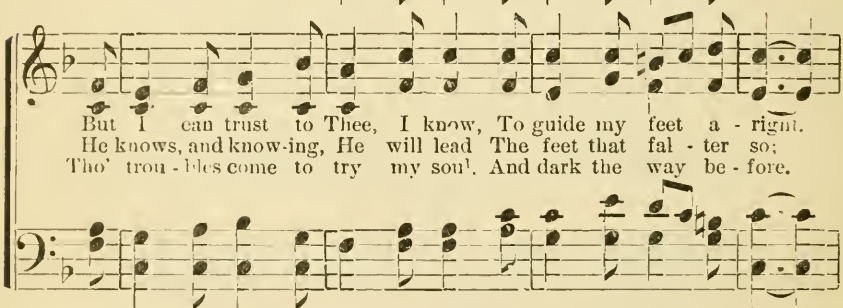
W. H. PONTIUS



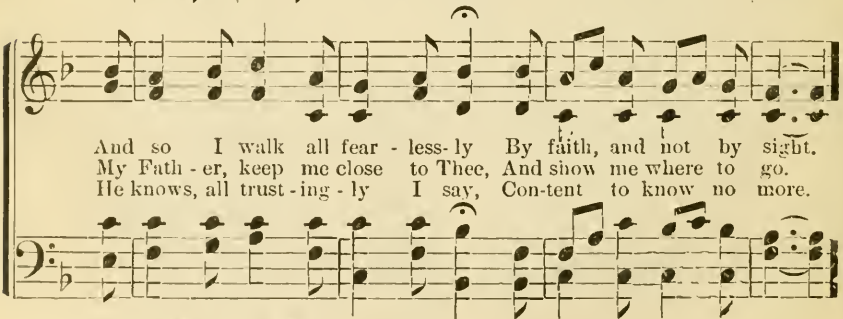
1. I can - not see the way be-fore, For shad-ows hide from me
 2. God knows, I say, and put in His My hand, as does the child
 3. I will not mur - mur or re-pine, No mat - ter what be - fall;



The path that leads me, oh my Lord, From earth to heav'n and Thee;
 Who feels his fath - ers wis - dom best, When all the way is wild.
 My Fath - er know - eth what is best, I trust Him all in all.



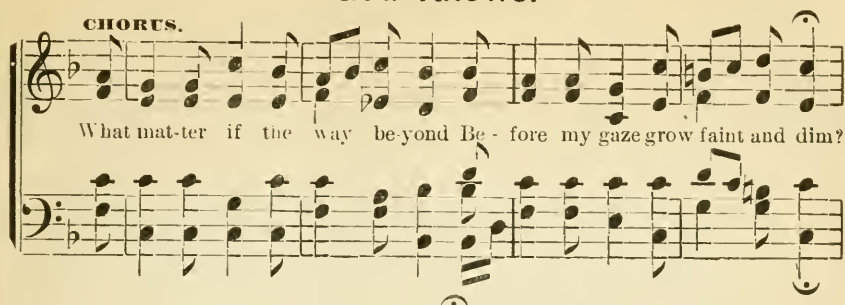
But I can trust to Thee, I know, To guide my feet a - right.
 He knows, and know - ing, He will lead The feet that fal - ter so;
 Tho' trou - bles come to try my soul, And dark the way be - fore.



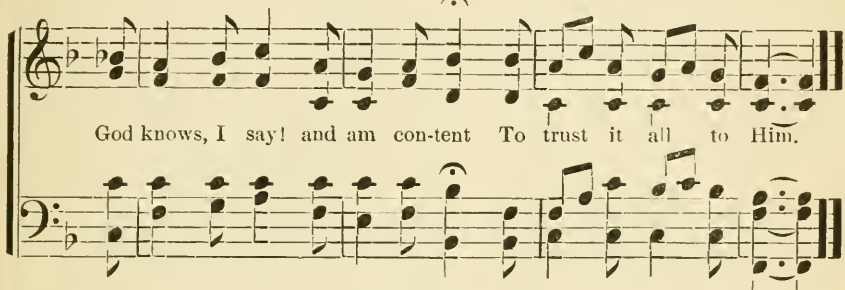
And so I walk all fear - less - ly By faith, and not by sight.
 My Fath - er, keep me close to Thee, And show me where to go.
 He knows, all trust - ing - ly I say, Con - tent to know no more.

God Knows.

CHORUS.



What mat-ter if the way be-yond Be-fore my gaze grow faint and dim?



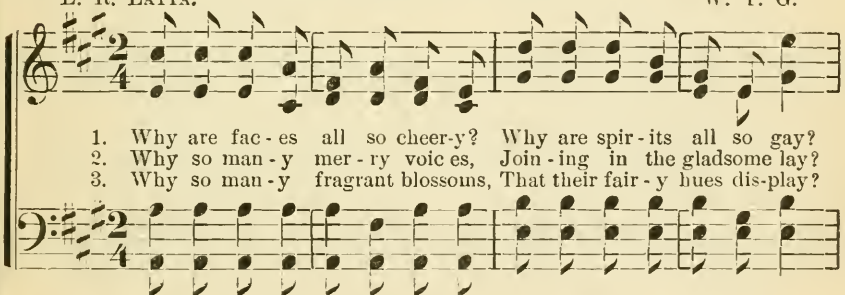
God knows, I say! and am con-tent To trust it all to Him.

No. 52.

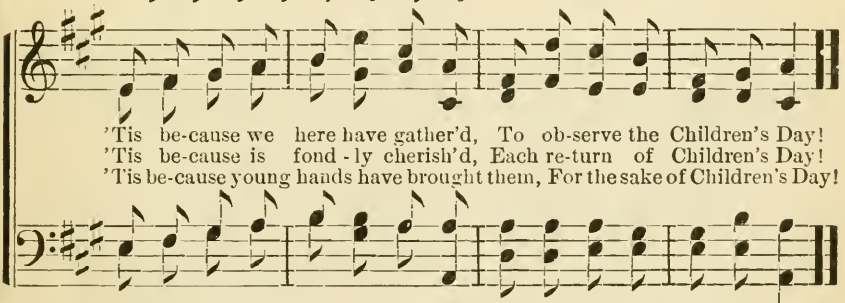
CHILDREN'S DAY.

E. R. LATTA.

W. T. G.



1. Why are fac-es all so cheer-y? Why are spir-its all so gay?
2. Why so man-y mer-ry voic-es, Join-ing in the glad-some lay?
3. Why so man-y fragrant blossoms, That their fair-y hues dis-play?




'Tis be-cause we here have gather'd, To ob-serve the Children's Day!
 'Tis be-cause is fond-ly cherish'd, Each re-turn of Children's Day!
 'Tis be-cause young hands have brought them, For the sake of Children's Day!

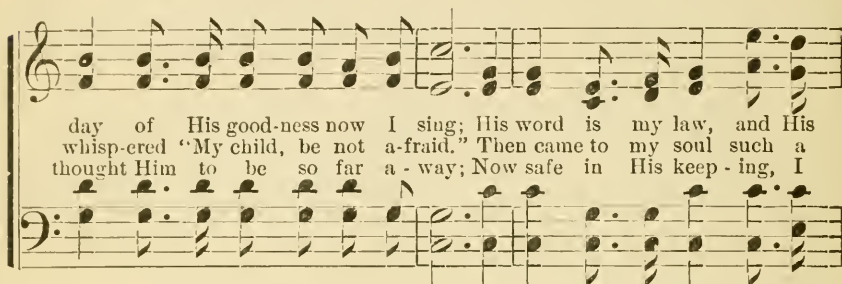
No. 53. I CALLED UPON THE LORD.

CHARLOTTE G. HOUSER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I called up-on the Lord, and He heard my voice! All the
 2. I called up-on the Lord, and I felt Him mine, For He
 3. I called up-on the Lord, and I found Him near, Tho' I'd



day of His good-ness now I sing; His word is my law, and His
 whispered "My child, be not a-fraid." Then came to my soul such a
 thought Him to be so far a-way; Now safe in His keep-ing, I



ways my choice, My de-light is in Him, my God, my King.
 joy di-vine, As in bless-ing His hand was on me laid.
 feel no fear; In His love I am hap-py all the day!

CHORUS.



I called..... and He heark-ened to my voice, He
 I called on the Lord, and He heark-ened to my voice, He

I Called Upon the Lord.

raised, me from the dust, And now I can praise Him, hal-le-
 raised me in mer-cy from the dust. I can

lu - - - - jah! For His is my on - ly hope and trust.
 praise Him, hal-le - lu - jah!

No. 54.

O FOR A FAITH.

REV. W. H. BATHURST.

WM. H. HAVERGAL.

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' press'd by ev-'ry foe,
 2 That will not mur-mur or complain Be-neath the chast'ning rod,
 3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage without;
 4. Lord, give us such a faith as this, And then, whate'er may come,

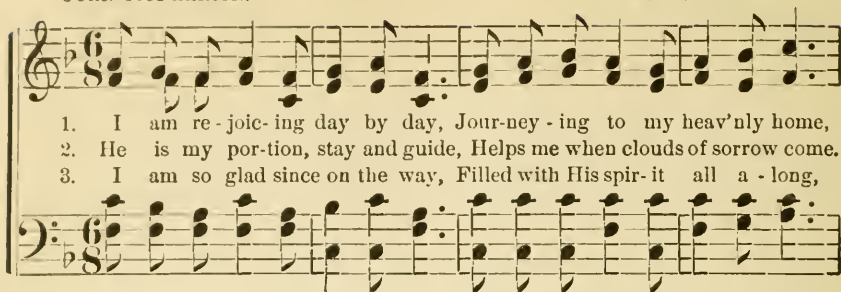
That will not trem-ble on the brink Of a-ny earth-ly woe;
 But in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean up-on its God;
 That when in dan-ger knows no fear, In darkness feels no doubt;—
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss Of an e-ter-nal home.

No. 55.

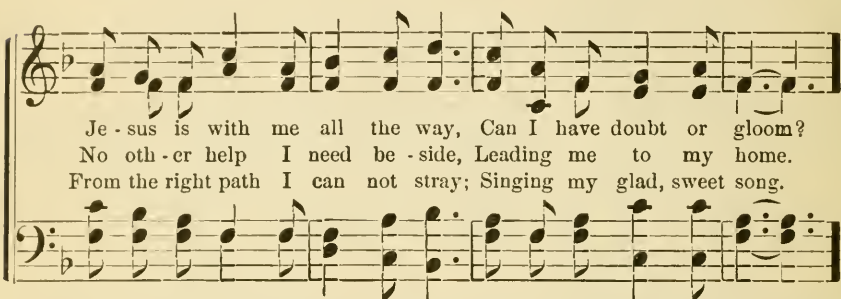
I AM SO GLAD.

JOHN MCPHERSON.

W. H. BURGETT.



1. I am re-joic-ing day by day, Jour-ney-ing to my heav'nly home,
 2. He is my por-tion, stay and guide, Helps me when clouds of sorrow come.
 3. I am so glad since on the way, Filled with His spir-it all a-long,

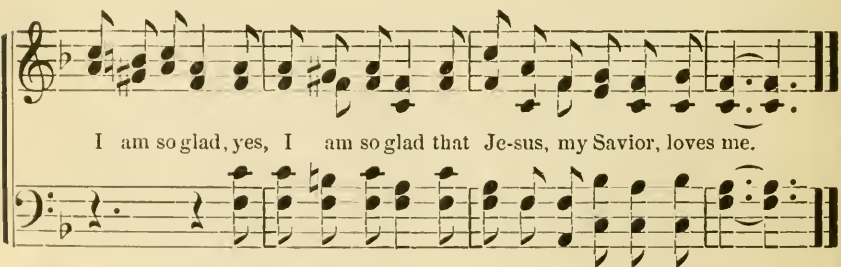


Je-sus is with me all the way, Can I have doubt or gloom?
 No oth-er help I need be-side, Leading me to my home.
 From the right path I can not stray; Singing my glad, sweet song.

CHORUS.



I am so glad, yes, I am so glad, I am so glad the Sav-ior loves me.

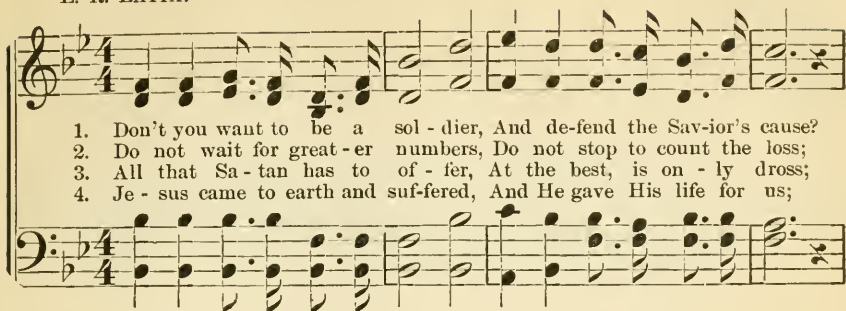


I am so glad, yes, I am so glad that Je-sus, my Savior, loves me.

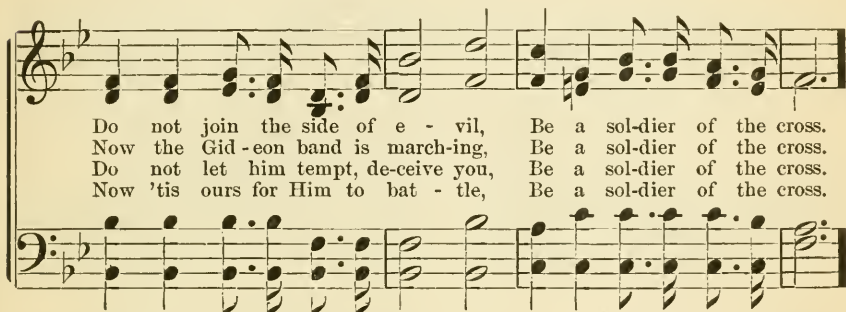
No. 56. BE A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

E. R. LATTI.

R. S. HANNA.

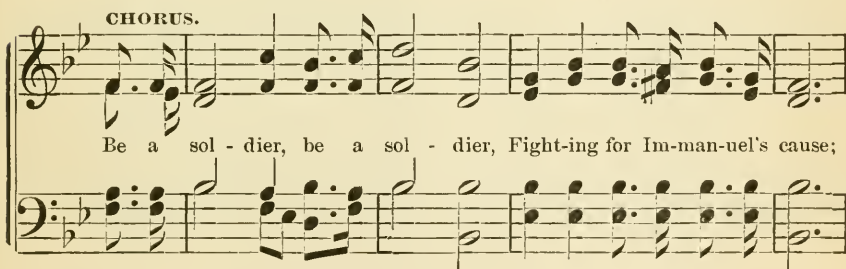


1. Don't you want to be a sol-dier, And de-fend the Sav-ior's cause?
 2. Do not wait for great-er numbers, Do not stop to count the loss;
 3. All that Sa-tan has to of-fer, At the best, is on-ly dross;
 4. Je-sus came to earth and suf-fered, And He gave His life for us;

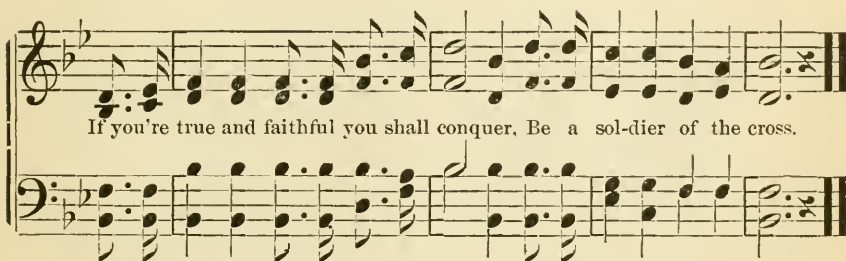


Do not join the side of e-vil, Be a sol-dier of the cross.
 Now the Gid-eon band is march-ing, Be a sol-dier of the cross.
 Do not let him tempt, de-ceive you, Be a sol-dier of the cross.
 Now 'tis ours for Him to bat-tle, Be a sol-dier of the cross.

CHORUS.



Be a sol-dier, be a sol-dier, Fight-ing for Im-man-uel's cause;

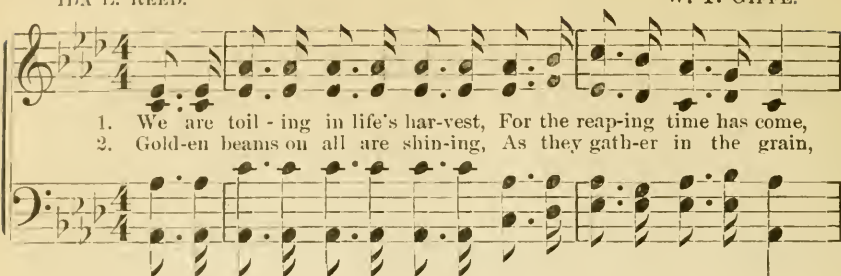


If you're true and faithful you shall conquer, Be a sol-dier of the cross.

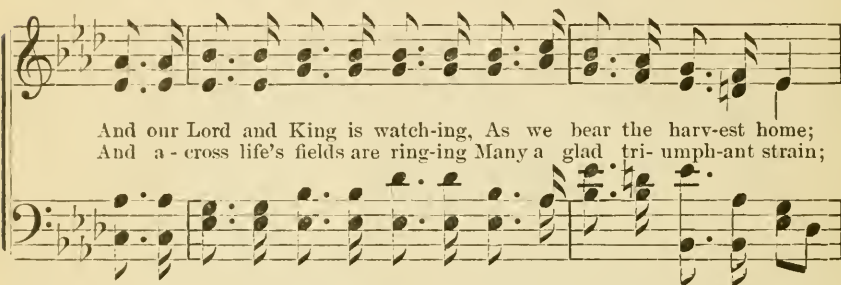
No. 57. TOILING IN LIFE'S HARVEST.

IDA L. REED.

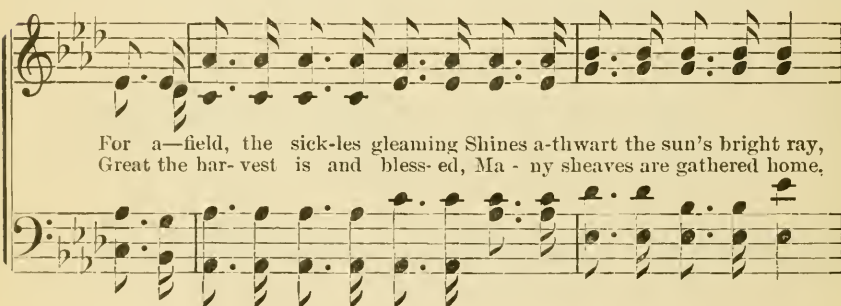
W. T. GIFFE.



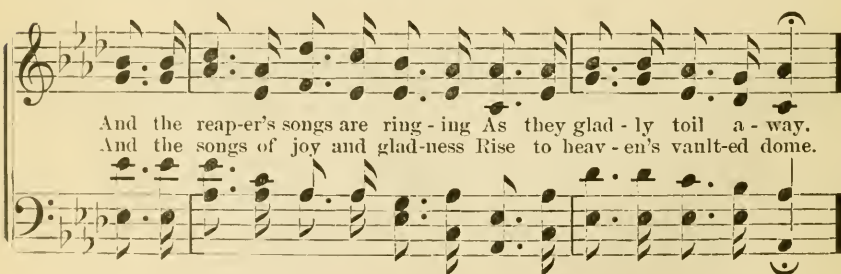
1. We are toil - ing in life's har-vest, For the reap-ing time has come,
2. Gold-en beams on all are shin-ing, As they gath-er in the grain,



And our Lord and King is watch-ing, As we bear the harv-est home;
And a - cross life's fields are ring-ing Many a glad tri-umph-ant strain;



For a-field, the sick-les gleaming Shines a-thwart the sun's bright ray,
Great the har-vest is and bless-ed, Ma - ny sheaves are gathered home,



And the reap-er's songs are ring - ing As they glad - ly toil a - way.
And the songs of joy and glad-ness Rise to heav-en's vault-ed dome.

Toiling in Life's Harvest.

CHORUS.

Toil-ing on, toil-ing on, Toil-ing
 Toil-ing in the har-vest, ev - er-more to bear

on, toil - ing on,..... Toiling in the harvest,
 To the throne of glory, Shining sheaves so fair.

Ev - er-more to bear, To the throne of glo-ry, Shining sheaves so fair.

No. 58. BLEST BE THE TIE.

TUNE—Dennis. No. 29.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
 We pour our ardent prayers;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one—
 Our comforts and our cares.

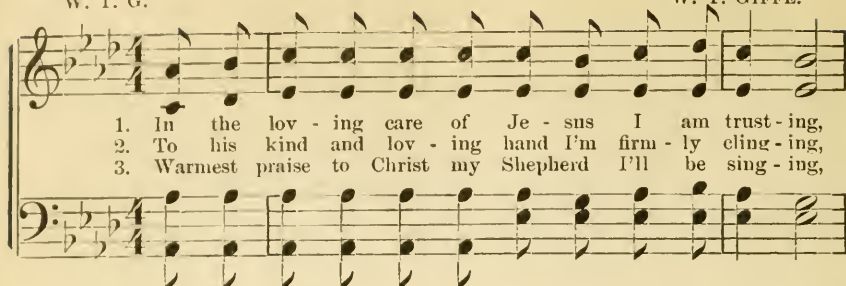
3 We share our mutual woes;
 Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain:
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

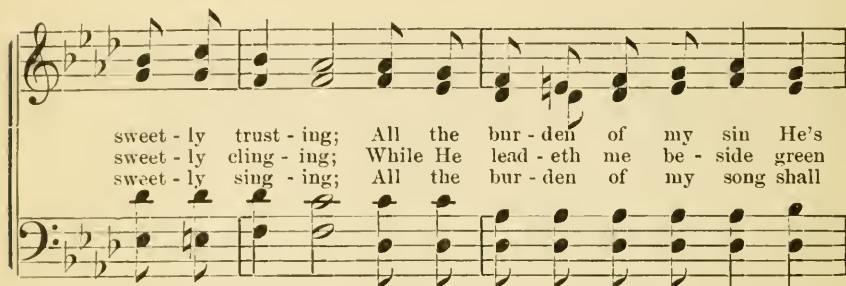
No. 59. PRECIOUS LOVE OF JESUS.

W. T. G.

W. T. GIFFE.



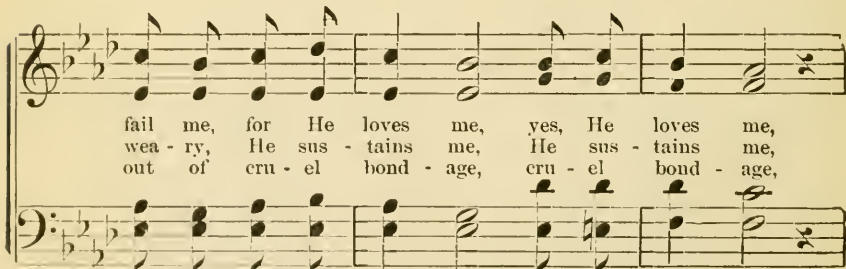
1. In the lov - ing care of Je - sus I am trust - ing,
 2. To his kind and lov - ing hand I'm firm - ly cling - ing,
 3. Warmest praise to Christ my Shepherd I'll be sing - ing,



sweet - ly trust - ing; All the bur - den of my sin He's
 sweet - ly cling - ing; While He lead - eth me be - side green
 sweet - ly sing - ing; All the bur - den of my song shall

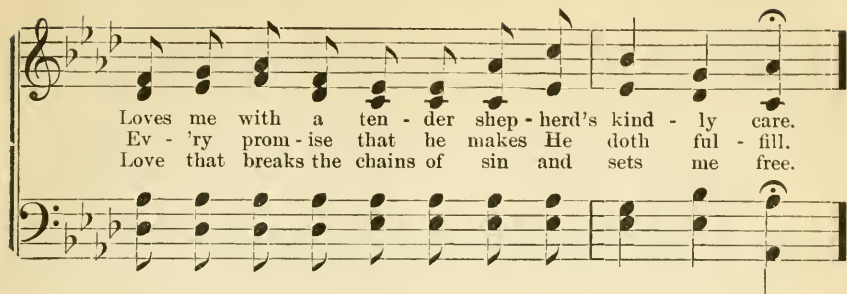


prom - ised me to bear; And I know he'll nev - er
 fields and wa - ters still; When my feet be - gin to
 be His love for me; Pre - cious love that calls me




fail me, for He loves me, yes, He loves me,
 wea - ry, He sus - tains me, He sus - tains me,
 out of cru - el bond - age, cru - el bond - age,

Precious Love of Jesus.




Loves me with a ten - der shep - herd's kind - ly care.
Ev - 'ry prom - ise that he makes He doth ful - fill.
Love that breaks the chains of sin and sets me free.

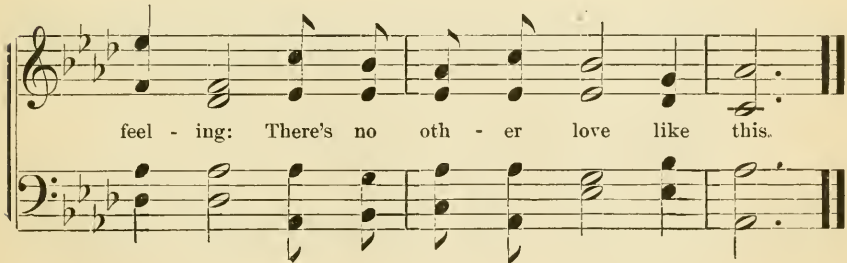
CHORUS.



Oh, the pre - cious love of Je - sus!
pre - cious, pre - cious



How it fills the heart with bliss! Melt - ing ev - 'ry sto - ny

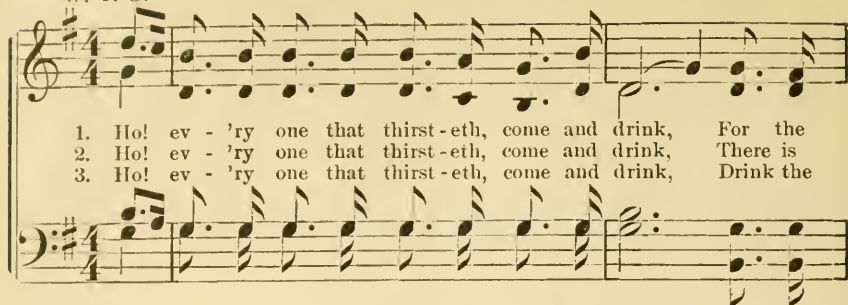


feel - ing: There's no oth - er love like this.

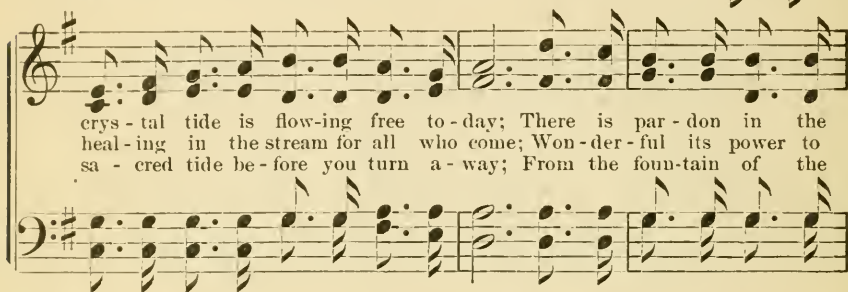
No. 60. EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH.

W. T. G.

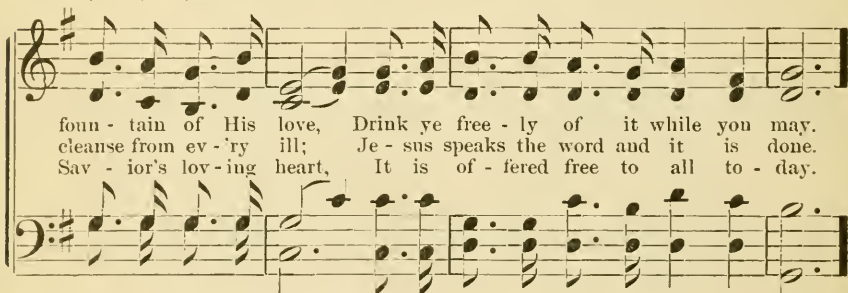
W. T. GIFFE.



1. Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirst-eth, come and drink, For the
 2. Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirst-eth, come and drink, There is
 3. Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirst-eth, come and drink, Drink the

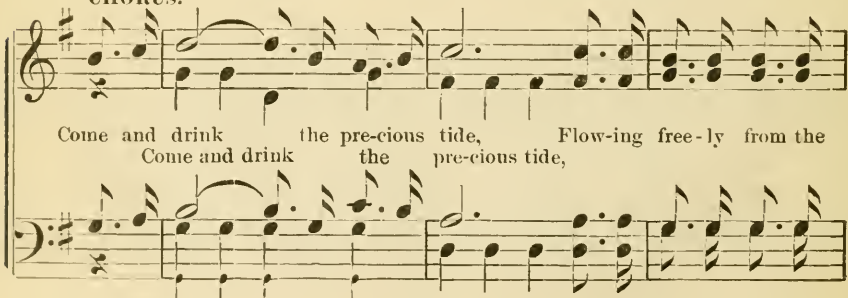


crys - tal tide is flow-ing free to-day; There is par - don in the
 heal-ing in the stream for all who come; Won-der-ful its power to
 sa - cred tide be-fore you turn a-way; From the foun-tain of the



foun - tain of His love, Drink ye free - ly of it while you may.
 cleanse from ev - 'ry ill; Je - sus speaks the word and it is done.
 Sav - ior's lov-ing heart, It is of - fered free to all to - day.

CHORUS.



Come and drink the pre-cious tide, Flow-ing free-ly from the
 Come and drink the pre-cious tide,

Every One that Thirsteth.

Mas-ter's love: Come and drink, Come and
Come and drink, Come and drink,
drink, Drink the life that com-eth from a - bove.
Come and drink,

No. 61. A LAST PRAYER.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON. (*Four days before her death.*)
Slow.

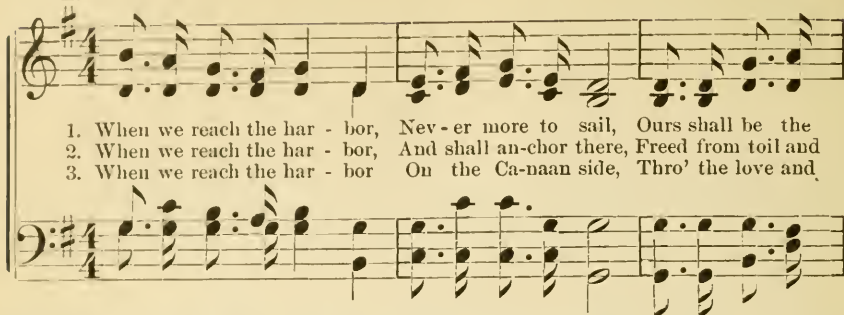
W. T. GIFFE.

1. Fa - ther, I scarce-ly dare to pray, So clear I see, now it is done,
2. So clear I see the things I thought Were right or harmless were a sin;
3. In out-skirts of thy king-dom vast, Father, the humblest spot give me;
That I have wasted half my day, And left my work but just be - gun.
So clear I see that I have sought Un-con-scious, sel-fish aims to win.
Set me the low-liest task Thou hast, Let me, re-pent-ant, work for Thee.

No. 62. WHEN WE REACH THE HARBOR.

E. R. LATTA.

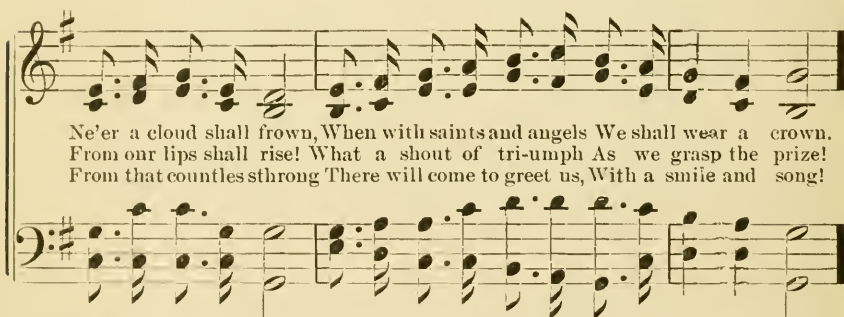
O. L. FLECK.



1. When we reach the har - bor, Nev - er more to sail, Ours shall be the
 2. When we reach the har - bor, And shall an - chor there, Freed from toil and
 3. When we reach the har - bor On the Ca - naan side, Thro' the love and

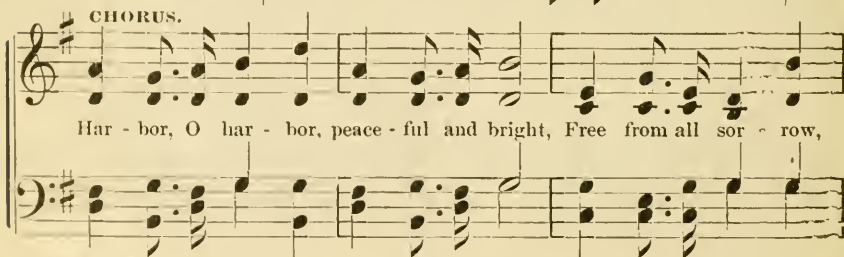


pleas - ures That shall nev - er fail: Nev - er storm shall fright us,
 dan - ger, Freed from sin and care! Oh, what hal - le - lu - jahs
 mer - cy Of the Cru - ci - fied, Oh, how man - y dear ones



Ne'er a cloud shall frown, When with saints and angels We shall wear a crown.
 From our lips shall rise! What a shout of tri - umph As we grasp the prize!
 From that countles strong There will come to greet us, With a smile and song!

CHORUS.



Har - bor, O har - bor, peace - ful and bright, Free from all sor - row,

When We Reach the Harbor.

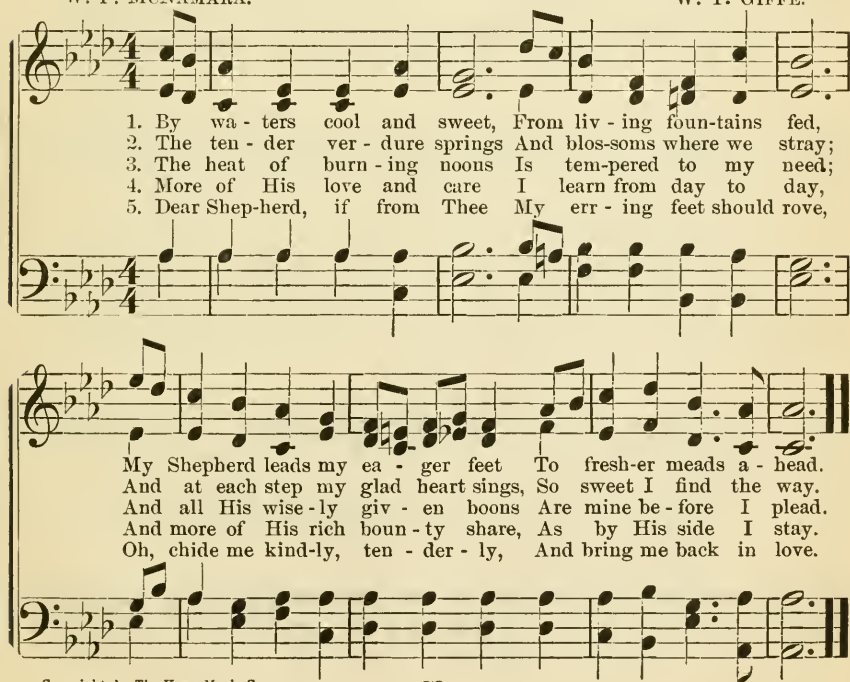


free from all blight; Glad - ly we are seek - ing, Seek - ing thee to
find, Leav - ing all our doubt - ings, All our fears be - hind.

No. 63. MY SHEPHERD LEADS.

W. F. McNAMARA.

W. T. GIFFE.

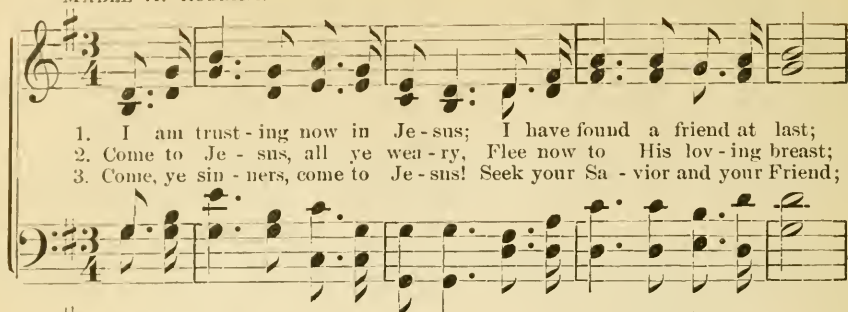


1. By wa - ters cool and sweet, From liv - ing foun - tains fed,
2. The ten - der ver - dure springs And blos - soms where we stray;
3. The heat of burn - ing noons Is tem - pered to my need;
4. More of His love and care I learn from day to day,
5. Dear Shep - herd, if from Thee My err - ing feet should rove,
My Shepherd leads my ea - ger feet To fresh - er meads a - head.
And at each step my glad heart sings, So sweet I find the way.
And all His wise - ly giv - en boons Are mine be - fore I plead.
And more of His rich boun - ty share, As by His side I stay.
Oh, chide me kind - ly, ten - der - ly, And bring me back in love.

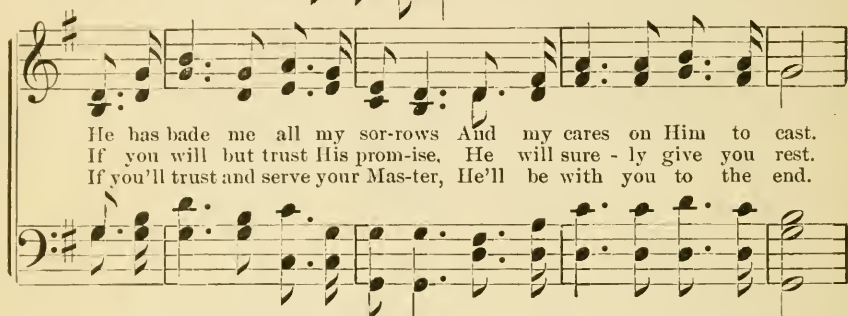
No. 64. TRUSTING IN JESUS.

MABEL H. ROBBINS.

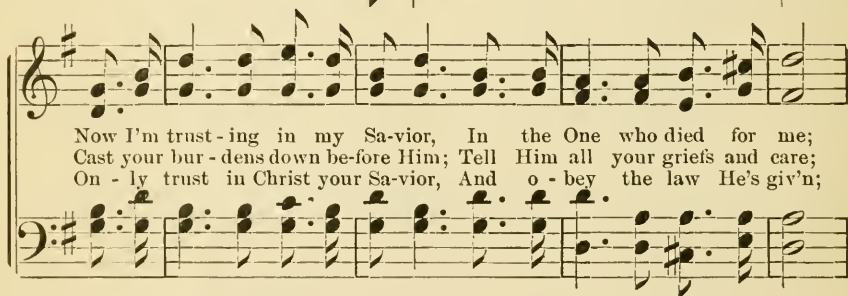
MILO W. NETHERCUTT.



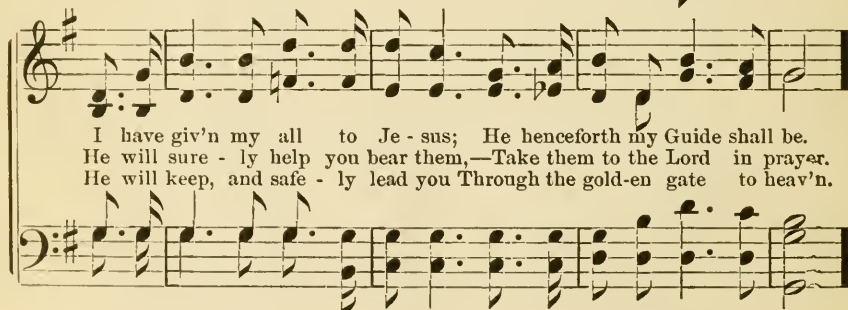
1. I am trust-ing now in Je-sus; I have found a friend at last;
 2. Come to Je-sus, all ye wea-ry, Flee now to His lov-ing breast;
 3. Come, ye sin-ners, come to Je-sus! Seek your Sa-vior and your Friend;



He has bade me all my sor-rows And my cares on Him to cast.
 If you will but trust His prom-ise, He will sure-ly give you rest.
 If you'll trust and serve your Mas-ter, He'll be with you to the end.



Now I'm trust-ing in my Sa-vior, In the One who died for me;
 Cast your bur-dens down be-fore Him; Tell Him all your griefs and care;
 On-ly trust in Christ your Sa-vior, And o-bey the law He's giv'n;



I have giv'n my all to Je-sus; He henceforth my Guide shall be.
 He will sure-ly help you bear them,—Take them to the Lord in prayer.
 He will keep, and safe-ly lead you Through the gold-en gate to heav'n.

Trusting in Jesus.

CHORUS.

I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, I am trust - ing Thee to - day;

I am trust - ing in Thee on - ly, I will trust Thee all the way.

No. 65. A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

W. T. G.

(Infant Class.)

W. T. GIFFE.

Andante.

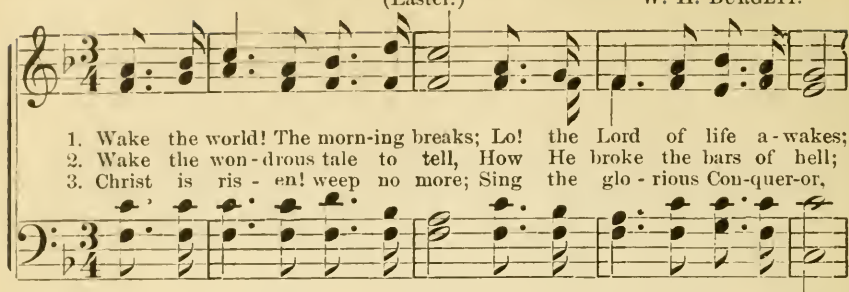
1. Je - sus, wilt Thou guard the slum - ber Of a lit - tle child like me?
2. Yes, I know that Thou wilt keep me, So I close my wea - ry eyes,
3. In Thine arms, O Je - sus, fold me, Let me be Thy lit - tle lamb;

Wilt Thou watch in darkness o'er me, That pro - tect - ed I may be?
Pray - ing God to send His an - gels Down to guard me from the skies.
Close un - to Thy bo - som hold me; Give me slum - ber deep and calm.

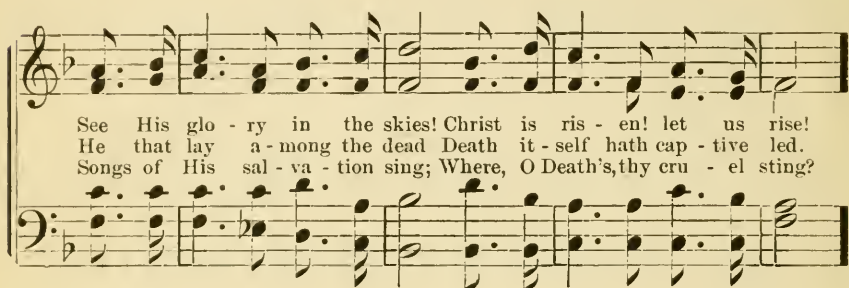
No. 66. WAKE THE WORLD.

(Easter.)

W. H. BURGETT.

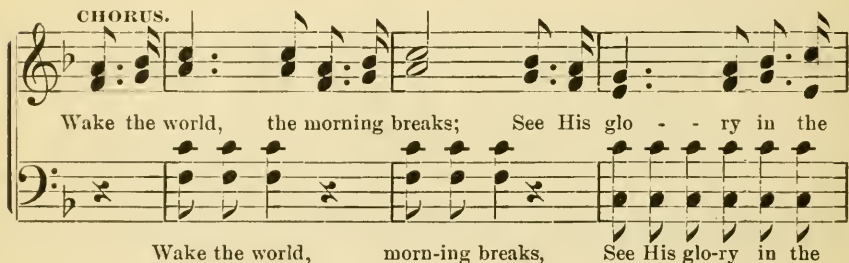


1. Wake the world! The morn-ing breaks; Lo! the Lord of life a-wakes;
 2. Wake the won-drous tale to tell, How He broke the bars of hell;
 3. Christ is ris-en! weep no more; Sing the glo-rious Con-quer-or,

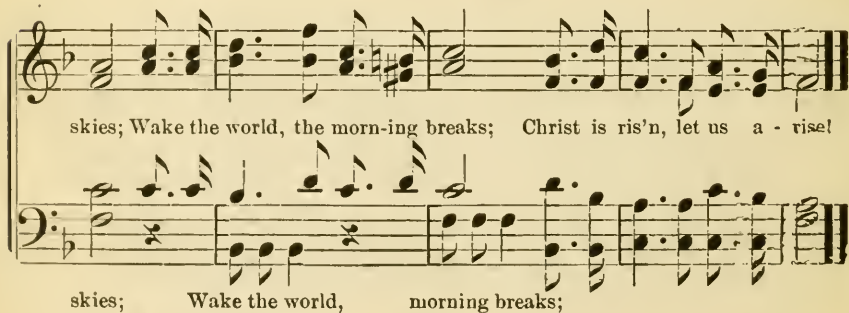


See His glo-ry in the skies! Christ is ris-en! let us rise!
 He that lay a-mong the dead Death it-self hath cap-tive led.
 Songs of His sal-va-tion sing; Where, O Death's, thy cru-el sting?

CHORUS.



Wake the world, the morning breaks; See His glo-ry in the
 Wake the world, morn-ing breaks, See His glo-ry in the



skies; Wake the world, the morn-ing breaks; Christ is ris'n, let us a-rise!
 skies; Wake the world, morning breaks;

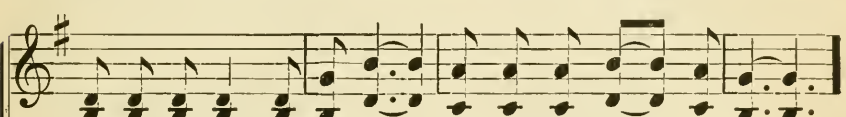
No. 67. MORE LIKE JESUS.

R. S. H.

R. S. HANNA.

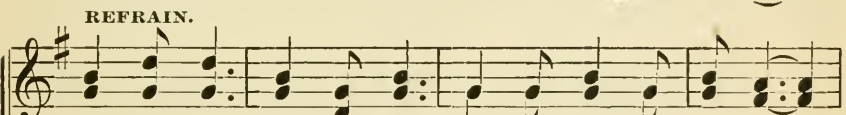


1. I would be more like Je - sus, Do - ing my Fath - er's will;
2. I would be more like Je - sus, Ten - der and true and kind;
3. I would be more like Je - sus, Bear - ing with joy the cross;
4. I would be more like Je - sus, Tread - ing the path He trod;

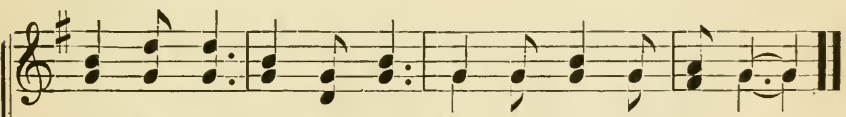


Help - ing the poor and need - y, Striv - ing my mis - sion to fill.
Cheer - ing the faint and wea - ry, Seek - ing the lost to find.
All of life's cares for - get - ting, Count - ing not gain or loss.
Giv - ing my life to serve Him, Trust - ing it all to God.

REFRAIN.



More and more, more and more, More and more like Je - sus.

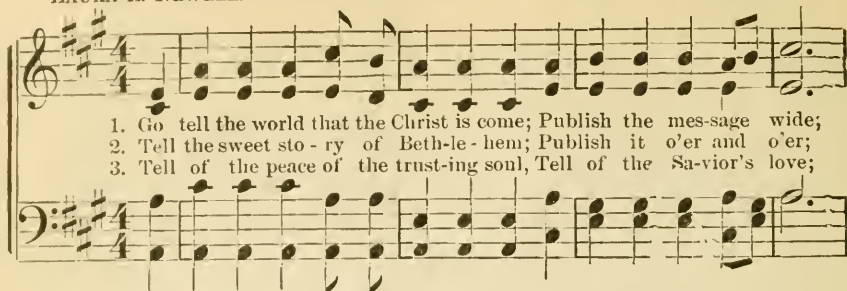


More and more, more and more, More and more like Je - sus.

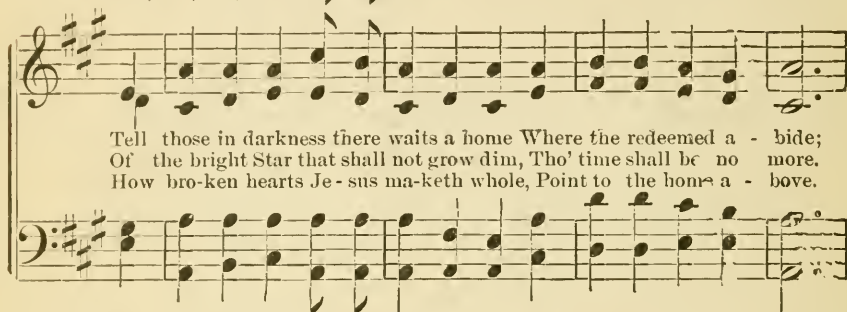
No. 68. PUBLISH THE MESSAGE.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

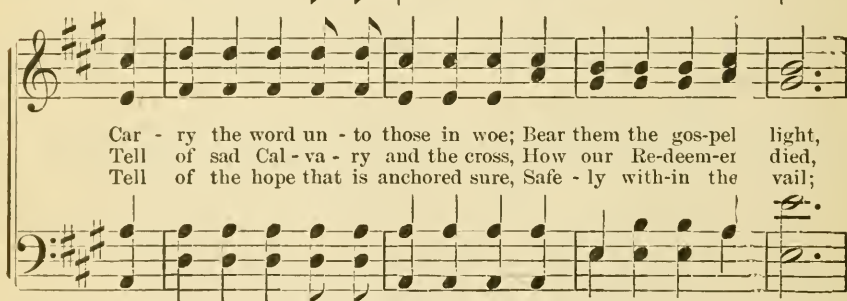
W. T. GIFFE.



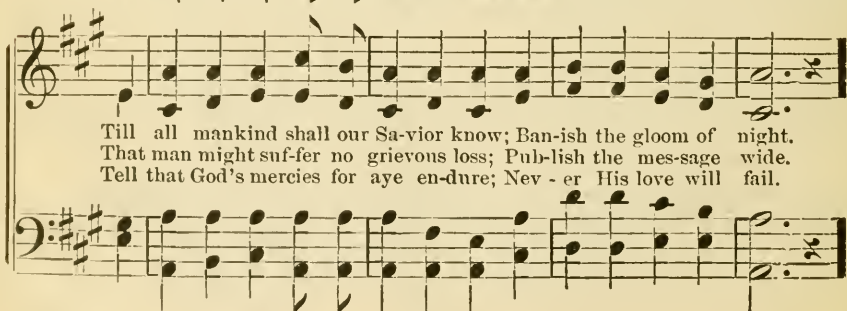
1. Go tell the world that the Christ is come; Publish the mes-sage wide;
 2. Tell the sweet sto - ry of Beth-le - hem; Publish it o'er and o'er;
 3. Tell of the peace of the trust-ing soul, Tell of the Sa-vior's love;



Tell those in darkness there waits a home Where the redeemed a - bide;
 Of the bright Star that shall not grow dim, Tho' time shall be no more.
 How bro-ken hearts Je - sus ma-keth whole, Point to the home a - bove.



Car - ry the word un - to those in woe; Bear them the gos-pel light,
 Tell of sad Cal - va - ry and the cross, How our Re-deem-er died,
 Tell of the hope that is anchored sure, Safe - ly with-in the vail;



Till all mankind shall our Sa-vior know; Ban-ish the gloom of night.
 That man might suf-fer no grievous loss; Pub-lish the mes-sage wide.
 Tell that God's mercies for aye en-dure; Nev - er His love will fail.

Publish the Message.

CHORUS.

Pub - lish the mes-sage, pub-lish the mes-sage, pub-lish the message wide;
 Pub-lish the mes-sage, pub-lish the mes-sage, Je - sus for sin-ners died.

No. 69.

I DO BELIEVE.

W. T. G.

(Infant Class.)

W. T. GIFFE.

1. I do be - lieve that Je - sus bears A lit - tle child who
 2. I' do be - lieve that Je - sus loves The lit - tle lambs the
 3. I do be - lieve that I'm His lamb, And that He cares for
 4. I do be - lieve that if I try To whis - per iu His
 prays; I do be-lieve He al-ways did Like lit - tle children's ways.
 best; I do be-lieve that Je - sus likes To be the children's Guest.
 me; I do be-lieve that in His arms, From dan-ger I am free.
 ear, He'll gen - tly stoop down close to me, And let me feel Him near.

No. 70.

O BETHLEHEM!

E. R. LATTAL

GEO. B. HOLSINGER.

1. O Beth - le-hem! thou cit - y blest, The in - fant Lord to hold;
 2. O Beth - le-hem! in Ju-dah's land, On whom all eyes were cast;
 3. O Beth - le-hem! we turn to Thee, By faith in Je - sus' name;

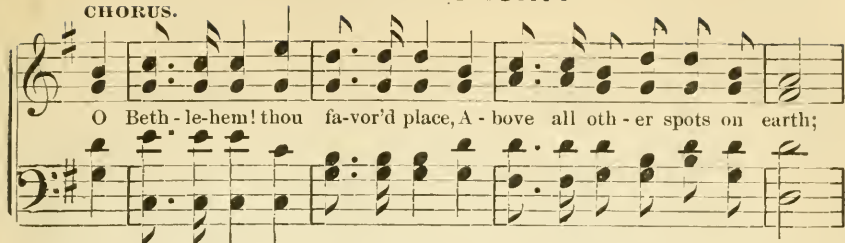
As 'twas in proph-e - cy expressed, In wondrous days of old!
 Tho' small Thou art, Thy name shall stand As long as time shall last!
 And tho' we ne'er Thy site may see, We love to sing Thy fame!

Tho' void of gran-deur be Thy walls, Thy streets appear for - lorn;
 Such hon - ors as to thee be-long, Sur - pass all oth - ers far;
 By faith we hear the strain to-day That o - ver thee was poured;

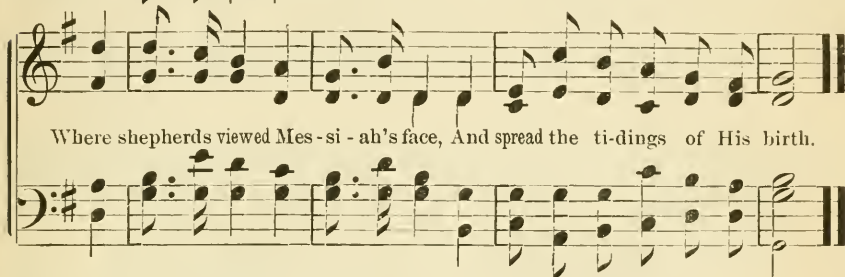
A voice from thee each Christmas calls, 'Twas here that Christ was born.
 Im - man - u - el, the an - gel throng, And Ma - gi—Guid-ing Star!
 By faith be-hold the won-drous ray That shone a-bove the Lord!

O Bethlehem!

CHORUS.



O Beth-le-hem! thou fa-vor'd place, A-bove all oth-er spots on earth;



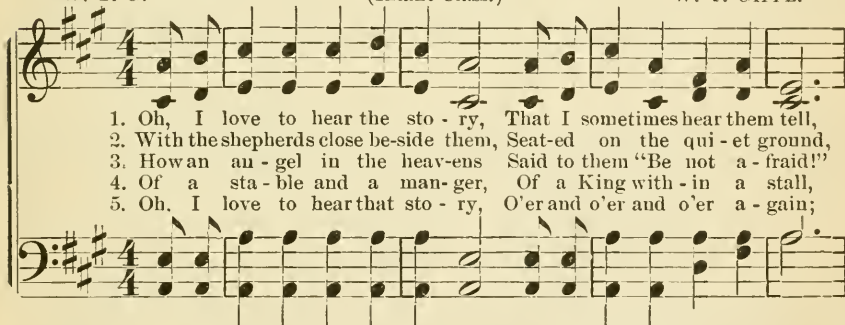
Where shepherds viewed Mes-si-ab's face, And spread the ti-dings of His birth.

No. 71. STORY OF THE CHRIST.

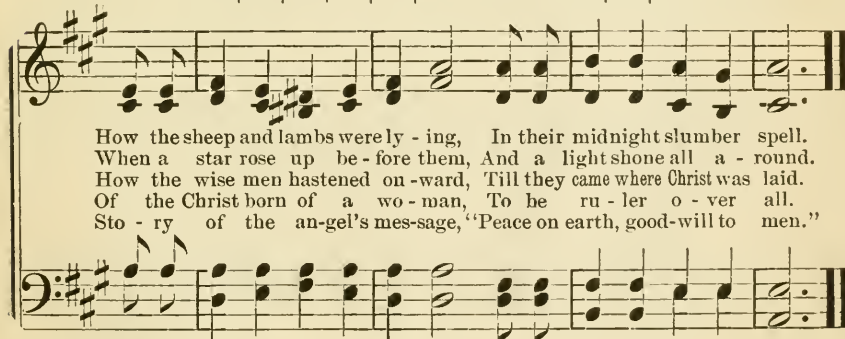
W. T. G.

(Infant Class.)

W. T. GIFFE.



1. Oh, I love to hear the sto-ry, That I sometimes hear them tell,
2. With the shepherds close be-side them, Seat-ed on the qui-et ground,
3. How an an-gel in the heav-ens, Said to them "Be not a-fraid!"
4. Of a sta-ble and a man-ger, Of a King with-in a stall,
5. Oh, I love to hear that sto-ry, O'er and o'er and o'er a-gain;

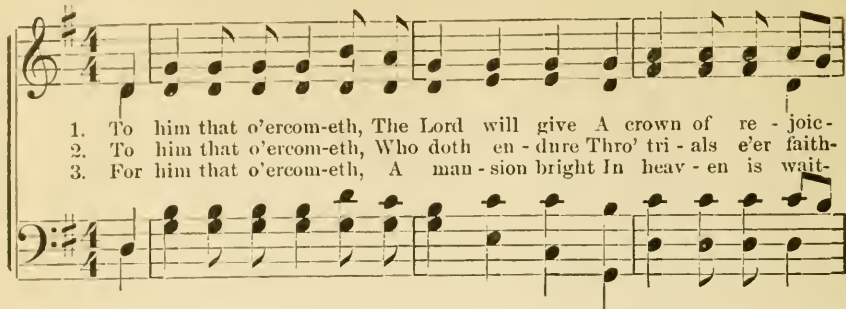


How the sheep and lambs were ly-ing, In their midnight slumber spell.
When a star rose up be-fore them, And a light shone all a-round.
How the wise men hastened on-ward, Till they came where Christ was laid.
Of the Christ born of a wo-man, To be ru-ler o-ver all.
Sto-ry of the an-gel's mes-sage, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

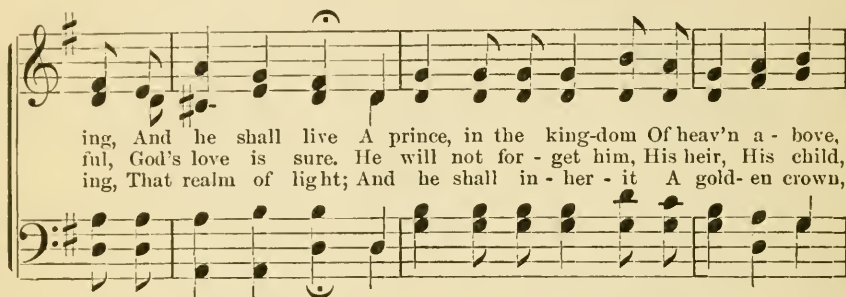
No. 72. TO HIM THAT O'ERCOMETH.

IDA. L. REED.

W. T. GIFFE.



1. To him that o'ercom-eth, The Lord will give A crown of re - joic-
 2. To him that o'ercom-eth, Who doth en - dure Thro' tri - als e'er faith-
 3. For him that o'ercom-eth, A man - sion bright In heav - en is wait-



ing, And he shall live A prince, in the king-dom Of heav'n a - bove,
 ful, God's love is sure. He will not for - get him, His heir, His child,
 ing, That realm of light; And he shall in - her - it A gold - en crown,

CHORUS.

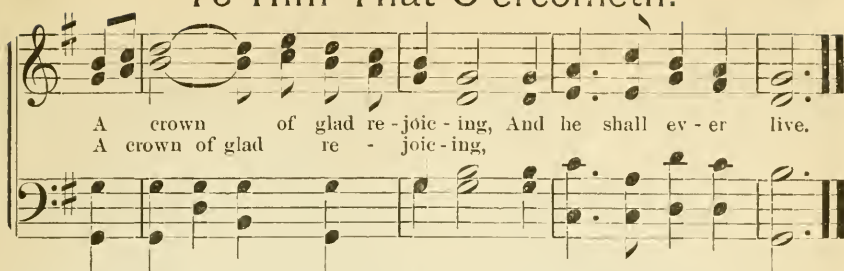


A joint heir with Je - sus, The King of Love. To him..... that
 Tho' o - ver life's pathway The storms beat wild.
 When life and its la - bor, Are all laid down. To him that o -



o - ver-com - eth, A crown the Lord will give,
 ver - com - eth, will sure - ly give,

To Him That O'ercometh.

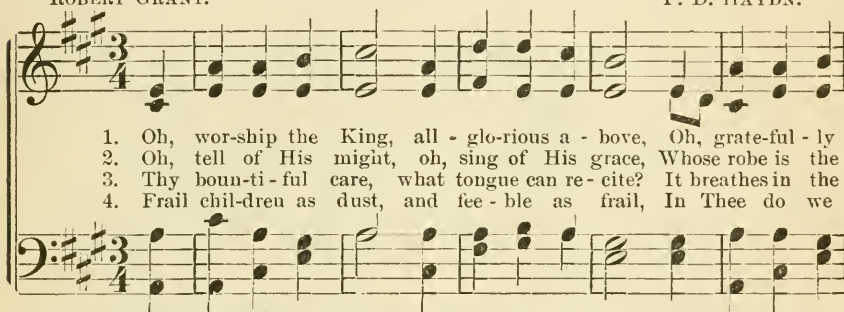


A crown of glad re-joic-ing, And he shall ev-er live.
A crown of glad re-joic-ing,

No. 73. OH, WORSHIP THE KING.

ROBERT GRANT.

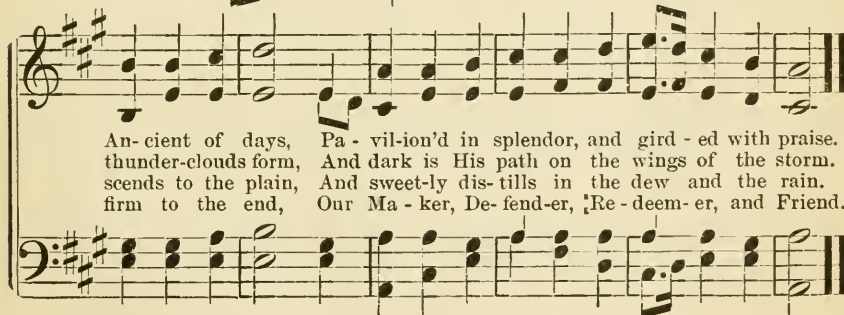
F. D. HAYDN.



1. Oh, wor-ship the King, all - glo-rious a - bove, Oh, grate-ful - ly
2. Oh, tell of His might, oh, sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun-ti-ful care, what tongue can re-cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil-dren as dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we



sing His pow-er and love, Our Shield and De-fend-er, the
light, whose can-o-py space; His char-iots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de-
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies, how ten-der, how



An-cient of days, Pa-vil-ion'd in splendor, and gird-ed with praise.
thunder-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweet-ly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end, Our Ma-ker, De-fend-er, Re-deem-er, and Friend.

No. 74.

"HERE AM I."

"That the Lord called Samuel: and he answered, Here am I."—1st Sam. 3: 4.

Rev. T. C. SMITH.

A. F. MYERS.

Spirited.

1. As the Lord to Sam - uel spake, In si - lent night hours long gone by,
 2. When the Lord calls you to strive A - gainst the wrongs that round you lie,
 3. To the Sav - ior's gen - tle call, With meek and lov - ing heart re - ply,—
 4. Christ a rich re - ward will give To you in His bright home on high,

If His voice should you a - wake, Would you an - swer Here am I?
 Ev - 'ry day of earth - ly life, Will you an - swer Here am I?
 For Him free - ly leav - ing all, Glad - ly an - swer Here am I.
 And He'll bless you while you live, If you'll an - swer Here am I.

CHORUS.

Here am I, Here am I, Here am I, Here am I, When my name is called I'll answer,

Here am I, Here am I, Here am I, Here am I, Here am I, Here am I,

Rit. Repeat Chorus pp.

When my name is called I'll an - swer, Here am I, Here am I.

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No. 75. THANKFUL BE.

E. R. LATTA.

GEO. E. MYERS.

Andante, with expression.

1. For the Father's gift di-vine,
 2. He be-held us all un-done,
 3. As the prophets had declared,
 4. He is a-ble to re-deem,

Thankful be! thankful be!
 thankful be! thankful be!

To re-deem your soul and mine,
 And He prom-ised us His Son,
 He up-on the earth appeared,
 All who put their trust in Him;

Thankful be! thank-ful be!
 Thankful be! thank-ful be!

CHORUS.

Oh, what love the Fa-ther's is, That has brought us end-less

bliss; For such won-drous love as this, Thank-ful be!

No. 76. I AM ETERNALLY FREE.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

H. M. BUTLER.

Alto and Tenor.

Slowly.

Dim.

m

1. My Sa- vior was nailed to the cross,..... He bore my trans-
 2. No dread con-dem - na - tion I fear,..... My per - fect Re -

(Play the bass notes of the accompaniment in octaves.)

Dim.

m

Cres.

gressions for me;..... He saved me from in - fi - nite loss,.....
 deemer is He; His words of for - give - ness I hear,.....

A little faster.

And I am e - ter - nal - ly free..... 3. My soul is a well-spring of

praise,.... The Lord is so precious to me;..... All gladsome and

I Am Eternally Free.

bright all the days,..... Since I am e - ter - nal - ly free.....

This system contains the first two staves of the piece. The treble staff begins with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature. The melody starts with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

CHORUS.

Do not hurry.

f et Cres.

Yes, I am e - ter - nal - ly free, am free; Yes, I am e -

The chorus begins with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). The melody in the treble staff features a series of eighth notes. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

ter - nal - ly free, am free; God's word of for-give-ness I hear, I

This system continues the chorus. The melody in the treble staff has some rests, and the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment.

hear, And I am e - ter - nal - ly free, yes, I am free.

The final system of the chorus. The treble staff includes the instruction *ad lib.* (ad libitum) above a long note. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

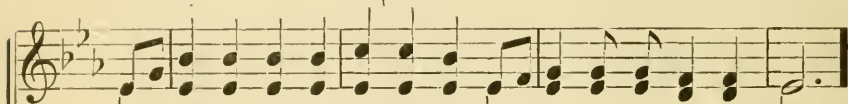
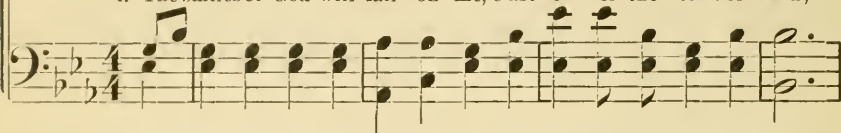
No. 77. OVER THE BORDER-LAND.

J. H. A.

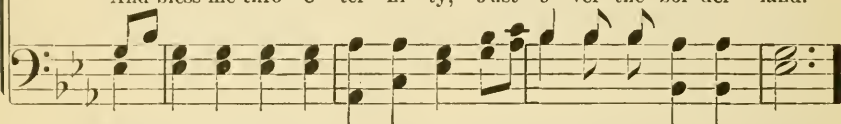
J. H. ALLEMAN.



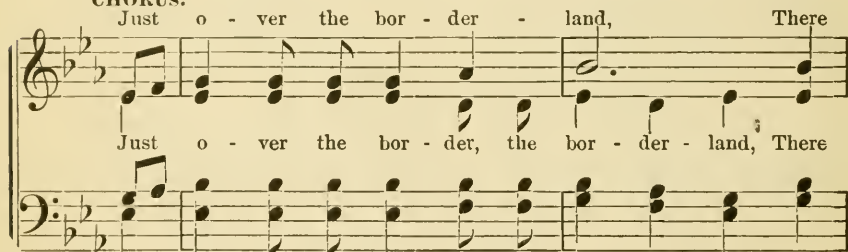
1. A home on high is wait-ing me, Just o - ver the bor-der-land;
2. My loved ones there will welcome me, Just o - ver the bor-der-land;
3. My Sa-vior there is call-ing me, Just o - ver the bor-der-land;
4. The smiles of God will fall on me, Just o - ver the bor-der-land;



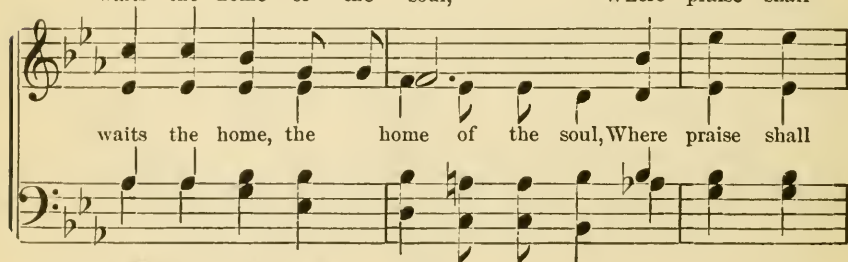
And there my Sa-vior I shall see, Just o - ver the bor-der - land.
 And with them soon I'll ev - er be, Just o - ver the bor-der - land.
 And by His grace will make me free, Just o - ver the bor-der - land.
 And bless me thro' e - ter - ni - ty, Just o - ver the bor-der - land.



CHORUS.

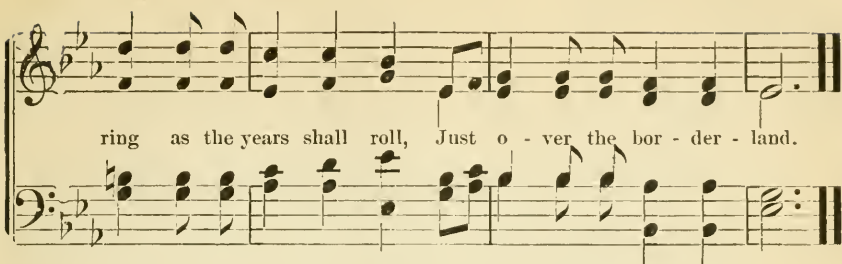


Just o - ver the bor - der - land, There
 Just o - ver the bor - der, the bor - der - land, There



waits the home of the soul, Where praise shall
 waits the home, the home of the soul, Where praise shall

Over the Border-land.



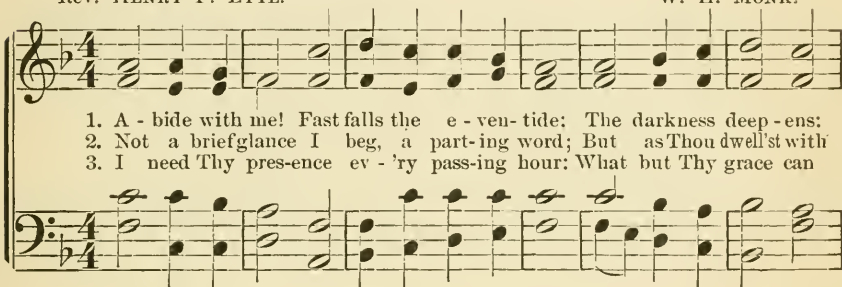
ring as the years shall roll, Just o - ver the bor - der - land.

No. 78.

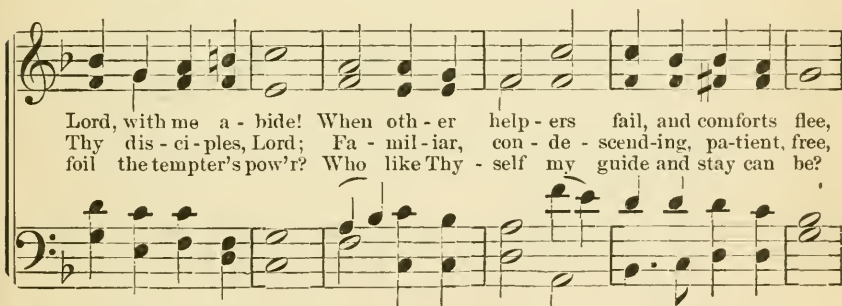
EVENTIDE.

Rev. HENRY F. LYTE.

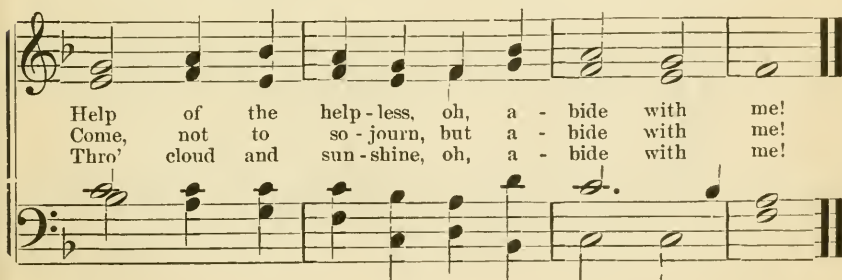
W. H. MONK.



1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness deep - ens;
 2. Not a brief glance I beg, a part - ing word; But as Thou dwell'st with
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy grace can



Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee,
 Thy dis - ci - ples, Lord; Fa - mil - iar, con - de - scend - ing, pa - tient, free,
 foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be?

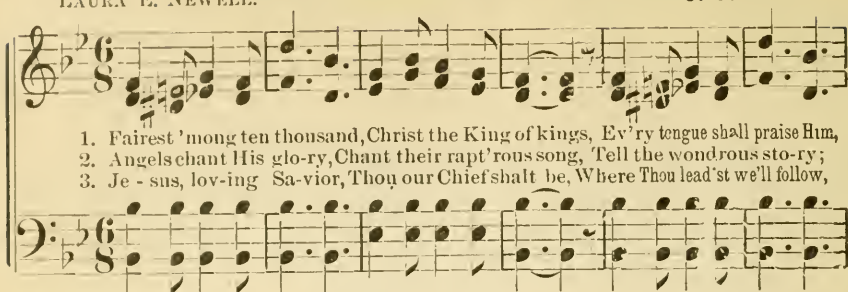


Help of the help - less, oh, a - bide with me!
 Come, not to so - journ, but a - bide with me!
 Thro' cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bide with me!

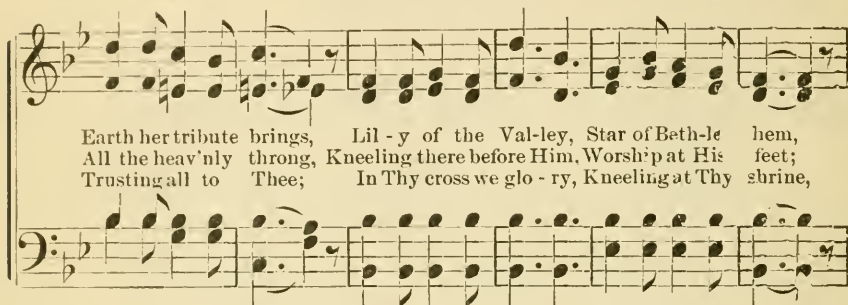
No. 79. CHRIST IS CHIEF IN HEAVEN.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

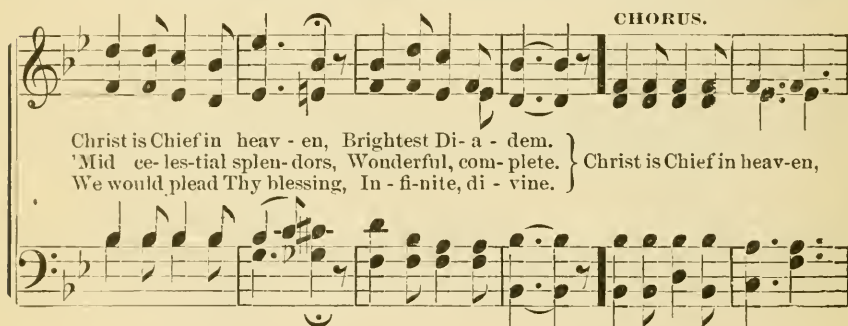
J. F. KING.



1. Fairest 'mong ten thousand, Christ the King of kings, Ev'ry tongue shall praise Him,
 2. Angels chant His glo-ry, Chant their rapt'rous song, 'Tell the wondrous sto-ry;
 3. Je - sus, lov-ing Sa-vior, Thou our Chief shalt be, Where Thou lead'st we'll follow,

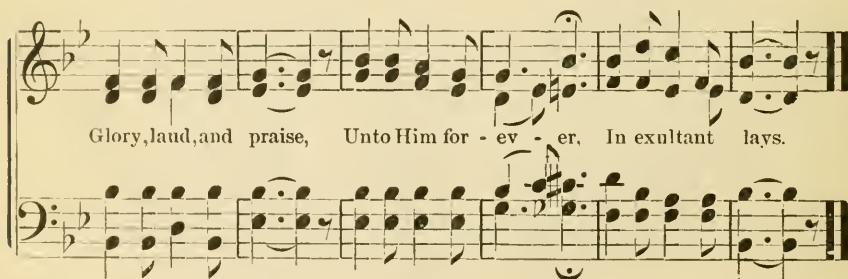


Earth her tribute brings, Lil - y of the Val-ley, Star of Beth-le hem,
 All the heav'nly throng, Kneeling there before Him, Worsh'p at His feet;
 Trusting all to Thee; In Thy cross we glo - ry, Kneeling at Thy shrine,



CHORUS.

Christ is Chief in heav - en, Brightest Di - a - dem. }
 'Mid ce - les - tial splen - dors, Wonderful, com - plete. } Christ is Chief in heav-en,
 We would plead Thy blessing, In - fi-nite, di - vine. }



Glory, laud, and praise, Unto Him for - ev - er, In exultant lays.

No. 80.

O BE JOYFUL!

L. D. E.

LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

1. We come a - gain to praise Thee, Thou bless-ed King of Love;
 2. In pastures green He leads us, Pro- tects from ev - 'ry ill,
 3. He gives us strength and cour - age, Our du - ties to per - form.
 4. And there-fore do we praise Thee, Thou bless-ed King of Love;

We know that Thou dost hear us Up - on Thy throne a - bove.
 And tho' we oft for - get Him, He loves and guides us still.
 And if we on - ly trust Him, There's naught can do us harm.
 Oh, use us, keep us, guide us, Safe to our home a - bove.

CHORUS.

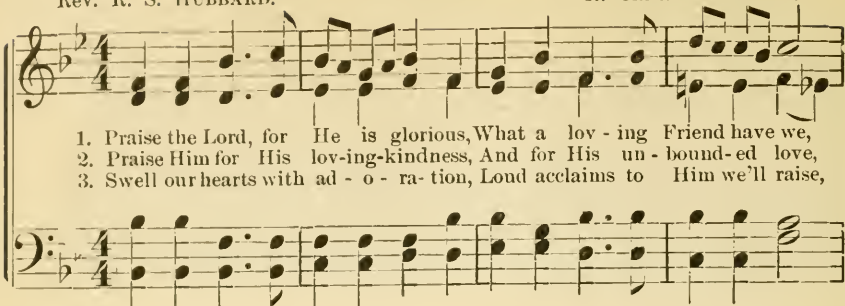
O be joy - ful! Sing prais-es! For the Lord our Shepherd is;

The King of Love our Sa-vior dear, We are for - ev - er His.

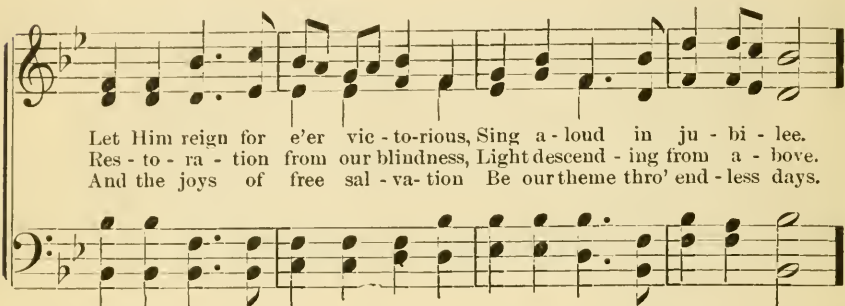
No. 81. YES, WE'LL PRAISE HIM.

Rev. R. S. HUBBARD.

R. CLARK HUBBARD.

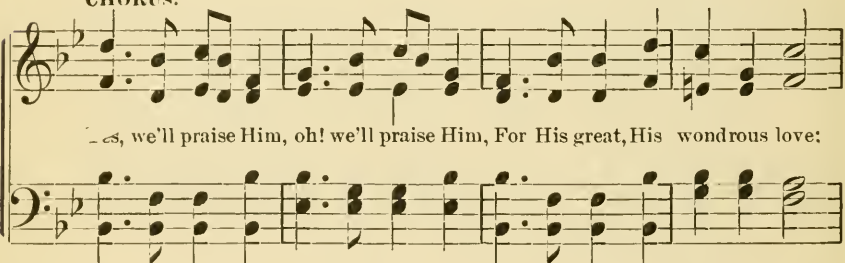


1. Praise the Lord, for He is glorious, What a lov - ing Friend have we,
 2. Praise Him for His lov-ing-kindness, And for His un - bound-ed love,
 3. Swell our hearts with ad - o - ra - tion, Loud acclaims to Him we'll raise,

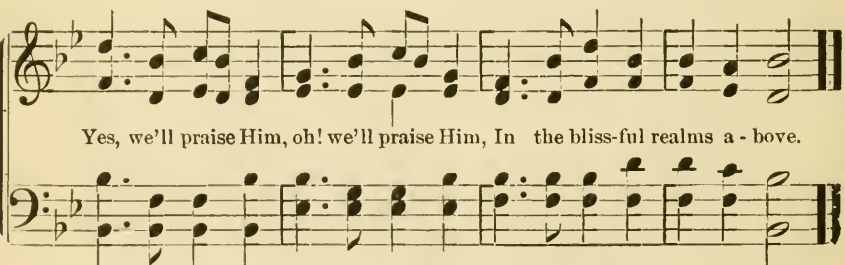


Let Him reign for e'er vic - to - rious, Sing a - loud in ju - bi - lee.
 Res - to - ra - tion from our blindness, Light descend - ing from a - bove.
 And the joys of free sal - va - tion Be our theme thro' end - less days.

CHORUS.



Yes, we'll praise Him, oh! we'll praise Him, For His great, His wondrous love:



Yes, we'll praise Him, oh! we'll praise Him, In the bliss-ful realms a - bove.

No. 82. SINGING WITH THE ANGELS.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. I have dreamed sweet dreams of a better home, Of a better home than this;
2. I have dreamed sweet dreams of a better life, Of a better life than this;
3. I have dreamed sweet dreams of a better land, Of a better land than this;

Of a home where sor-rows nev - er come, Where all is per - fect bliss.
Where there is no con - flict and no strife, Where all is per - fect peace.
Where the ransomed tread the golden strand, Where joy shall nev - er cease.

CHORUS.

Sing - ing with the an - gels, There, there, o - ver, o - ver there;
Singing with the angels,

Sing - ing with the an - gels In that sweet home so fair.
Singing with the angels.

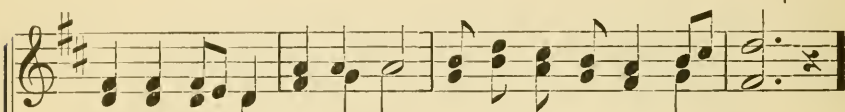
No. 83. HAPPY, HAPPY, HAPPY!

ANNA J. GRANNIS.

W. A. OGDEN.

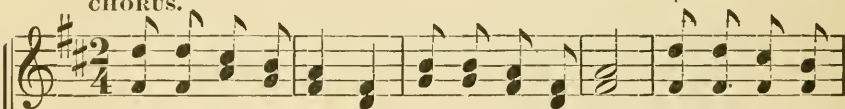


1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, un - de - filed, Thou wast once a lit - tle child,
 2. Once a child, but now a King, Love shall be our of - fer - ing,
 3. When on earth Thou didst a - bide, Chil - dren gath - ered at Thy side,
 4. To the home where Thou hast gone, Lead Thy lit - tle chil - dren on,



Could we, Sav - ior, be like Thee, Hap - py should we ev - er be.
 Sav - ior, now our sins for - give, Let us look to Thee and live.
 We, like them, would come to Thee, Seeking for Thy love so free.
 Till we come to dwell with Thee, Hap - py in e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.



Hap - py, hap - py, hap - py! Joy - ful - ly we sing; Hap - py, hap - py,



hap - py! chil - dren of a King; In the morn of life, our

Happy, Happy, Happy!

hearts to Thee we'll give, Ho-ly Sav-ior, let us look to Thee and live.

This musical score is for the hymn 'Happy, Happy, Happy!'. It is written for a four-part vocal choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the soprano part, and the piano accompaniment is in the right hand. The lyrics are: 'hearts to Thee we'll give, Ho-ly Sav-ior, let us look to Thee and live.'

No. 84. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

JOHN W. NEWMAN.

W. T. GIFFE.

Andante.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on;

This musical score is for the hymn 'Lead, Kindly Light'. It is written for a four-part vocal choir and piano accompaniment. The key signature is three flats (Bb, Eb, Ab), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The lyrics are: '1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on;'

The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my
I loved to choose and see my path, but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone. And with the

This musical score continues the hymn 'Lead, Kindly Light'. It is written for a four-part vocal choir and piano accompaniment. The key signature is three flats (Bb, Eb, Ab), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my I loved to choose and see my path, but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone. And with the'

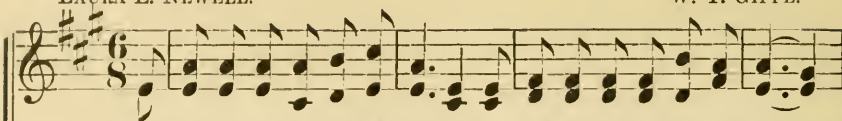
feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene; one step enough for me.
garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.
morn those angel-faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

This musical score continues the hymn 'Lead, Kindly Light'. It is written for a four-part vocal choir and piano accompaniment. The key signature is three flats (Bb, Eb, Ab), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene; one step enough for me. garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; remember not past years. morn those angel-faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.'

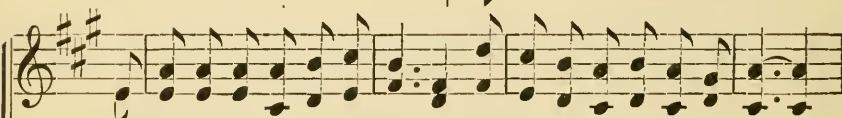
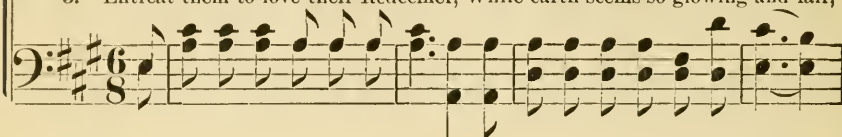
No. 85. BRING THEM INTO THE FOLD.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

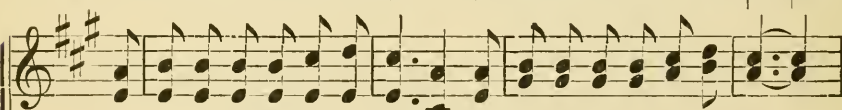
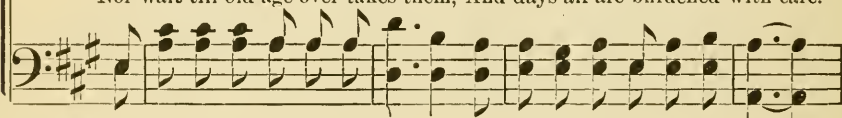
W. T. GIFFE.



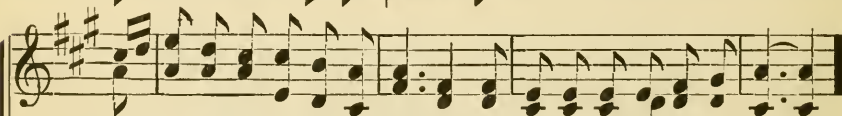
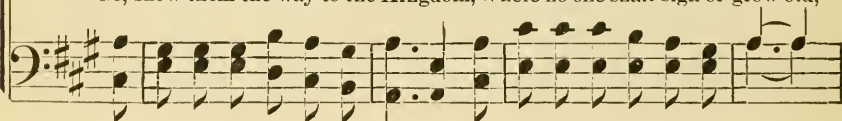
1. Go, search in the highways, and by-ways, O'er mountains so dreary and cold,
2. Our Savior hath died for the lost ones: Reclaim them with tenderest love,
3. Entreat them to love their Redeemer, While earth seems so glowing and fair,



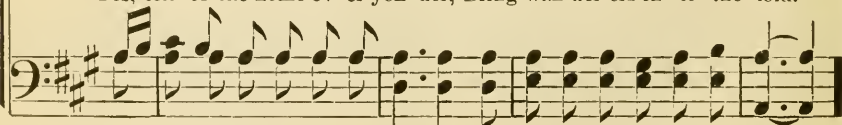
And rescue the souls that are tempted; Bring wanderers in - to the fold.
And teach them of Jesus, blest Jesus, And tell them of mansions a - bove
Nor wait till old age over-takes them, And days all are burdened with care.



The Sa - vior is ten - der - ly call - ing, He loves them now e'en as of old,
That He has prepared for His people; And earnest - ly bring to each mind,
Go, show them the way to the Kingdom, Where no one shall sigh or grow old,



Go, seek those so hopeless - ly straying, Bring wanderers in - to the fold.
That Je - sus is wait - ing to bless us, And they who shall seek Him shall find.
Yes, tell of the home ov - er yon - der, Bring wan - der - ers in - to the fold.



Bring Them Into the Fold.

CHORUS.

Go, res-cue the lambs that are straying, His jewels more precious than gold,

He'd gath-er them in-to His bo-som; Bring wan-der-ers in-to the fold.

No. 86. RALLYING SONG.

Mrs. R. A. EVILSIZER.

W. T. GIFFE.

With vigor.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. On to the morn - ing land! | Up! up! ye pil - grim band, |
| 2. There sweet - est flow - ers grow, | There Kedron's wa - ters flow, |
| 3. Christ guides and tends His flock, | If you would en - ter, knock; |
| 4. Oh, broth-ers, one and all, | Heed, heed His lov - ing call; |

Bright glows the east - ern sky,	Daz - zling the eye.
There soft - est breez - es blow,	Balm - y and low.
He is in - vit - ing thee,	"Come un - to me."
On to the morn - ing land,	Ye pil - grim band.

No. 87. SATISFIED WITH JESUS.

A. F. M.

A. F. MYERS.

1. I am sat-is - fied with Je - sus, For He is my tru - est Friend;
 2. In this world of great temp - ta - tion Je - sus keeps me by His grace;
 3. Je - sus sat - is - fies my long - ings, He it is that feeds my soul;
 4. Glo - ry, glo - ry, Je - sus saves me, Hal - le - lu - jah to His name;

He will keep me pure and ho - ly, He will keep me to the end.
 Je - sus sends me show'rs of blessings, These all help me win the race.
 He it is that makes me ho - ly, He it is that makes me whole.
 He does make me pure and ho - ly, Now my soul is all a - flame.

REFRAIN.

Sat - is - fied, sat - is - fied with Je - sus,
 Sat - is - fied, I'm sat - is - fied, I am

Repeat Chorus *mp*

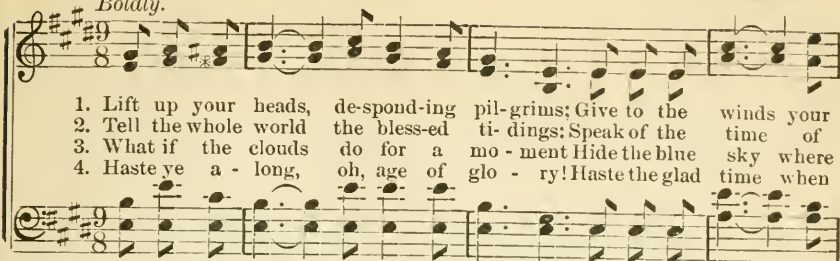
Sat - is - fied, sat - is - fied with Je - sus.
 Sat - is - fied, I'm sat - is - fied, I am

No. 88. A THOUSAND YEARS.

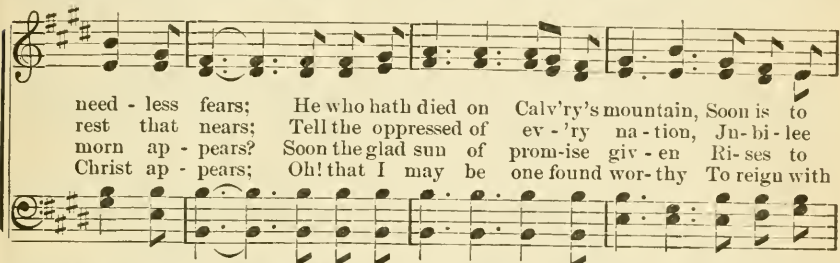
DR. HORATIUS BONAR.

W. T. GIFFE.

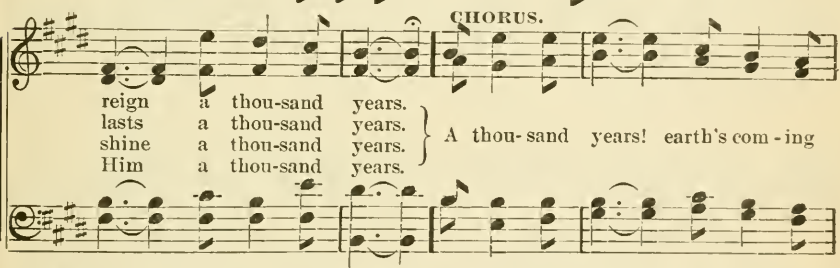
Boldly.



1. Lift up your heads, de-spond-ing pil-grims; Give to the winds your
 2. Tell the whole world the bless-ed ti-dings; Speak of the time of
 3. What if the clouds do for a mo-ment Hide the blue sky where
 4. Haste ye a-long, oh, age of glo-ry! Haste the glad time when

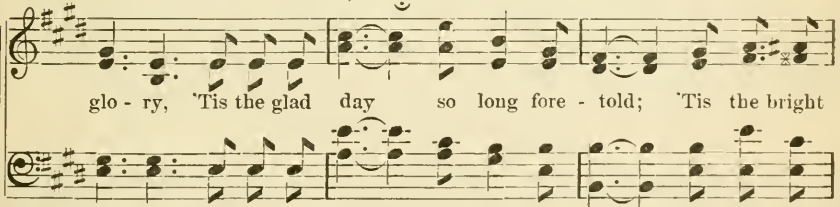


need-less fears; He who hath died on Calv'ry's mountain, Soon is to
 rest that nears; Tell the oppressed of ev-'ry na-tion, Ju-bi-lee
 morn ap-pears? Soon the glad sun of prom-ise giv-en Ri-ses to
 Christ ap-pears; Oh! that I may be one found wor-thy To reign with

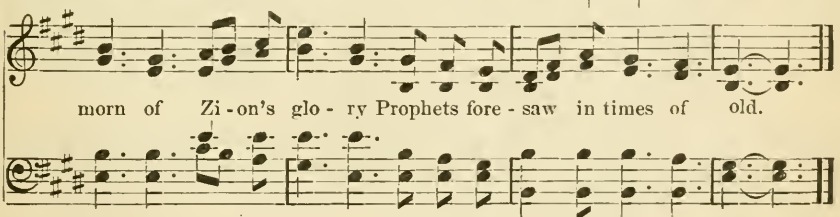


CHORUS.

reign a thou-sand years.
 lasts a thou-sand years.
 shine a thou-sand years.
 Him a thou-sand years. } A thou-sand years! earth's com-ing



glo-ry, 'Tis the glad day so long fore-told; 'Tis the bright



morn of Zi-on's glo-ry Prophets fore-saw in times of old.

No. 89.

ONLY WAIT.

MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

W. T. GIFFE.

1. When the spir - it, worn and wea - ry, With its dai - ly load of care,
 2. O sad hearts, whose soundless sor-row Dares not let one mur - mur fall,
 3. On - ly wait! If life dis-tress us, Joys are but more sweet a - bove,

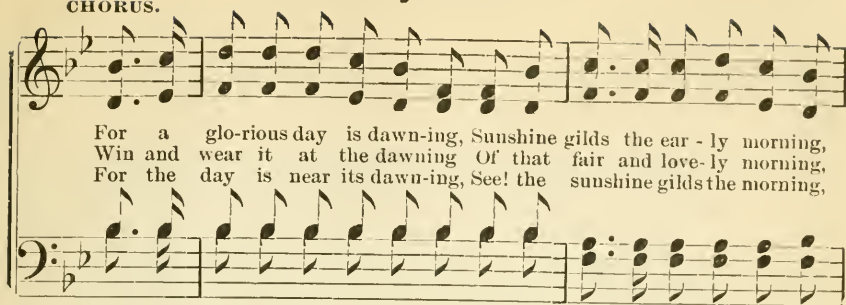
Finds the pathway long and drear - y, And the bur - den hard to bear,
 Cour - age take, and trust the mor-row—God's great love is o - ver all,
 Where the light of love shall bless us—Love is heav'n, and heav'n is love!

Tired with hop-ing, faint with fear-ing, Sighs to reach the gold - en gate;
 On - ly wait, O wound-ed spir - it, By the woes of life weighed down;
 Watch and pray, God's hand will guide us Safe - ly to the gold - en gate;

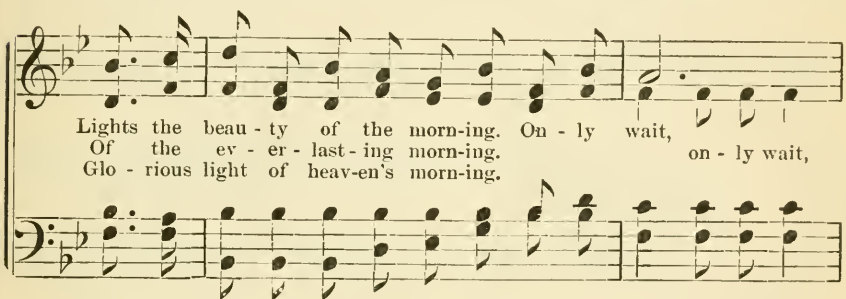
Then, in ac-cents soft and cheer-ing, Patience whispers, On - ly wait.
 Thou shalt sure - ly heav'n in - her - it, Bear the cross, and win the crown.
 Where no ill shall e'er be - tide us, Blest for - ev - er, on - ly wait.

Only Wait.

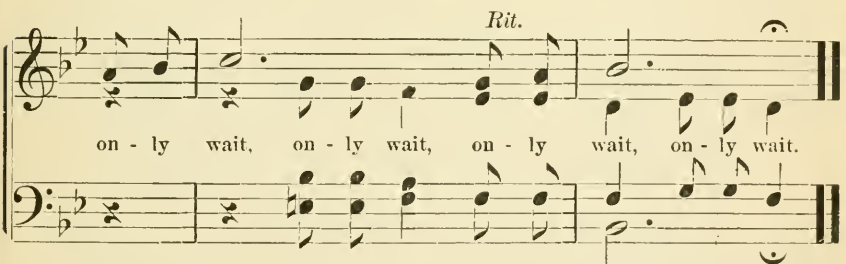
CHORUS.



For a glo-rious day is dawn-ing, Sunshine gilds the ear - ly morning,
Win and wear it at the dawning Of that fair and love-ly morning,
For the day is near its dawn-ing, See! the sunshine gilds the morning,



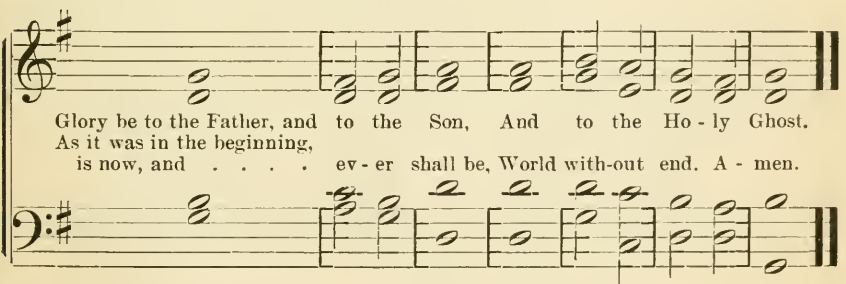
Lights the beau - ty of the morn-ing. On - ly wait,
Of the ev - er - last - ing morn-ing. on - ly wait,
Glo - rious light of heav-en's morn-ing.



Rit.
on - ly wait, on - ly wait, on - ly wait, on - ly wait.

No. 90.

GLORIA PATRI.



Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost.
As it was in the beginning,
is now, and . . . ev - er shall be, World with-out end. A - men.

No. 91.

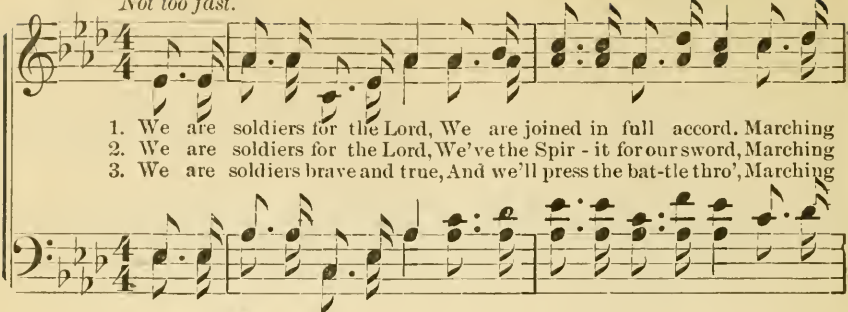
MARCHING ON.

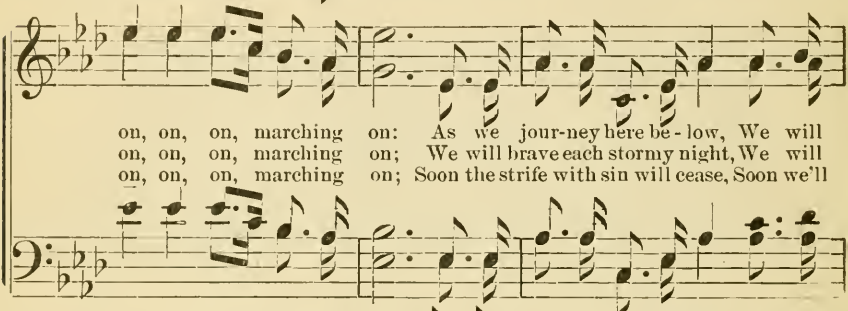
Rev. F. L. SNYDER.

(FIRST PRIZE.)

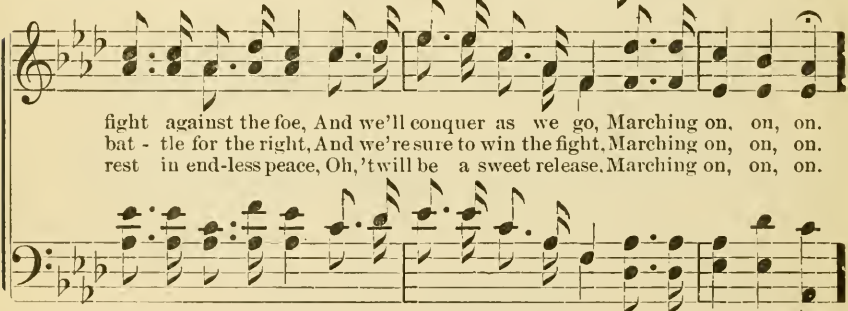
GEO. E. MYERS.

Not too fast.

- 
1. We are soldiers for the Lord, We are joined in full accord, Marching
 2. We are soldiers for the Lord, We've the Spir - it for our sword, Marching
 3. We are soldiers brave and true, And we'll press the bat-tle thro', Marching

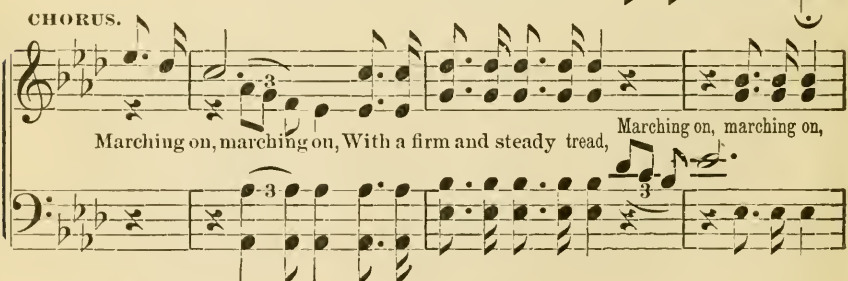


on, on, on, marching on: As we jour-ney here be-low, We will
 on, on, on, marching on; We will brave each stormy night, We will
 on, on, on, marching on; Soon the strife with sin will cease, Soon we'll



fight against the foe, And we'll conquer as we go, Marching on, on, on.
 bat - tle for the right, And we're sure to win the fight, Marching on, on, on.
 rest in end-less peace, Oh, 'twill be a sweet release, Marching on, on, on.

CHORUS.



Marching on, marching on, With a firm and steady tread, Marching on, marching on,

Marching On.

With our Captain at the head, We will conquer ev - 'ry wrong, In His

name we'll march along, And we'll join the victor's song, Marching on, marching on.

No. 92. THE WONDROUS MAN.

W. T. G.

(Infant Class.)

W. T. GIFFE.

1. They tell me of a man of old, Who walked up - on the sea;
2. This wondrous man could heal the sick, And raise the dead to life,
3. He cured the blind and healed the lame, He gave the need - y aid,
4. He blessed the chil - dren while He said, "Of such my king - dom is;"

Who turned the wa - ter in - to wine, Way down in Gal - i - lee.
And with the word of "Peace be still," He stopped the bil - low's strife.
And said un - to the tem - pest - tossed, "'Tis I, be not a - fraid."
This wondrous man was Christ the Lord, And I'm a child of His.

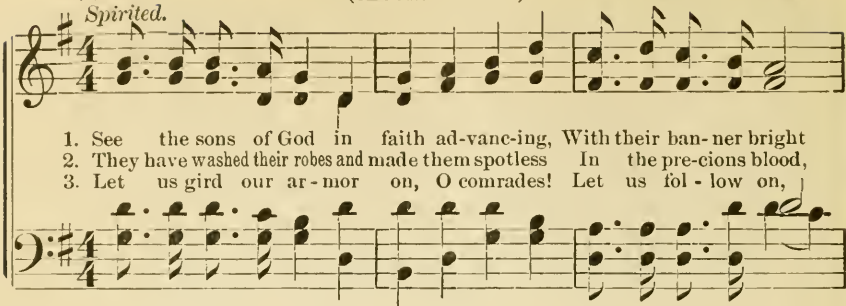
No. 93. ONWARD, HOMEWARD.

W. A. O.

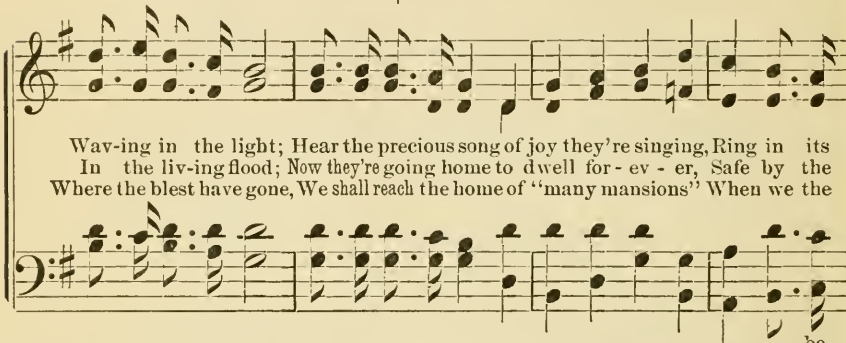
(SECOND PRIZE.)

W. A. OGDEN.

Spirited.

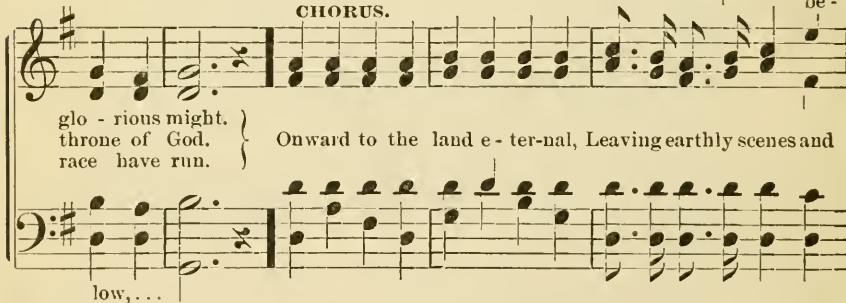


1. See the sons of God in faith ad-vanc-ing, With their ban-ner bright
 2. They have washed their robes and made them spotless In the pre-cious blood,
 3. Let us gird our ar-mor on, O comrades! Let us fol-low on,



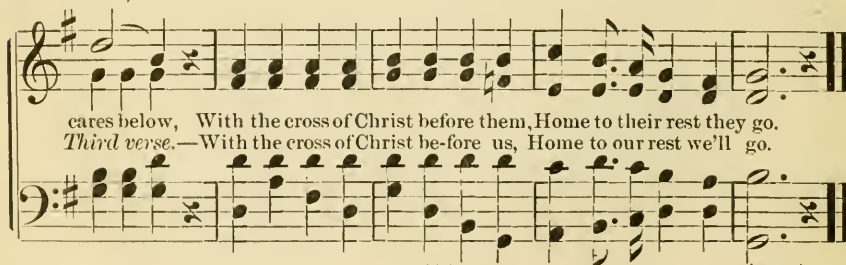
Wav-ing in the light; Hear the precious song of joy they're sing-ing, Ring in its
 In the liv-ing flood; Now they're going home to dwell for-ev-er, Safe by the
 Where the blest have gone, We shall reach the home of "many mansions" When we the

CHORUS.



be-
 glo-rious might.
 throne of God. } Onward to the land e-ter-nal, Leaving earthly scenes and
 race have run. }

low,...

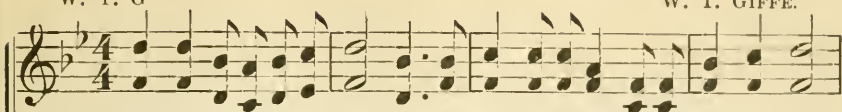


cares below, With the cross of Christ before them, Home to their rest they go.
Third verse.—With the cross of Christ be-fore us, Home to our rest we'll go.

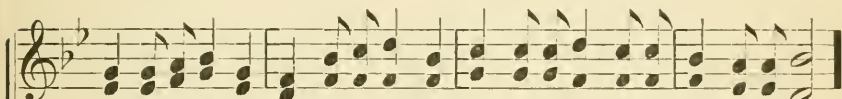
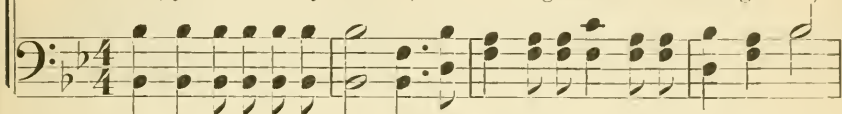
No. 94. WHEN THE GREAT DAY COMES.

W. T. G

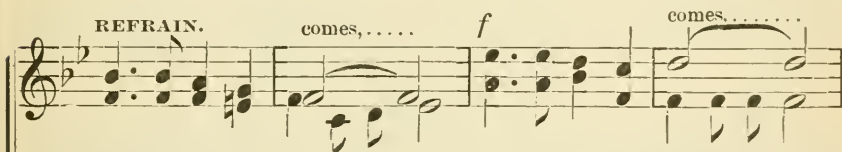
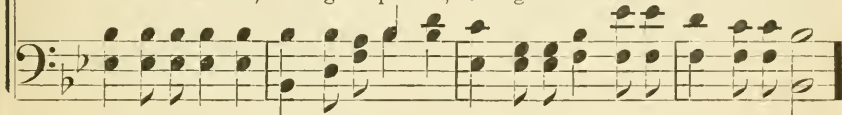
W. T. GIFFE.



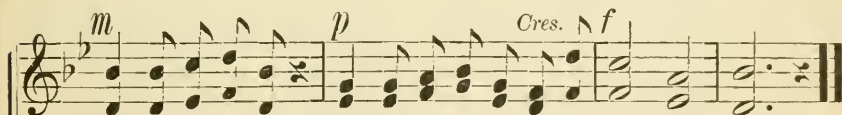
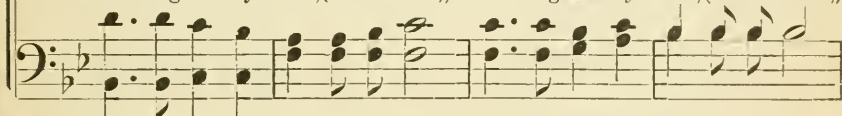
1. "Come, ye blessed of my Fa-ther, In - her - it the kingdom prepared for you;"
2. "Come, ye blessed of my Fa-ther," Blest words of redemption complete and sure:
3. "Come, ye blessed of my Fa-ther," I know this glad welcome will ring for me,



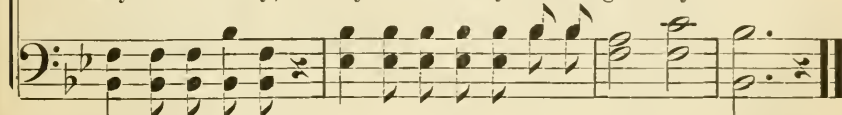
Thus will the Master say to His servants, Who unto Him have been faithful and true.
How they will thrill the souls that may hear them, With praise ec-stat-ic and love ev-er pure.
If I am faithful, loving and patient, Bearing the cross till the crown makes me free.



When the great day comes, (when it comes,) When the great day comes, (when it comes,)



- 1 & 2. Will you be read-y? Will you be read-y when the great day comes?
3. May we be read-y; May we be read-y when the great day comes.



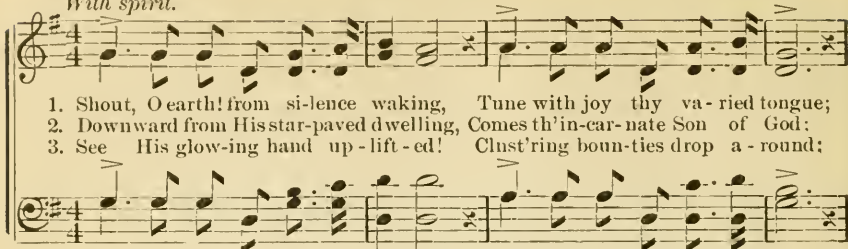
No. 95. SHOUT, O EARTH!

W. H. HAVERGAL.

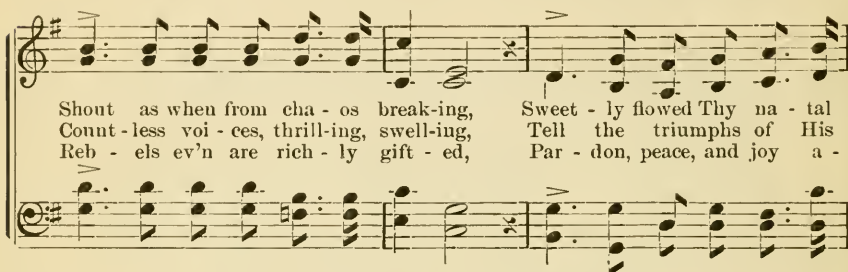
(THIRD PRIZE.)

W. H. PONTIUS.

With spirit.

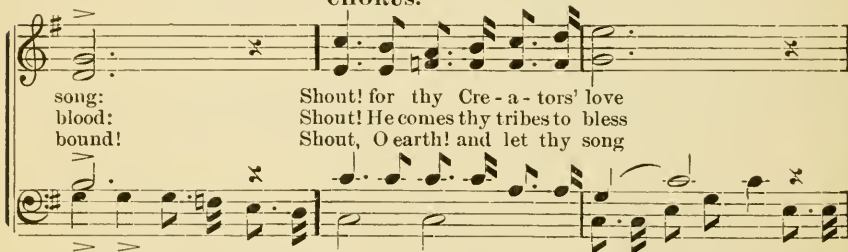


1. Shout, O earth! from si-lence waking, Tune with joy thy va-ried tongue;
 2. Downward from His star-paved dwelling, Comes th'in-car-nate Son of God:
 3. See His glow-ing hand up - lift - ed! Clust'ring boun-ties drop a - round;

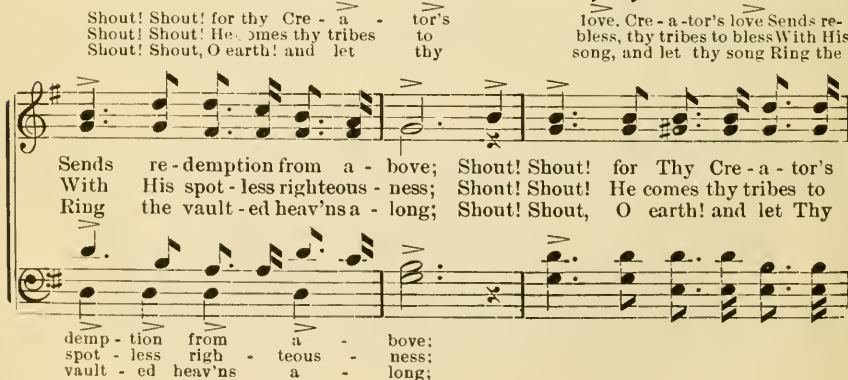


Shout as when from cha - os break-ing, Sweet - ly flowed Thy na - tal
 Count - less voi - ces, thrill-ing, swell-ing, Tell the triumphs of His
 Reb - els ev'n are rich - ly gift - ed, Par - don, peace, and joy a -

CHORUS.



song: Shout! for thy Cre - a - tors' love
 blood: Shout! He comes thy tribes to bless
 bound! Shout, O earth! and let thy song



Shout! Shout! for thy Cre - a - tor's love. Cre - a - tor's love Sends re-
 Shout! Shout! He comes thy tribes to bless, thy tribes to bless With His
 Shout! Shout, O earth! and let thy song, and let thy song Ring the

Sends re - demp-tion from a - bove; Shout! Shout! for Thy Cre - a - tor's
 With His spot - less righteous - ness; Shout! Shout! He comes thy tribes to
 Ring the vault - ed heav'n's a - long; Shout! Shout, O earth! and let Thy

demp - tion from a - bove;
 spot - less righ - teous - ness;
 vault - ed heav'n's a - long;

Shout, O Earth!

love,.....
bless,.....
song,.....

love, Cre - a - tor's love Sends re - demp - tion from a - bove.
bless, thy tribes to bless With His spot - less righ - teous - ness.
song, and let thy song Ring the vault - ed heav'ns a - long.

No. 96. HE LEADETH ME.

W. T. GIFFE.

Andante.

1. 'Tis God's own hand that lead - eth me A - long life's pil-grim way;
2. 'Tis God's own hand that lead - eth me A - long my toil-some way;
3. 'Tis God's own hand that lead - eth me A - long my wea - ry way;
4. So God's own hand doth lead me on Thro' dark-ness and thro' gloom;

But not be - cause He need - eth me, I need Him for my stay.
And since in love He feed - eth me, I'll trust Him ev - 'ry day.
And ev - 'ry day He speed - eth me Tow'rd an e - ter - nal day.
And well I know wher - e'er I go His hand will lead me home.

CHORUS.

p *cres.* *p*
He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me.

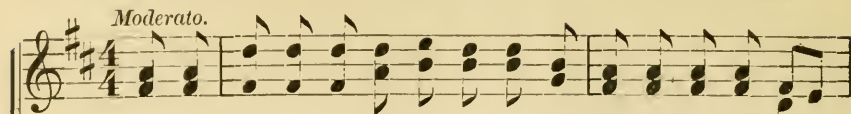
No. 97. SOME DAY WE'LL MEET.

Rev. F. L. SNYDER.

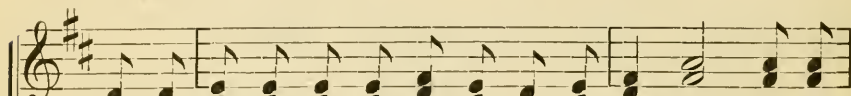
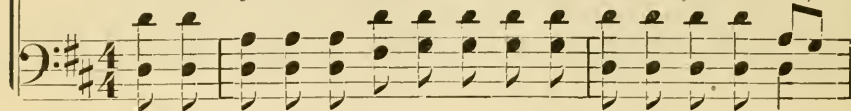
(FOURTH PRIZE.)

L. M. EVILSIZER.

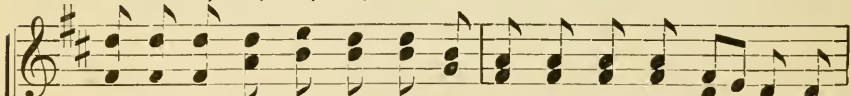
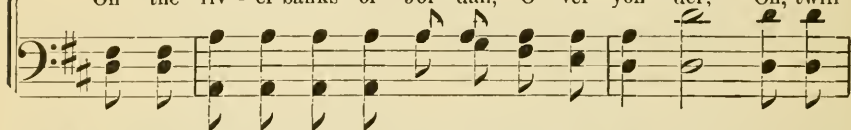
Moderato.



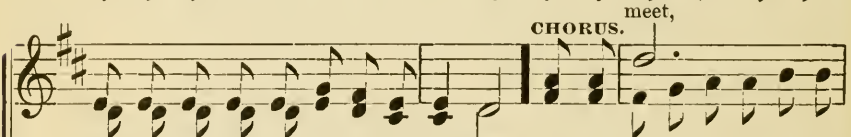
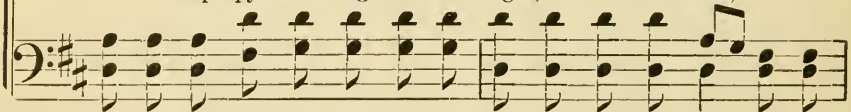
1. Some sweet day we'll meet with Je-sus, When the storms of life are past,
2. Some sweet day we'll meet with Je-sus, When He calls His faith-ful home,
3. Some sweet day we'll meet with Je-sus, And our loved ones gone be-fore,



And we'll reach our port in safe - ty, O - ver yon - der; Oh, what
To those mansions bright and glo - rious, O - ver you - der; There, for -
On the riv - er banks of Jor - dan, O - ver yon - der; Oh, 'twill

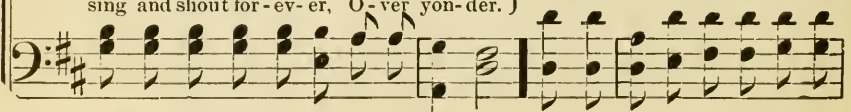


joy will fill our spir - its When we rest in peace at last In that
ev - er with our Sa - vior, Safe at last, no more to roam, We will
be a hap - py meet - ing On that bright, e - ter - nal shore, And we'll



CHORUS. meet,

sun - lit land of glo - ry, O - ver yon - der.
sing a - loud His praises, O - ver yon - der. } Yes, we'll meet our blessed Savior,
sing and shout for - ev - er, O - ver yon - der.



Some Day We'll Meet.

Some sweet day,

by and by,

Some sweet day we'll meet Him yon-der, by and by, Yes, by and by we'll

O - ver yon - der, There to dwell

with our

meet each oth - er, There to dwell and sing for - ev - er with our

Sa - - vior, Some sweet day,

O-ver yon - der.

Savior, blessed Savior, Some sweet day we'll meet with Je-sus, O-ver yon-der.

No. 98. MUST JESUS BEAR THE CROSS?

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No! there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

3 O precious cross, O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
Ye angels from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

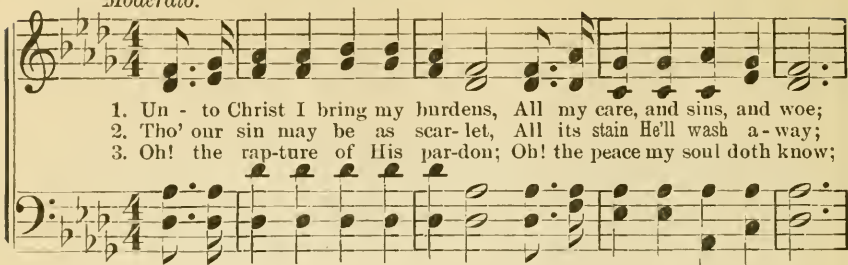
No. 99. WHITE AS SNOW.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

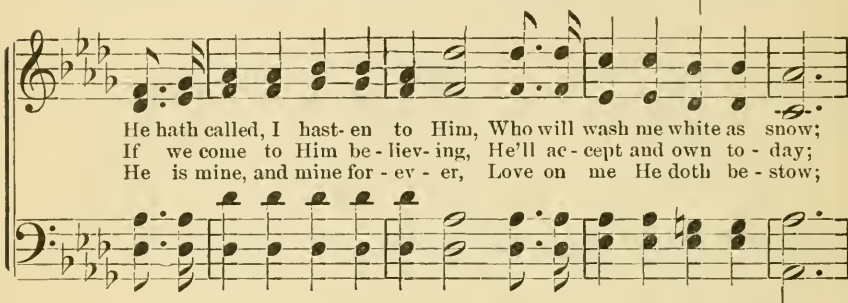
(FOURTH PRIZE.)

J. F. KING.

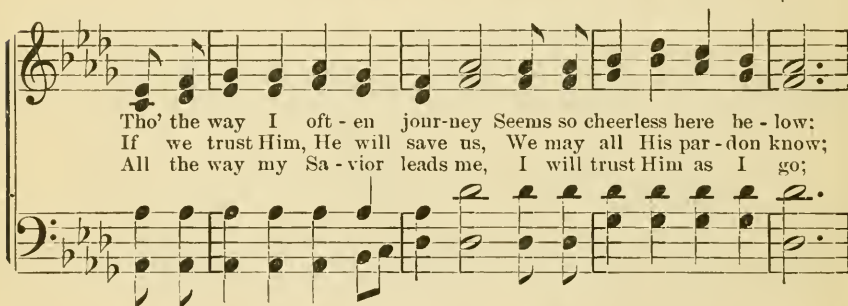
Moderato.



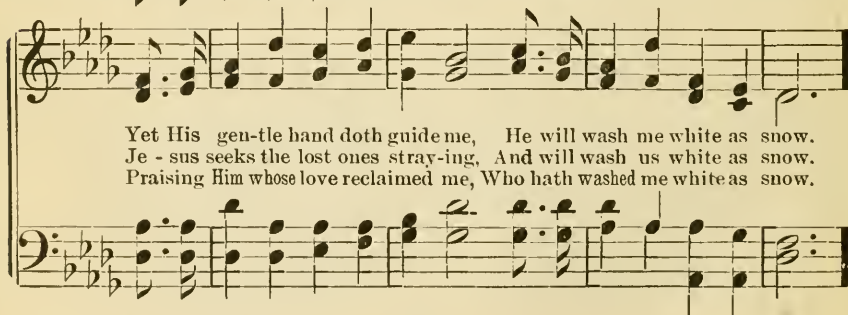
1. Un - to Christ I bring my burdens, All my care, and sins, and woe;
 2. Tho' our sin may be as scar-let, All its stain He'll wash a-way;
 3. Oh! the rap-ture of His par-don; Oh! the peace my soul doth know;



He hath called, I hast-en to Him, Who will wash me white as snow;
 If we come to Him be-liev-ing, He'll ac-cept and own to-day;
 He is mine, and mine for-ev-er, Love on me He doth be-stow;



Tho' the way I oft-en jour-ney Seems so cheerless here he-low;
 If we trust Him, He will save us, We may all His par-don know;
 All the way my Sa-vior leads me, I will trust Him as I go;



Yet His gen-tle hand doth guide me, He will wash me white as snow.
 Je-sus seeks the lost ones stray-ing, And will wash us white as snow.
 Praising Him whose love reclaimed me, Who hath washed me white as snow.

White as Snow.

CHORUS.

f

White as snow,.... yes, white as snow, He doth wash me white as
White as snow, white as snow,

snow; I have come to Him be-liev-ing He has washed me white as snow.

No. 100. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name;
Give us this day our dai-ly bread;
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass a-against us.
For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory for-ever and ever. A - men.

No. 101.

GOD IS LOVE.

Sir JOHN BOWRING. Ref. by R. S. H.

R. S. HANNA.

1. God is love: His mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove;
 2. Time and change are bus - y ev - er: Man de - cays and a - ges move;
 3. E'en the hour that dark - est seem - eth Will His changeless goodness prove;
 4. He with earth - ly cares en - twi - neth Hope and com - fort from a - bove;

Bliss He wakes, and woe He light - ens: God is wis - dom, God is love.
 But His mer - cy wa - neth nev - er: God is wis - dom, God is love.
 From the gloom His brightness streameth: God is wis - dom, God is love.
 Ev - 'ry - where His glo - ry shi - neth; God is wis - dom, God is love.

REFRAIN.

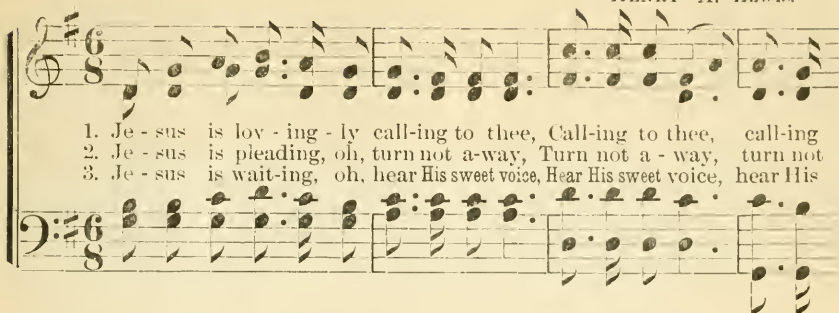
Yes - ter - day, to - day, to - mor - row, He the same doth ev - er prove;

Bless - ed theme, we love to sing it: God is wis - dom, God is love.

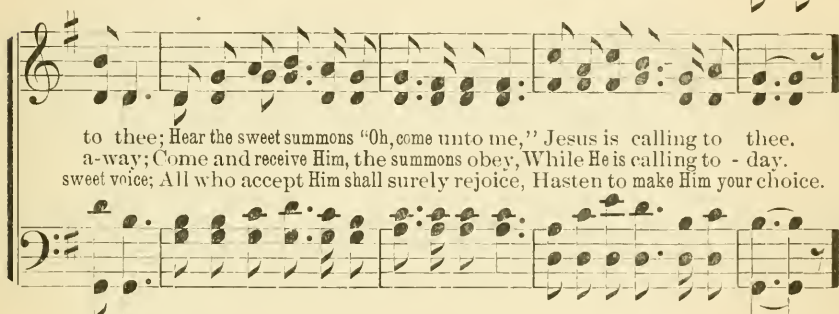
No. 102. JESUS IS CALLING TO THEE.

IDA S. LEWIS.

HENRY A. LEWIS.

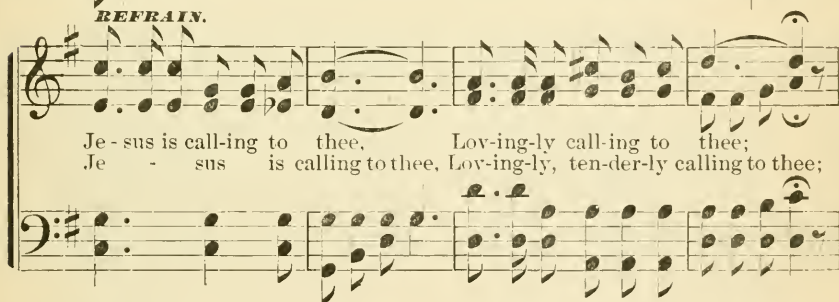


1. Je - sus is lov - ing - ly call - ing to thee, Call - ing to thee, call - ing
 2. Je - sus is plead - ing, oh, turn not a - way, Turn not a - way, turn not
 3. Je - sus is wait - ing, oh, hear His sweet voice, Hear His sweet voice, hear His

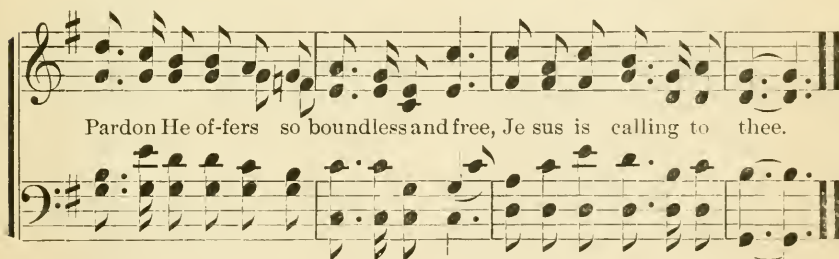


to thee; Hear the sweet summons "Oh, come unto me," Jesus is calling to thee.
 a - way; Come and receive Him, the summons obey, While He is calling to - day.
 sweet voice; All who accept Him shall surely rejoice, Hasten to make Him your choice.

REFRAIN.



Je - sus is call - ing to thee, Lov - ing - ly call - ing to thee;
 Je - sus is call - ing to thee, Lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly call - ing to thee;

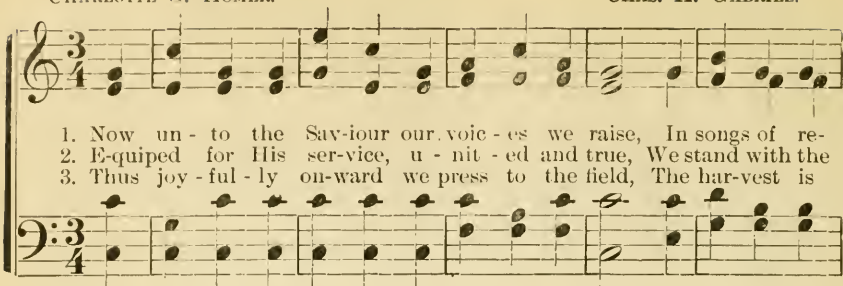


Pardon He of - fers so boundless and free, Je sus is call - ing to thee.

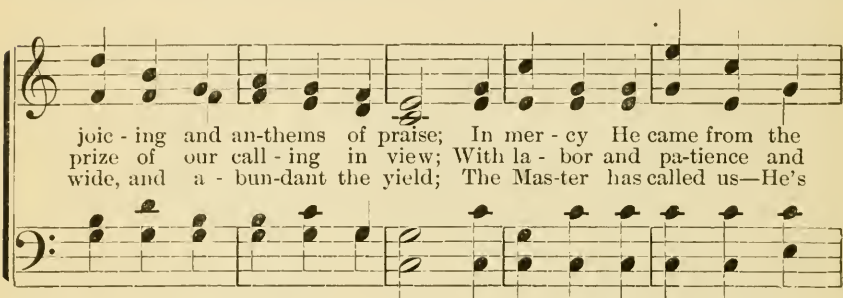
No. 103. A SONG OF PRAISE.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

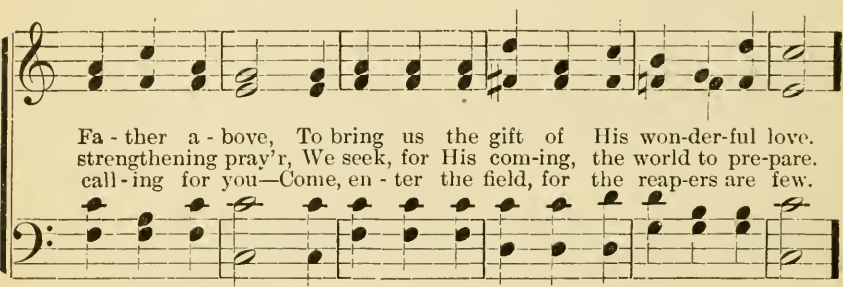
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Now un - to the Sav-iour our voic - es we raise, In songs of re-
 2. E-quiped for His ser-vice, u - nit - ed and true, We stand with the
 3. Thus joy - ful - ly on-ward we press to the field, The har-vest is

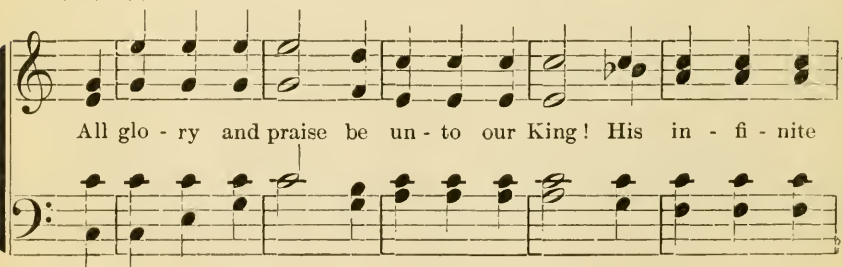


joic - ing and an-thems of praise; In mer - cy He came from the
 prize of our call - ing in view; With la - bor and pa-tience and
 wide, and a - bun-dant the yield; The Mas-ter has called us—He's



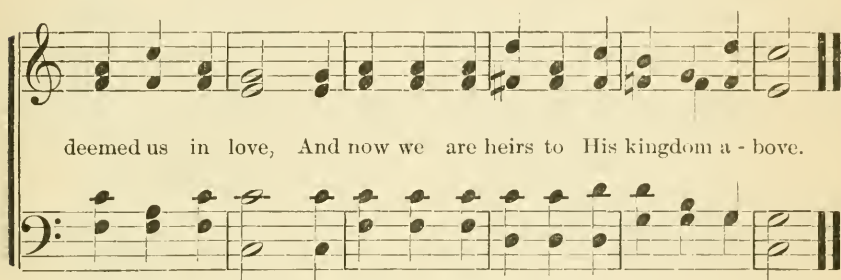
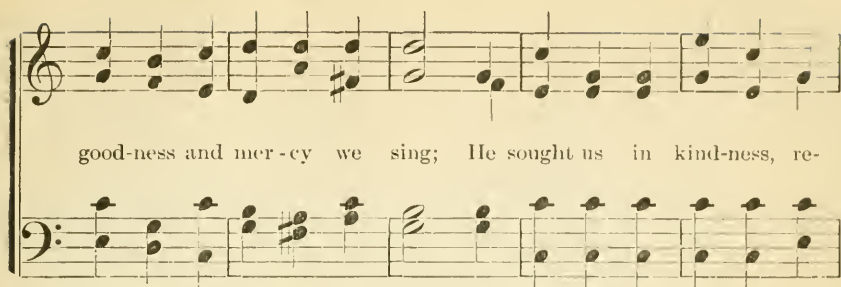
Fa - ther a - bove, To bring us the gift of His won-der-ful love.
 strengthening pray'r, We seek, for His com-ing, the world to pre-pare.
 call-ing for you—Come, en - ter the field, for the reap-ers are few.

CHORUS.



All glo - ry and praise be un - to our King! His in - fi - nite

A SONG OF PRAISE.



RESPONSIVE READINGS.

No. 1.

LEADER.—The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.

RESPONSE.—Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

L.—The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul.

R.—The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

L.—The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart.

R.—The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

L.—The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever.

R.—The judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether.

No. 2.

LEADER.—Bless the Lord, O my soul;

and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

RESPONSE.—Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

L.—Who forgiveth all thine iniquities: who healeth all thy diseases;

R.—Who redeemeth thy life from destruction: who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies:

L.—Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things: so that thy youth is renewed like the eagles.

R.—He hath not dealt with us after our sins: nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

L.—For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

R.—As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

No. 104. MARCHING TO GLORY.

J. M. B.

J. M. BOWMAN.

1. See the might-y arm-y now ad-vanc-ing, Hear their voic-es
2. See the might-y hosts of God are march-ing, Wav-ing banners
3. These are they who came thro' trib-u - la-tion, Called from ev - 'ry
4. Mill-ions march-ing, hap - py in en-deav-or, Marching home where!

ring in songs entrancing, Hear them shout as tow'rd the heav'ns they're glancing,
tow'rd the heavens arching, Bearing palms of vic - to - ry while march-ing,
land and ev-'ry nation, As they march they sing the pro-cla-ma - tion,
hearts no more shall sever; Soon to reign in glo - ry bright for - ev - er,

CHORUS.

"Hal-le - lu-jah, we are march-ing home." March - ing on to
Pressing onward to their heav'nly home.
Je - sus Christ is our E - ter-nal King.
Sing-ing prais-es to their heav'nly King. Marching on the glo - ry

glo-ry singing, Might - y hosts their Captain bringing, Hear their
sweetly singing, Mighty hosts their Captain safe-ly bringing, Hear their hal-le-

MARCHING TO GLORY.

hal-le-lu-jahs ringing, In a mighty chorus to the Lord.
lu-jahs loud-ly ringing,

No. 105. COME, THE SAVIOUR CALLETH.

IDA REED.

W. T. GIFFE.

1. Come, the Saviour call-eth, Come, my child to me; Low the accents
2. Come, He still is pleading. In my arms find rest; By my love I'll
3. Come, He crieth, fear not, Un - to Je - sus go; Tell Him all thy

CHORUS.

fall - eth, I will com-fort thee.
lead thee, Still thy troubled breast. Come, the Sav-iour call - eth,
tri - als, If thou peace would know.

Bring to me thy care; Low the sweet words falleth, I thy griefs will bear.

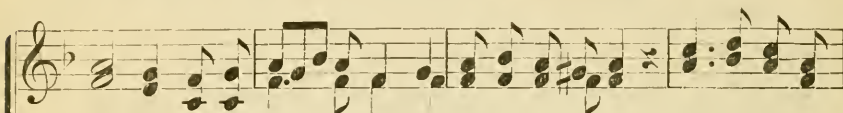
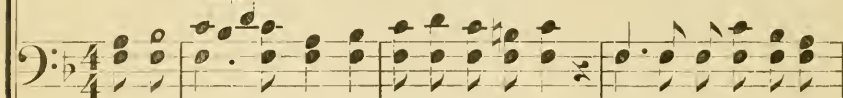
No 106. CHILDREN OF A KING.

W. T. G.

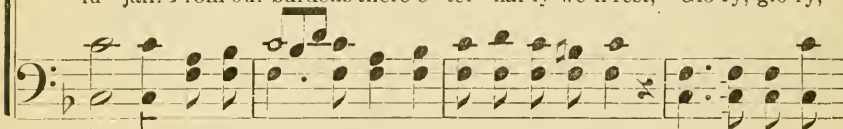
W. T. GIFFE.



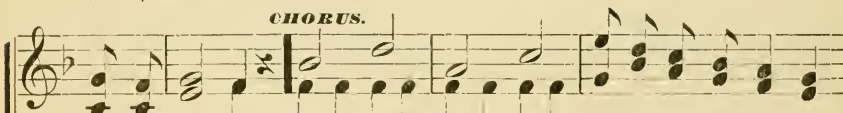
1. We are child - ren of a King, a heav'nly King, Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-
2. To this blest estate we came thro' wondrous grace, Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-
3. There are man-y mansions there for all the blest, Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-



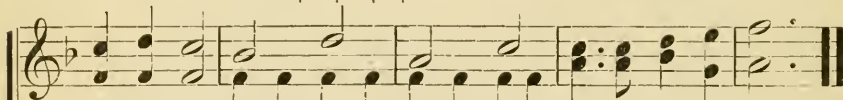
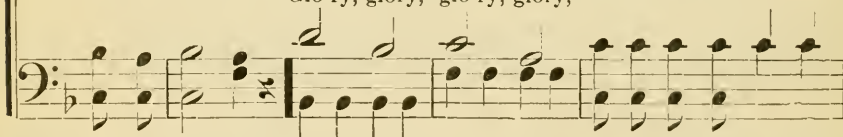
lu - jah! Un-to Him our hearts we bring, yes, gladly bring, Glo-ry, glo-ry,
lu - jah! In that heav'nly home He has for all a place, Glo-ry, glo-ry,
lu - jah! From our burdens there e - ter - nal-ly we'll rest, Glo-ry, glo-ry,



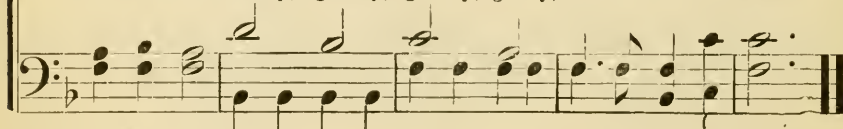
CHORUS.



hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, Laud and mag-ni - fy His
Glo-ry, glory, glo-ry, glory,



glo-rious name! Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo-ry to our King!
Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry,



No. 107. THE DOOR OF THE KINGDOM.

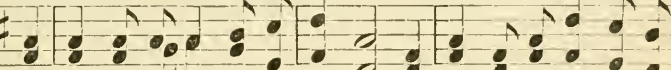
LAURA E. NEWELL.

W. H. BURGETT.

1. The door of the kingdom is o - pen, Then come to the Savionr to - day;
2. The door of the kingdom is o - pen, And Je - sus doth lov - ing - ly call;
3. Yes, Je - sus is wait - ing to bless you; Now hasten His voice to o - bey;

All things are now ready, oh, hasten, Nor ling-er and sad-ly de-lay.
 "My child come to me;" will you heed Him And trust Him to lead you thro' all?
 The door of the kingdom is o-pen, Make haste, enter in while you may.

CHORUS.



Oh, Christ is the door of the kingdom, Then en-ter by Him while you may;

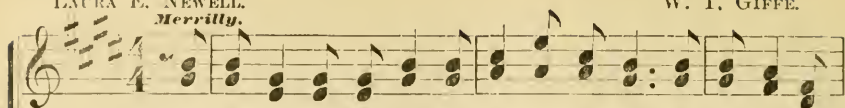
This musical score is for the Chorus of the hymn 'The Door of the Kingdom'. It is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass) in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is a simple, hymn-like tune. The lyrics are: 'Oh, Christ is the door of the kingdom, Then en-ter by Him while you may;'. The score is presented on a single page with the title 'CHORUS.' at the top left.

Ac-cept of the promise, be-liev-ing, And come to the Saviour to-day.

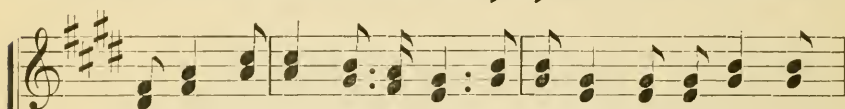
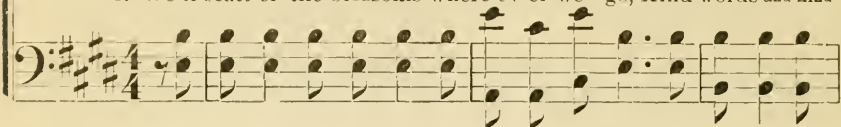
No. 108. CHILDREN'S DAY SONG.

LAURA E. NEWELL.
Merritly.

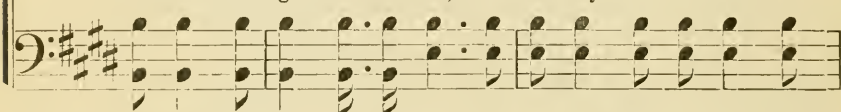
W. T. GIFFE.



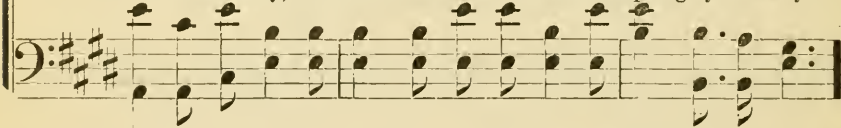
1. We'll gath-er the blossoms where-ever we stray The del - i - cate
2. We'll gath-er the blossoms with ten-der-est care, To those that are
3. We'll scat-ter the blossoms where-ev-er we go, Kind words and kind



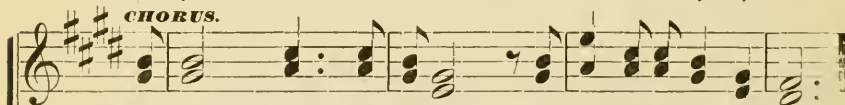
blossoms that bloom by the way; Their beauty so dainty, their
griev-ing sweet trib-ute we'll bear; They whisper a message of
act - ions that light-en life's woe; Till when by life's riv - er for-



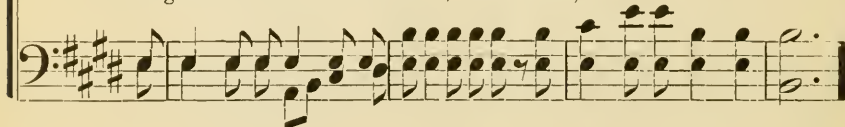
fra-grance so rare, Enchance all our pleasures and van - ish our care.
com-fort di-vine, While in their pure fac - es His goodness doth shine.
ev - er we stray, We'll scat-ter the blossoms that spring by the way.



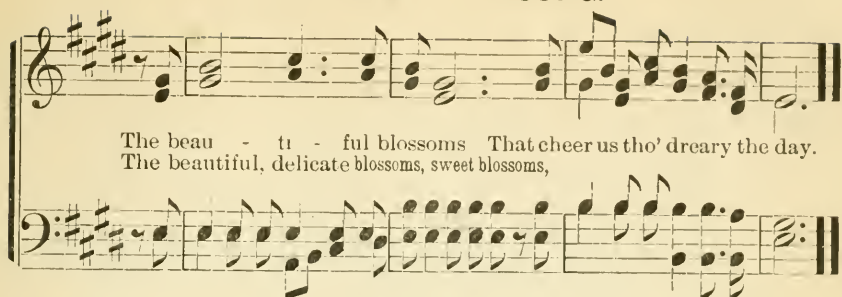
CHORUS.



We'll gath - er the blossoms, Where-ev-er our feet may stray,
We'll gath-er the beautiful blossoms, sweet blossoms,



CHILDREN'S DAY SONG.



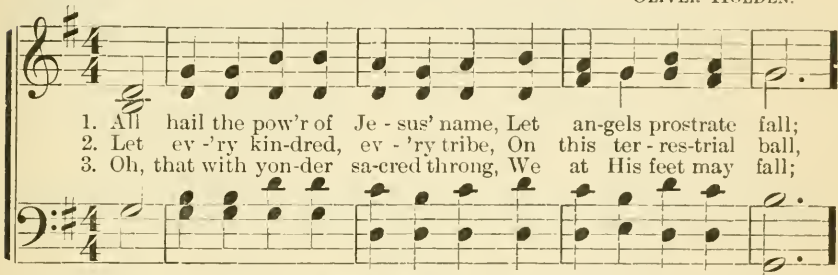
The beau - ti - ful blossoms That cheer us tho' dreary the day.
The beautiful, delicate blossoms, sweet blossoms,

No. 109.

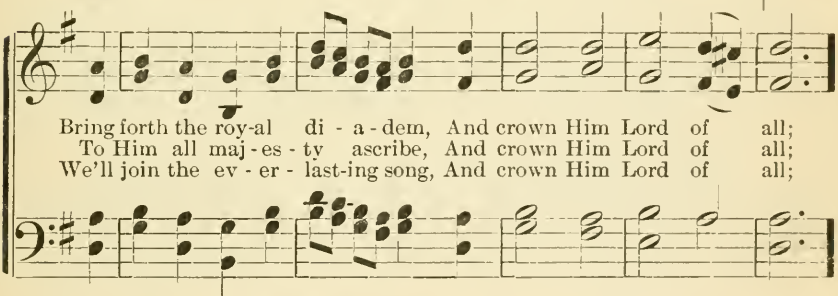
CORONATION.

PERONET.

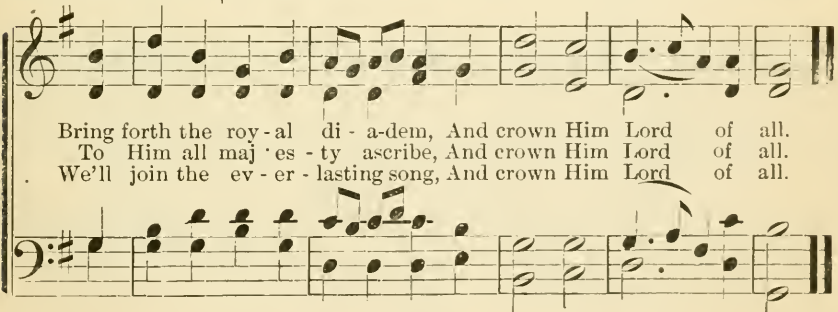
OLIVER HOLDEN.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an-gels prostrate fall;
2. Let ev-'ry kindred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon-der sa-cred throng, We at His feet may fall;



Bring forth the roy-al di - a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj-es - ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;



Bring forth the roy-al di - a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj'es - ty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 110. THE BELLS OF TIME.

R. A. EVILSIZER.

W. T. GIFFE.

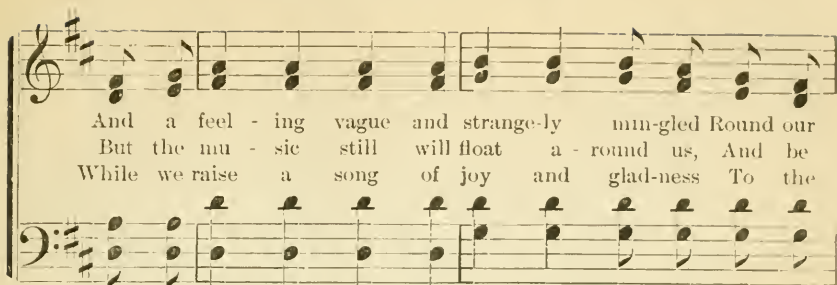
1. Oh, the bells of time are chim-ing soft - ly Like a
 2. While the bells of time are chim-ing, chim-ing, We are
 3. While the bells of time are chim-ing, chim-ing, Let us

song that's sweet and low; And we hush our breath to
 march-ing, march - ing on; And their mys - tic tones will
 work with lov - ing and; Let us strive to help some

stop and lis - ten To the sounds we yearn to know. We can
 still be peal - ing Af - ter we are dead and gone. We may
 wea - ry trav - 'ler Faint-ing on life's burn-ing sands. Let us

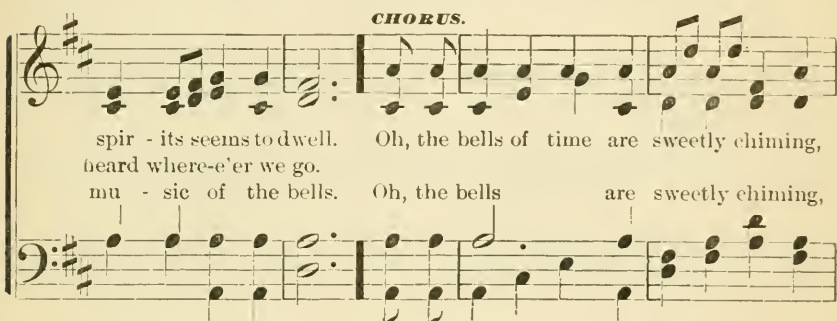
hear the sil - v'ry mu-sic steal-ing Like some magic fai - ry spell;
 strive to lose their constant clam-or As we jour-ney to and fro;
 speak kind words where hearts are saddened, Happy words where laughter swells;

THE BELLS OF TIME.



And a feel - ing vague and strange - ly mingled Round our
 But the mu - sic still will float a - round us, And be
 While we raise a song of joy and glad - ness To the

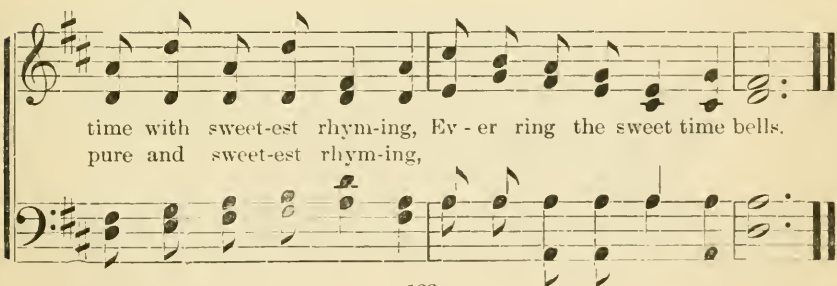
CHORUS.



spir - its seems to dwell. Oh, the bells of time are sweetly chiming,
 heard where-e'er we go. Oh, the bells are sweetly chiming,
 mu - sic of the bells.



On the air their mu - sic swells; Sweet bells of
 Like a song of

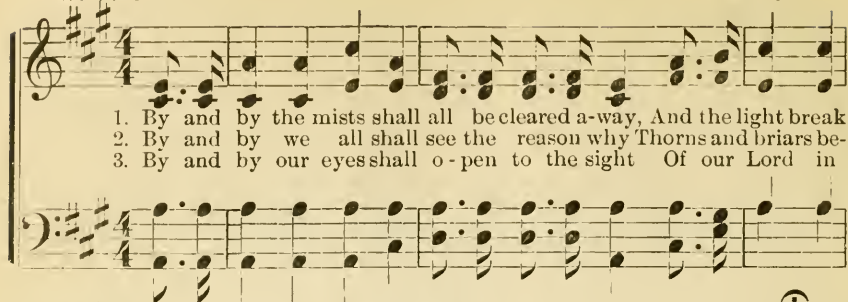


time with sweet-est rhym-ing, Ev - er ring the sweet time bells.
 pure and sweet-est rhym-ing,

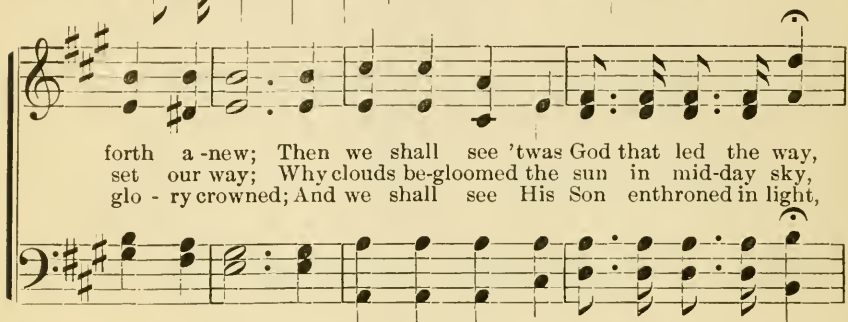
No. III. THE CROWNING, BY AND BY.

W. T. GIFFE.

L. O. EMERSON.

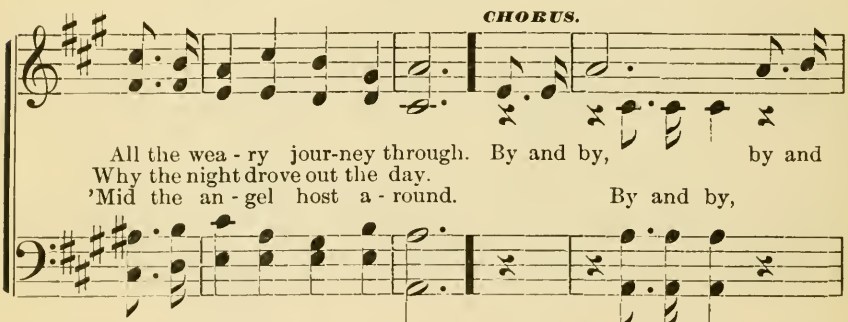


1. By and by the mists shall all be cleared a-way, And the light break
 2. By and by we all shall see the reason why Thorns and briars be-
 3. By and by our eyeshall o - pen to the sight Of our Lord in

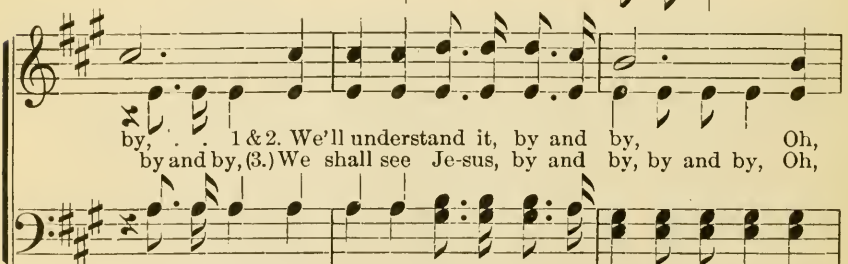


forth a - new; Then we shall see 'twas God that led the way,
 set our way; Why clouds be-gloomed the sun in mid-day sky,
 glo - ry crowned; And we shall see His Son enthroned in light,

CHORUS.

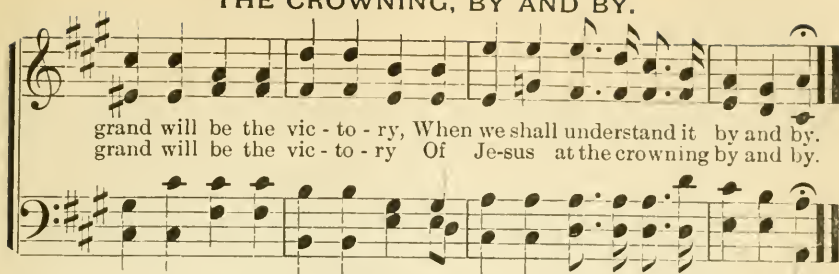


All the wea - ry jour-ney through. By and by, by and
 Why the night drove out the day.
 'Mid the an - gel host a - round. By and by,



by, 1 & 2. We'll understand it, by and by, Oh,
 by and by, (3.) We shall see Je-sus, by and by, by and by, Oh,

THE CROWNING, BY AND BY.



grand will be the vic - to - ry, When we shall understand it by and by.
grand will be the vic - to - ry Of Je - sus at the crowning by and by.

No. 112. THE COMING OF THE KING.

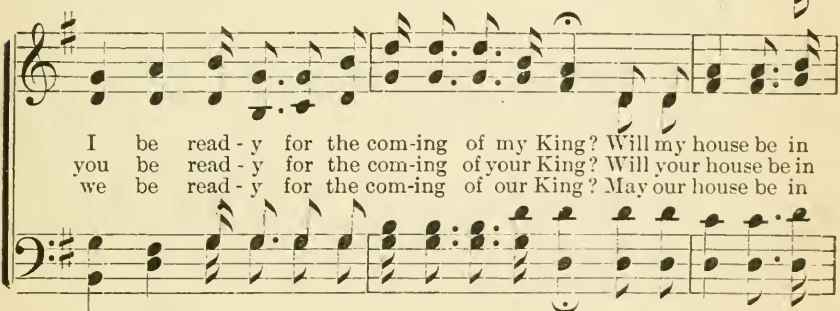
W. T. G.

W. T. GIFFE.

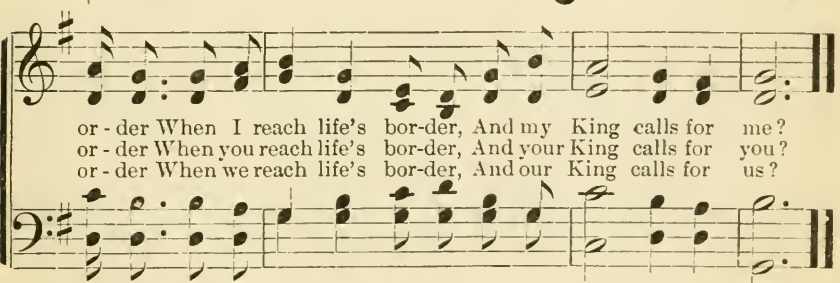


Slow.

1. Oh, the com-ing of the King, the com-ing of the King, Will
2. Oh, the com-ing of the King, the com-ing of the King, Will
3. Oh, the com-ing of the King, the com-ing of the King, May



I be read - y for the com-ing of my King? Will my house be in
you be read - y for the com-ing of your King? Will your house be in
we be read - y for the com-ing of our King? May our house be in



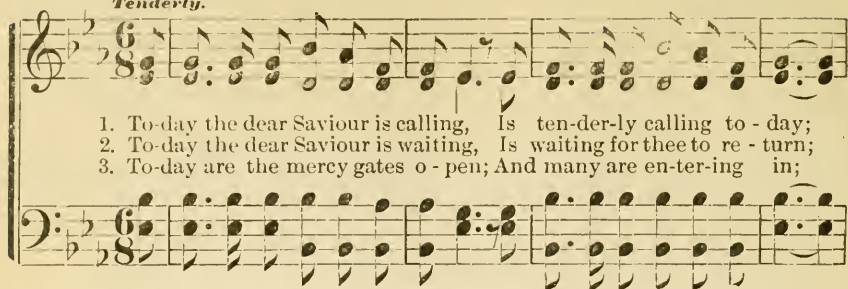
or - der When I reach life's bor - der, And my King calls for me?
or - der When you reach life's bor - der, And your King calls for you?
or - der When we reach life's bor - der, And our King calls for us?

No. 113. COME IN, COME IN.

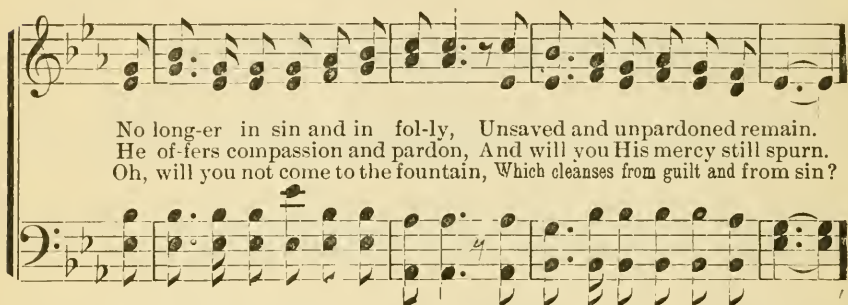
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

H. M. BUTLER.

Tenderly.

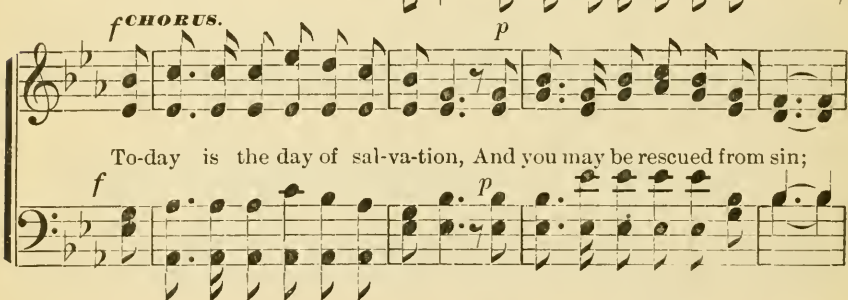


1. To-day the dear Saviour is calling, Is ten-der-ly calling to-day;
 2. To-day the dear Saviour is waiting, Is waiting for thee to re-turn;
 3. To-day are the mercy gates o-pen; And many are en-ter-ing in;



No long-er in sin and in fol-ly, Unsav-er-ed and unpardoned remain.
 He of-fers com-pas-sion and pardon, And will you His mer-cy still spurn.
 Oh, will you not come to the foun-tain, Which cleanses from guilt and from sin?

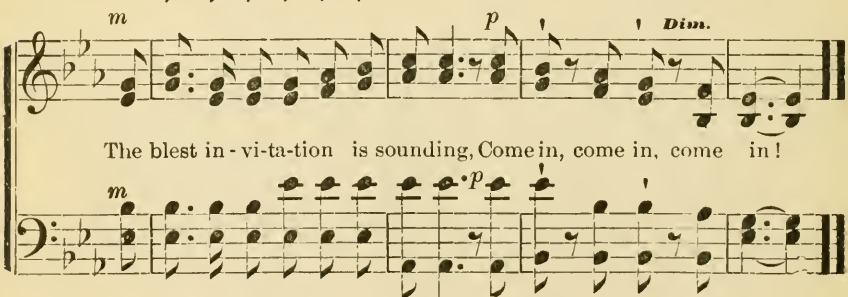
f **CHORUS.** *p*



f *p*

To-day is the day of sal-va-tion, And you may be re-scu-ed from sin;

m *p* *Dim.*



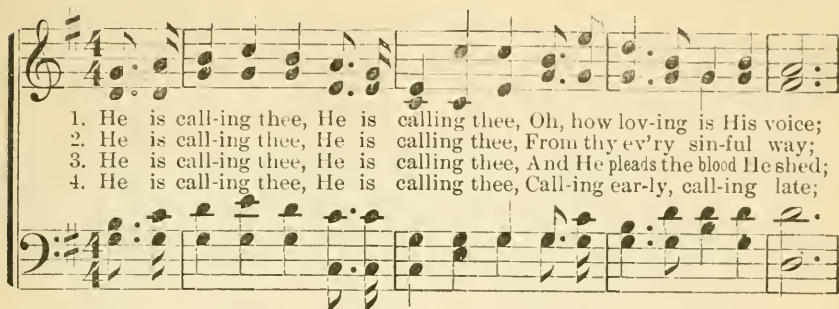
m *p*

The blest in-vi-ta-tion is sound-ing, Come in, come in, come in!

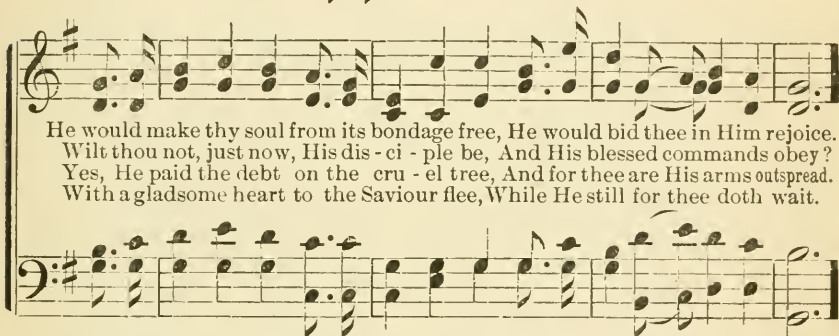
No. 114. HE IS CALLING THEE.

E. R. LATTA.

O. L. FLECK.

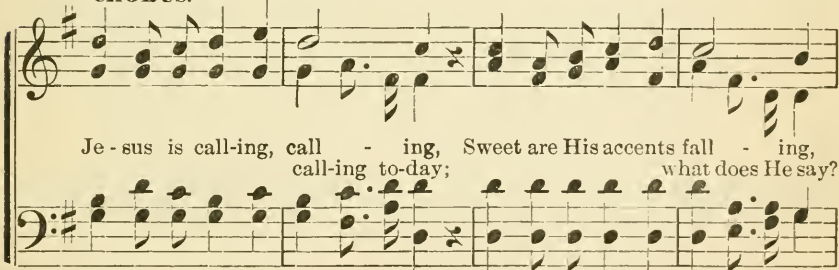


1. He is call-ing thee, He is calling thee, Oh, how lov-ing is His voice;
 2. He is call-ing thee, He is calling thee, From thy ev'ry sin-ful way;
 3. He is call-ing thee, He is calling thee, And He pleads the blood He shed;
 4. He is call-ing thee, He is calling thee, Call-ing ear-ly, call-ing late;

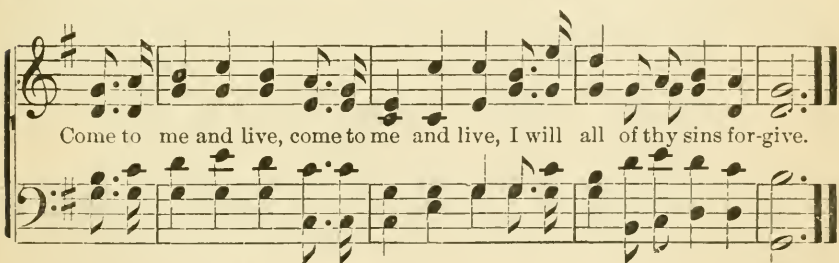


He would make thy soul from its bondage free, He would bid thee in Him rejoice.
 Wilt thou not, just now, His dis-ci-ple be, And His blessed commands obey?
 Yes, He paid the debt on the cru-el tree, And for thee are His arms outspread.
 With a gladsome heart to the Saviour flee, While He still for thee doth wait.

CHORUS.



Je-sus is call-ing, call-ing, Sweet are His accents fall-ing,
 call-ing to-day; what does He say?

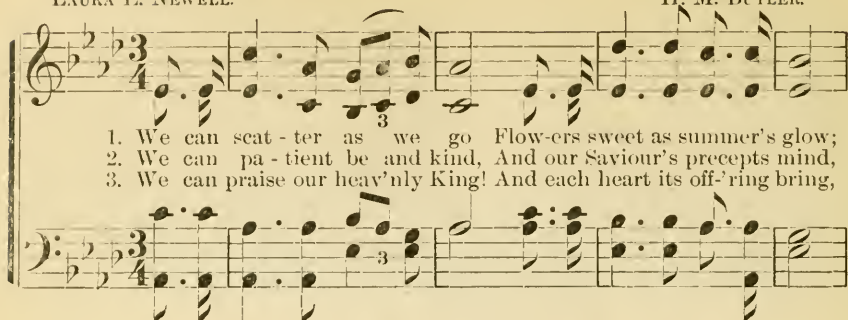


Come to me and live, come to me and live, I will all of thy sins for-give.

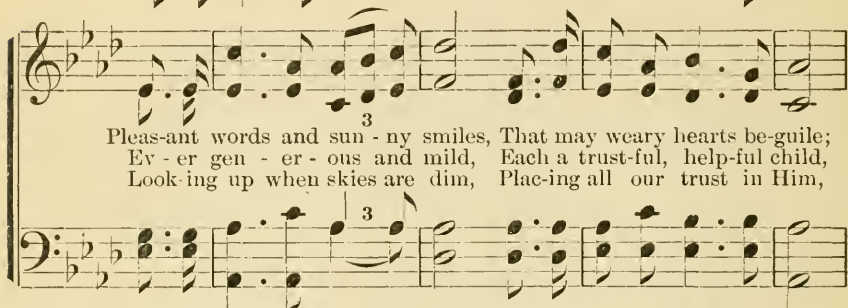
No. 115. WHAT HIS LITTLE ONES CAN DO.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

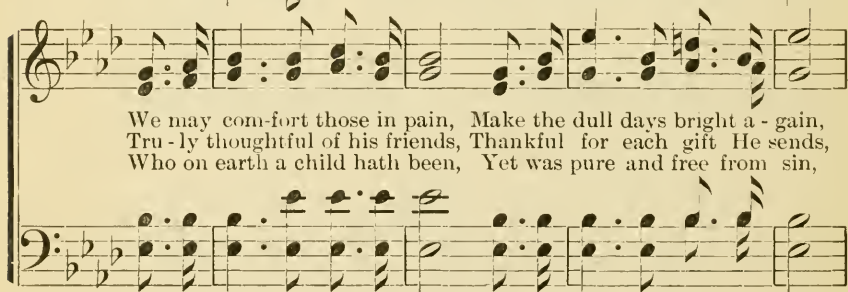
H. M. BUTLER.



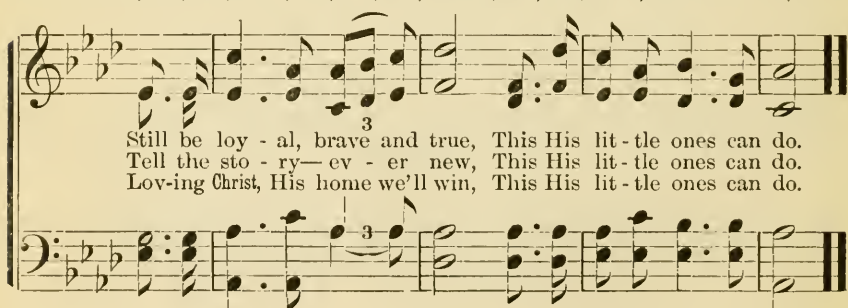
1. We can scat - ter as we go Flow-ers sweet as summer's glow;
 2. We can pa - tient be and kind, And our Saviour's precepts mind,
 3. We can praise our heav'nly King! And each heart its off-'ring bring,



Pleas-ant words and sun - ny smiles, That may weary hearts be-guile;
 Ev - er gen - er - ous and mild, Each a trust-ful, help-ful child,
 Look-ing up when skies are dim, Plac-ing all our trust in Him,



We may com-fort those in pain, Make the dull days bright a - gain,
 Tru-ly thoughtful of his friends, Thankful for each gift He sends,
 Who on earth a child hath been, Yet was pure and free from sin,



Still be loy - al, brave and true, This His lit - tle ones can do.
 Tell the sto - ry—ev - er new, This His lit - tle ones can do.
 Lov-ing Christ, His home we'll win, This His lit - tle ones can do.

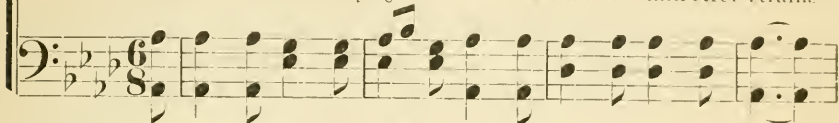
No. 116. WE THANK THEE, FATHER.

W. LEE WALLS.

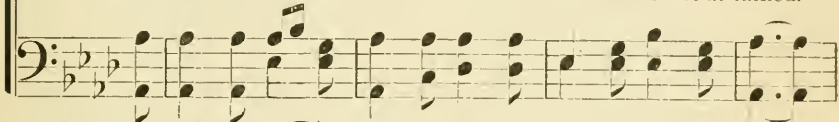
EUGENE E. DAVIS.



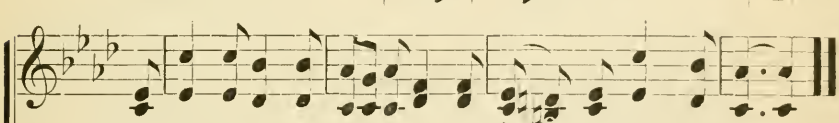
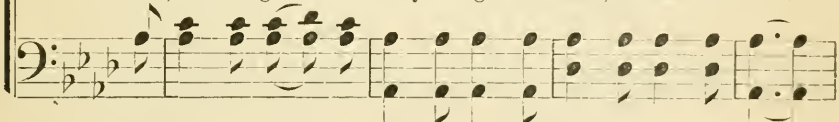
1. Our Heav'nly Fa-ther, lov-ing Guide, Pro-tee tor, Shield and Stay,
2. We thank Thee for Thy watchful care, And mercies, full and free,
3. We thank Thee for Thy sights and sounds—Cre-a-tion's min-strel strains—



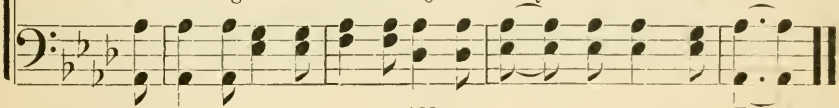
We thank Thee that Thou dost provide Our dai - ly bread this day.
For hov'-ring an - gels ev'-ry-where To help us up to Thee.
And feel that more and more abounds To which we've not at-tained.



We thank Thee for Thy bless-ed Word, Which points the way to heav'n,
We count Thy chast-en-ing but kind, When from Thy paths we stray,
And, thanking Thee for ev'-ry-thing—The earth, the realms a - bove—



And for the gift of Christ our Lord, Thro' whom we are for - giv'n.
And thank Thee that thro' it we find The straight and nar - row way.
We lift our grateful hearts and sing Of Thy e - ter - nal love.

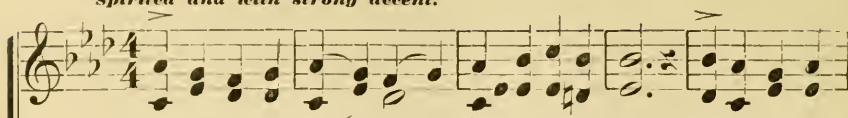


No. 117. FORWARD! BE OUR WATCHWORD.

Rev. HENRY ALFORD.

W. H. PONTIUS.

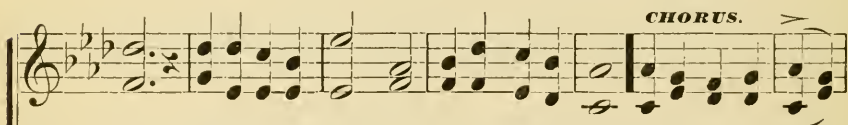
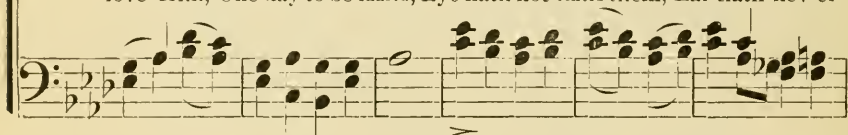
Spirited and with strong accent.



1. Forward! be our watch-word, Steps and voices joined; Seek the things be-
2. Forward, when in child-hood Buds the infant mind; All thro' youth and
3. Forward, flock of Je - sus, Salt of all the earth; Till each yearning
4. Glo-ries up-on glo - ries, Hath our God prepared; By the souls that

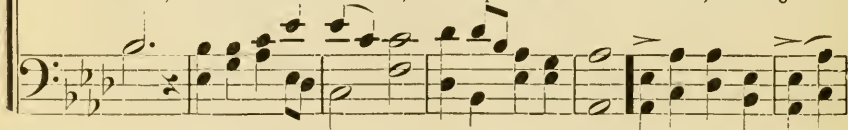


fore us, Not a look behind; Burns the fiery pil-lar At our army
manhood, Not a thought behind: Speed thro' realms of nature, Climb the steps of
purpose Spring to glorious birth; Sick, they ask for healing, Blind they grope for
love Him, One day to be shared; Eye hath not beheld them, Ear hath never



CHORUS.

head; Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Cap-tain led. Forward thro' the des-
grace; Faint not, till in glo - ry, Gleams our Father's face. Forward all the life-
day; Pour upon the na-tions Wisdom's lov-ing ray. Forward out of er-
heard; Nor of these hath ut-tered, Tho't or speech a word. Forward, marching east-



FORWARD! BE OUR WATCHWORD.

ert, Thro' the toil and fight; Jordan flows before us, Zion beams with light.
 time, Climb from height to height; Till the head be hoary, Till the eve be light.
 ror, Leave behind the night; Forward thro' the darkness, Forward into light.
 ward Where the beam is bright; Till the vale be lifted, Till our faith be sight.

No. 118. PRAISES TO OUR KING.

Rev. GODFREY THRING.

INFANT CLASS.

HENRY A. LEWIS.

1. Saviour, blessed Sav-iour, Lis-ten while we sing; Hearts and voices
 2. Great and ev-er great-er, Are Thy mercies here; True and ev-er

rais-ing Prais-es to our King, All we have to of-fer,
 last-ing, Are the glo-ries there, Where no pain or sor-row,

All we hope to be; Bod-y, soul and spir-it, All we yield to Thee.
 Toil or care are known; When the angel legions, Circle round Thy throne.

No. 119.

ONWARD FOREVER.

IDA L. REED.

W. T. GIFFE.

1. Onward for - ev - er, This be our watchword, This be the bu-gle cry,
 2. Onward for - ev - er, forward we're marching, This is His promise, it
 3. Onward for - ev - er, proudly His ban-ner Floats on the breeze as we

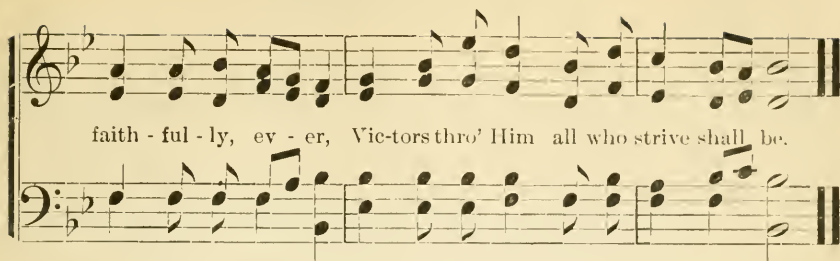
forward all, Hail! to our Lead-er, Je - sus for - ev - er, Him we will
 can-not fail, I will be with you, from harm de-liv - er, Yes I will
 march a-long, Un-der its folds we'll fear-less - ly bat - tle, Joy - ful - ly

CHORUS.

fol-low, oh, list to His call.
 help you when foes hard-as-sail. On-ward for - ev - er, This be our
 sing-ing the vic-tor's glad song.

watchword, Je-sus will lead us to vic - to - ry; Him we will fol - low,

ONWARD, FOREVER.

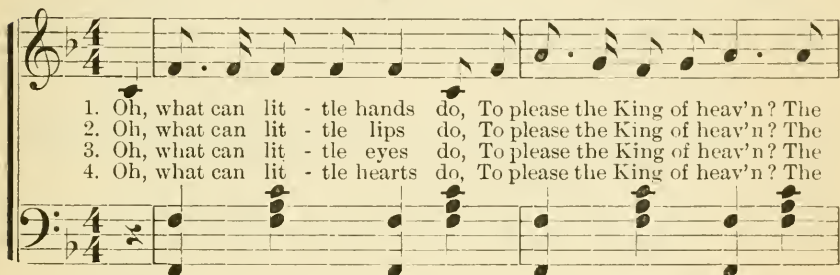


faith - ful - ly, ev - er, Vic-tors thro' Him all who strive shall be.

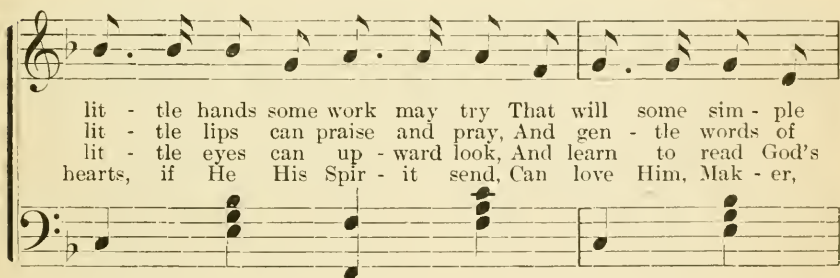
No. 120. TO PLEASE THE KING.

INFANT CLASS.

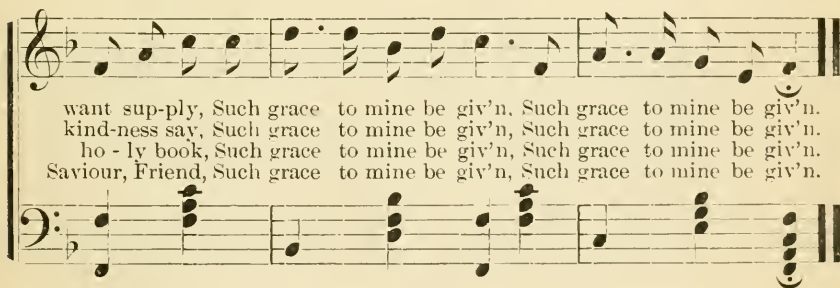
HENRY A. LEWIS.



1. Oh, what can lit - tle hands do, To please the King of heav'n? The
 2. Oh, what can lit - tle lips do, To please the King of heav'n? The
 3. Oh, what can lit - tle eyes do, To please the King of heav'n? The
 4. Oh, what can lit - tle hearts do, To please the King of heav'n? The



lit - tle hands some work may try That will some sim - ple
 lit - tle lips can praise and pray, And gen - tle words of
 lit - tle eyes can up - ward look, And learn to read God's
 hearts, if He His Spir - it send, Can love Him, Mak - er,

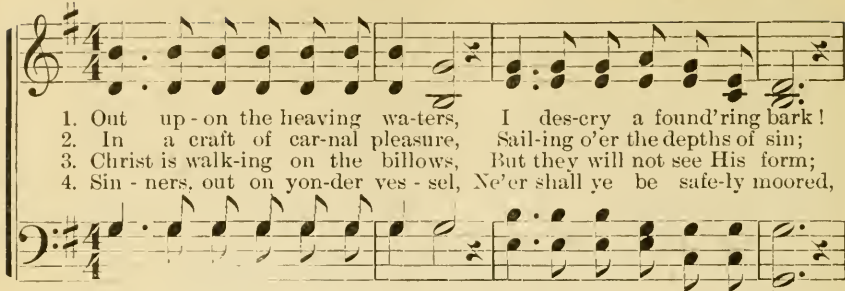


want sup-ply, Such grace to mine be giv'n, Such grace to mine be giv'n.
 kind-ness say, Such grace to mine be giv'n, Such grace to mine be giv'n.
 ho - ly book, Such grace to mine be giv'n, Such grace to mine be giv'n.
 Saviour, Friend, Such grace to mine be giv'n, Such grace to mine be giv'n.

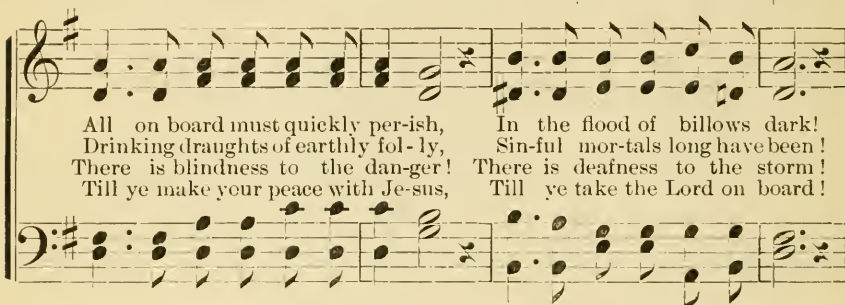
E. R. LATTI.

Words inscribed to Rev. S. S. Smith.

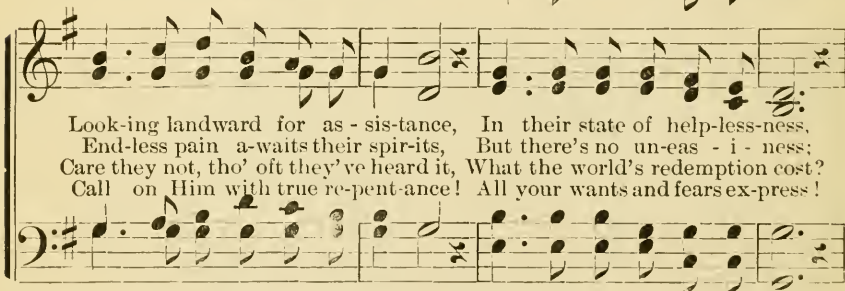
W. T. GIFFE.



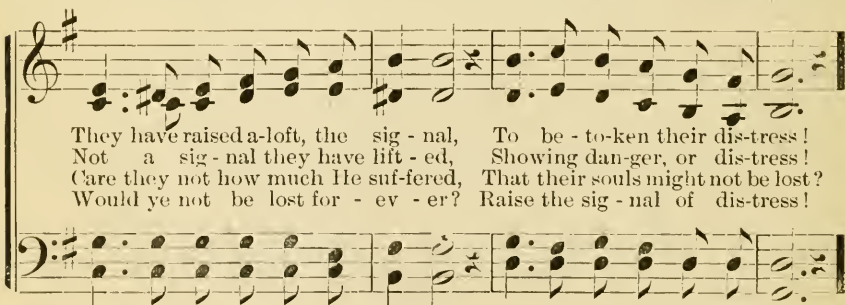
1. Out up-on the heaving wa-ters, I des-cry a found'ring bark!
 2. In a craft of car-nal pleasure, Sail-ing o'er the depths of sin;
 3. Christ is walk-ing on the billows, But they will not see His form;
 4. Sin - ners, out on yon-der ves - sel, Ne'er shall ye be safe-ly moored,



All on board must quickly per-ish, In the flood of billows dark!
 Drinking draughts of earthly fol-ly, Sin-ful mor-tals long have been!
 There is blindness to the dan-ger! There is deafness to the storm!
 Till ye make your peace with Je-sus, Till ye take the Lord on board!



Look-ing landward for as - sis-tance, In their state of help-less-ness.
 End-less pain a-waits their spir-its, But there's no un-eas - i - ness;
 Care they not, tho' oft they've heard it, What the world's redemption cost?
 Call on Him with true re-pent-ance! All your wants and fears ex-press!



They have raised a-loft, the sig - nal, To be - to-ken their dis-tress!
 Not a sig - nal they have lift - ed, Showing dan-ger, or dis-tress!
 Care they not how much He suf-fered, That their souls might not be lost?
 Would ye not be lost for - ev - er? Raise the sig - nal of dis-tress!

RAISE THE SIGNAL.

CHORUS. Faster.

Man the life-boat! do not tar - ry! Save them from their aw-ful fate!

Man the life-boat! do not tar - ry, Till it is too late!

No. 122. THE CHILDREN'S HYMN.

INFANT CLASS.

W. T. G.

DEUT.

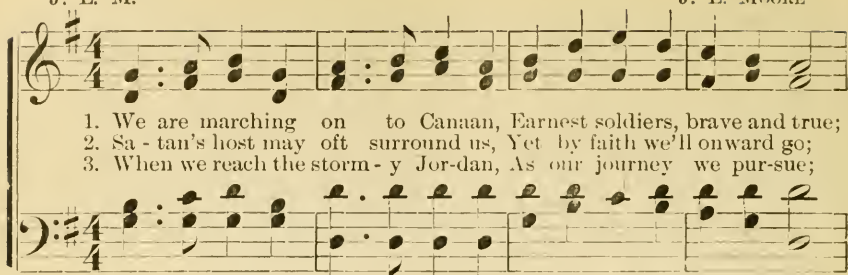
1. Lord, a lit - tle band and low - ly, We are come to worship Thee;
2. Fill our hearts with tho'ts of Je-sus, And of heav'n where He is gone;
3. For we know the Lord of glo - ry, Al-ways sees what children do;

Thou art great, and high and ho - ly, Oh, how humble we should be.
And let noth-ing ev - er please us, He would grieve to look up-on.
Ev - en now He knows the sto - ry, Of our tho'ts and actions too.

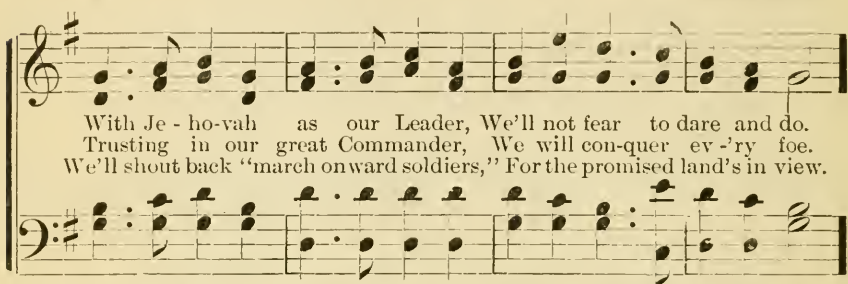
No. 123. WE ARE MARCHING ON.

J. L. M.

J. L. MOORE

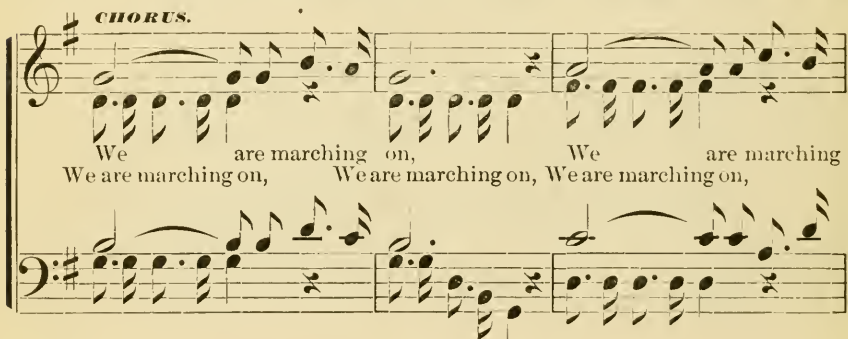


1. We are marching on to Canaan, Earnest soldiers, brave and true;
 2. Sa - tan's host may oft surround us, Yet by faith we'll onward go;
 3. When we reach the storm - y Jor-dan, As our journey we pur-sue;

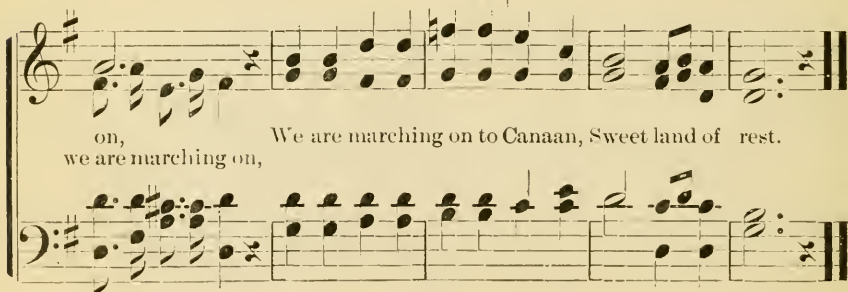


With Je - ho-vah as our Leader, We'll not fear to dare and do.
 Trusting in our great Commander, We will con-quer ev-'ry foe.
 We'll shout back "march onward soldiers," For the promised land's in view.

CHORUS.



We are marching on, We are marching on, We are marching on,
 We are marching on, We are marching on, We are marching on,



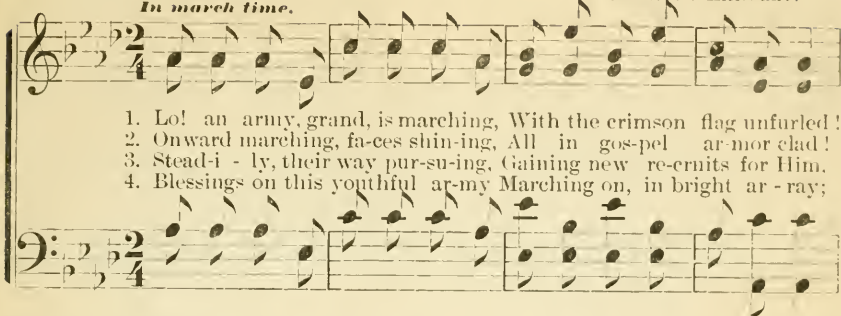
on, We are marching on to Canaan, Sweet land of rest.
 we are marching on,

No. 124. THE WORLD FOR CHRIST.

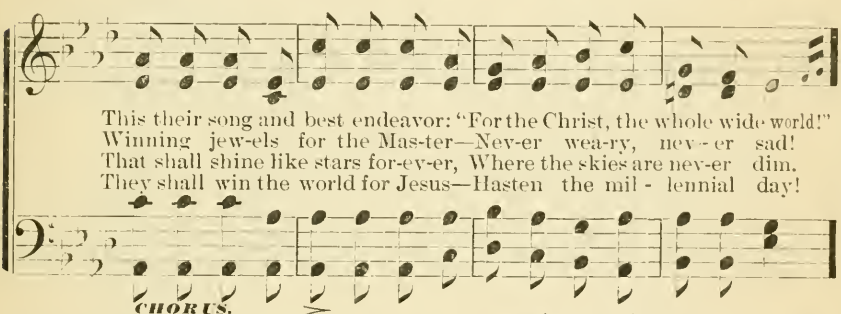
HARRIET E. JONES.

In march time.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

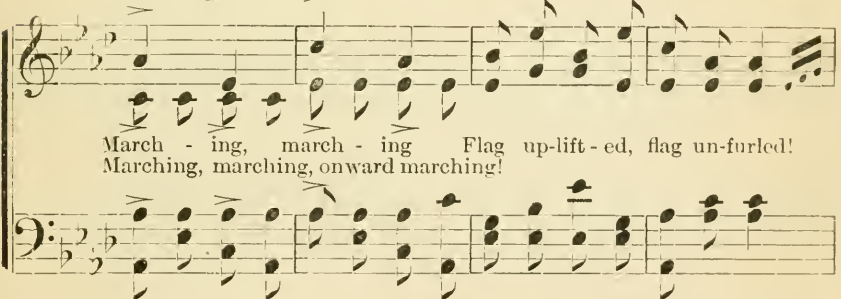


1. Lo! an army, grand, is marching, With the crimson flag unfurled!
 2. Onward marching, fa-ces shin-ing, All in gos-pel ar-mor clad!
 3. Stead-i-ly, their way pur-su-ing, Gaining new re-cruits for Him.
 4. Blessings on this youthful ar-my Marching on, in bright ar-ray;

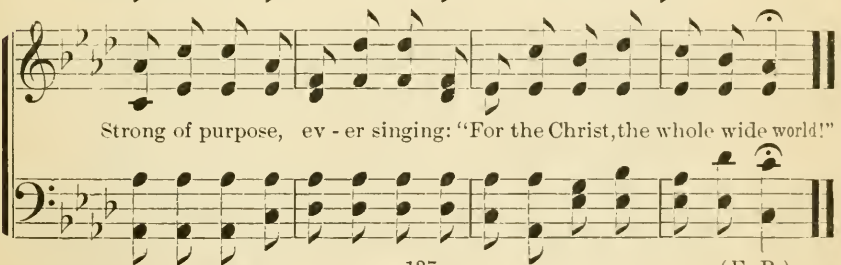


This their song and best endeavor: "For the Christ, the whole wide world!"
 Winning jew-els for the Mas-ter—Nev-er wea-ry, nev-er sad!
 That shall shine like stars for-ev-er, Where the skies are nev-er dim.
 They shall win the world for Jesus—Hasten the mil-len-nial day!

CHORUS.



March-ing, march-ing Flag up-lift-ed, flag un-furled!
 Marching, marching, onward marching!



Strong of purpose, ev-er singing: "For the Christ, the whole wide world!"

No. 125. JUNIOR LEAGUE MARCH.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

May be used as a march song.

1. We're a hap-py, happy band, Marching to the promised land! In our
 2. We are weak, but He is strong, Jesus is our strength and song; Little
 3. Je - sus calls us to the fold, Ere our hearts grow hard and cold; Come and

CHORUS.

Junior League rejoice—Worship Je-sus, heart and voice. Je-sus loves us,
 pilgrims! still we sing Hal - le - lu - jah, to our King!
 join our youthful band, Marching to Immanuel's land. Je-sus loves

ev - 'ry day, Leads us in the nar-row way;
 us ev - ry day, Leads us in the nar-row way;

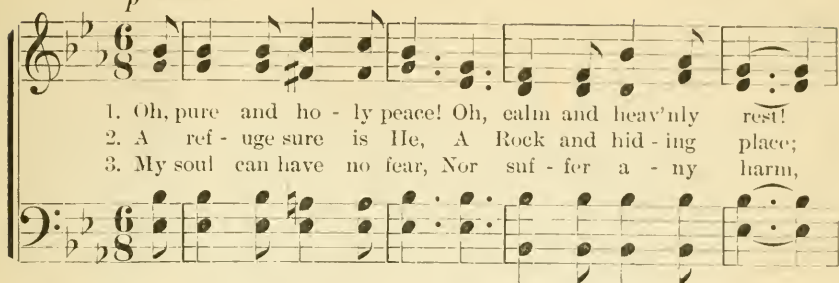
We will praise Him day and night, Praise Him for His gos-pel light.

No. 126. ON CHRIST ALONE I LEAN.

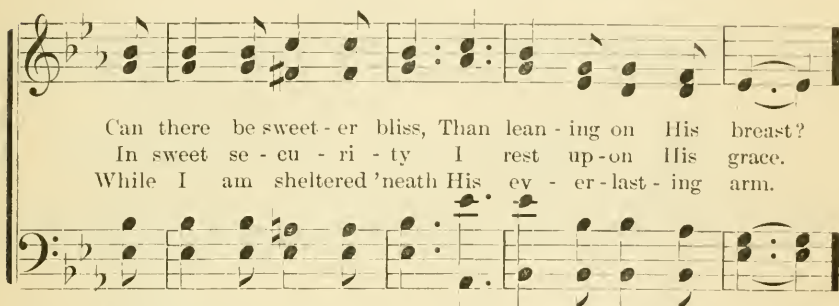
REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

L. O. EMERSON.

p **Moderato.**

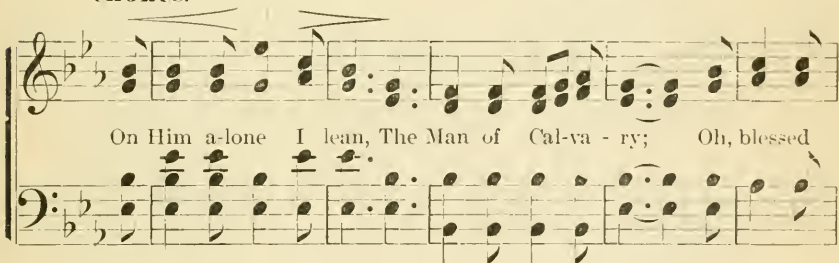


1. Oh, pure and ho - ly peace! Oh, calm and heav'nly rest!
 2. A ref - uge sure is He, A Rock and hid - ing place;
 3. My soul can have no fear, Nor suf - fer a - ny harm,

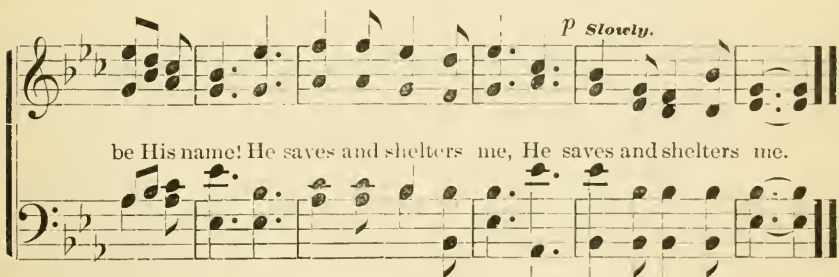


Can there be sweet - er bliss, Than lean - ing on His breast?
 In sweet se - cu - ri - ty I rest up - on His grace.
 While I am sheltered 'neath His, ev - er - last - ing arm.

CHORUS.



On Him a - lone I lean, The Man of Cal - va - ry; Oh, blessed



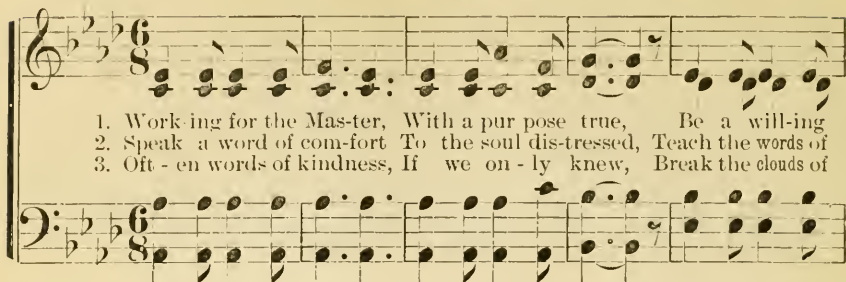
be His name! He saves and shelters me, He saves and shelters me.

No. 127. WORKING FOR THE MASTER.

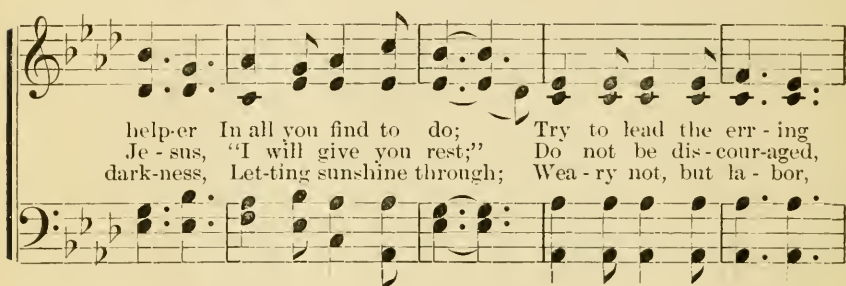
IDA S. LEWIS.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SONG.

HENRY A. LEWIS.



1. Work ing for the Mas-ter, With a pur pose true, Be a will-ing
 2. Speak a word of com-fort To the soul dis-tressed, Teach the words of
 3. Oft - en words of kindness, If we on - ly knew, Break the clouds of

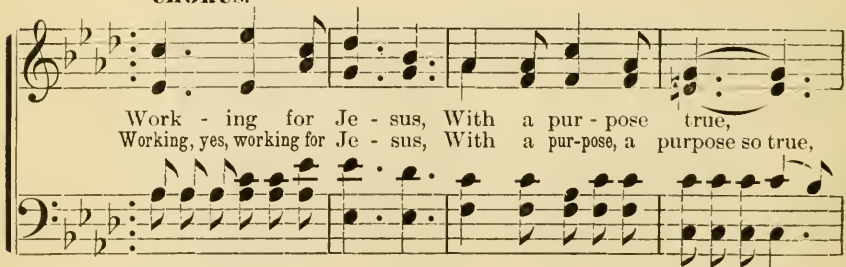


help-er In all you find to do; Try to lead the err - ing
 Je - sus, "I will give you rest;" Do not be dis-cour-aged,
 dark-ness, Let-ting sun-shine through; Wea-ry not, but la - bor,



From the paths of sin, To the blessed ha-ven, Bid them enter in.
 Tho' they do not heed, He will surely smile on Ev'ry lov-ing deed.
 'Till your work is done, And you hear the welcome, "Child of love, come home."

CHORUS.



Work - ing for Je - sus, With a pur - pose true,
 Working, yes, working for Je - sus, With a pur-pose, a purpose so true,

WORKING FOR THE MASTER.

Musical score for "Working for the Master." The score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. It begins with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is divided into two measures, labeled 1 and 2. Measure 1 contains the lyrics "Loy-al be and faith-ful All life's jour-ney thro'", and measure 2 contains "All life's jour-ney thro'." The score ends with a double bar line.

Loy-al be and faith-ful All life's jour-ney thro', All life's jour-ney thro'.

No. 128. LAMBS OF THE FLOCK.

INFANT CLASS.

W. G. THOMAS.

Musical score for "Lambs of the Flock." The score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. It begins with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is divided into three measures. Measure 1 contains the lyrics "1. We're the lambs of the flock, And no dan-ger we fear, When the", measure 2 contains "2. We are ti-ny and weak, But our Shep-herd is strong, From the", and measure 3 contains "3. Oh, the pas-tures are green, And tho flow'rs bloom a-round, By the". The score ends with a double bar line.

1. We're the lambs of the flock, And no dan-ger we fear, When the
2. We are ti-ny and weak, But our Shep-herd is strong, From the
3. Oh, the pas-tures are green, And tho flow'rs bloom a-round, By the

CHORUS.

Musical score for the Chorus of "Lambs of the Flock." The score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. It begins with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is divided into three measures. Measure 1 contains the lyrics "voice and the call Of our Shepherd we hear.", measure 2 contains "wolves He'll defend, Keep us all the day long. We will follow, yes, we'll follow,", and measure 3 contains "wa-ters so still, Je-sus lets us lie down." The score ends with a double bar line.

voice and the call Of our Shepherd we hear.
wolves He'll defend, Keep us all the day long. We will follow, yes, we'll follow,
wa-ters so still, Je-sus lets us lie down.

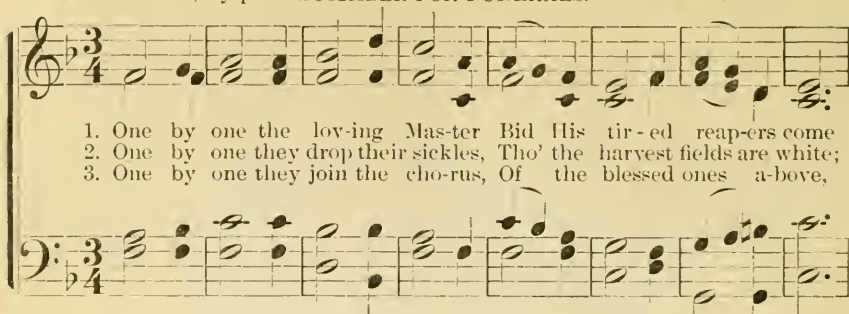
Musical score for the final line of "Lambs of the Flock." The score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. It begins with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is divided into three measures. Measure 1 contains the lyrics "We will follow His call, When our Shepherd we hear, We will follow His call." The score ends with a double bar line.

We will follow His call, When our Shepherd we hear, We will follow His call.

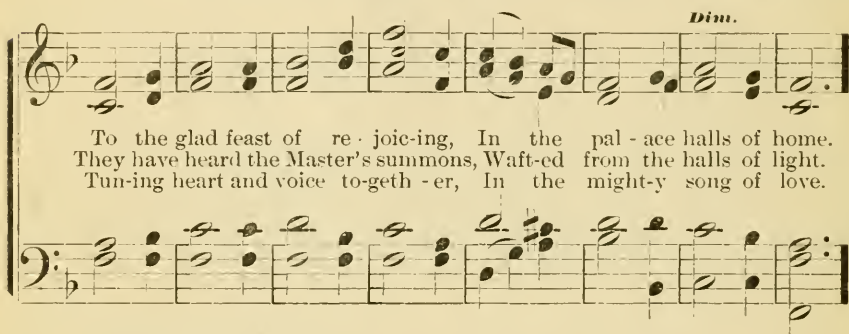
No. 129. THE PALACE IN THE VALE.

W. A. OGDEN, by per. SUITABLE FOR FUNERALS.

W. T. GIFFE.

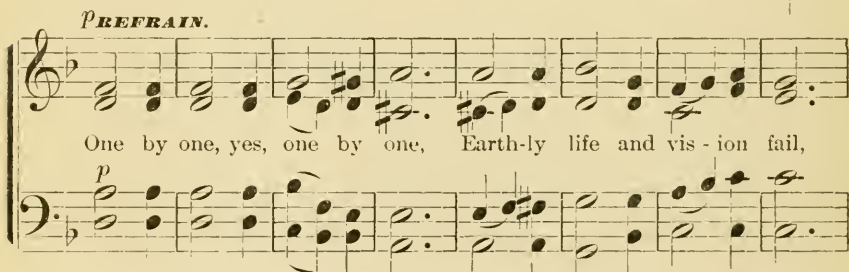


1. One by one the lov-ing Mas-ter Bid His tir-ed reap-ers come
 2. One by one they drop their sickles, Tho' the har-vest fields are white;
 3. One by one they join the cho-rus, Of the blessed ones a-bove,

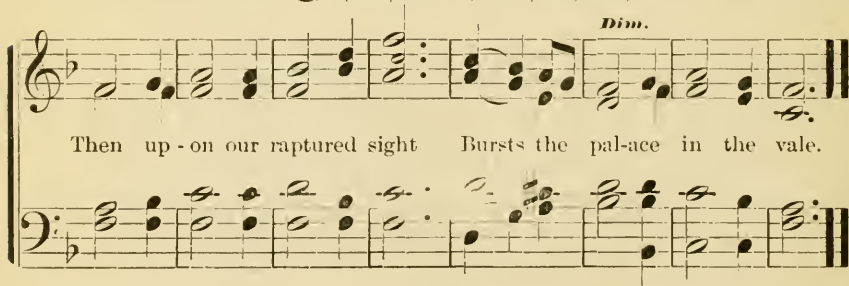


Dim.
 To the glad feast of re-joic-ing, In the pal-ace halls of home.
 They have heard the Master's summons, Waft-ed from the halls of light.
 Tun-ing heart and voice to-geth-er, In the might-y song of love.

PREFRAIN.



One by one, yes, one by one, Earth-ly life and vis-ion fail,

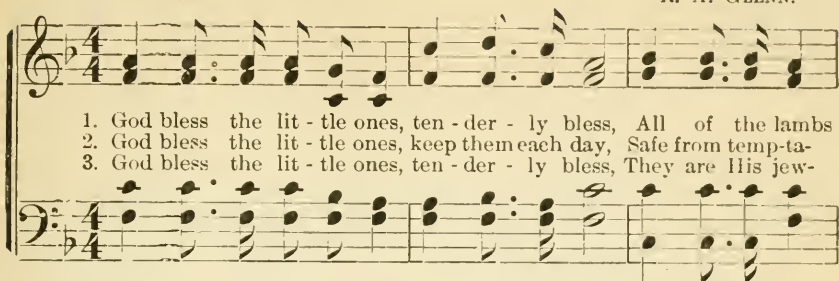


Dim.
 Then up-on our raptured sight Bursts the pal-ace in the vale.

No. 130. GOD BLESS THE LITTLE ONES.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

R. A. GLENN.



1. God bless the lit - tle ones, ten - der - ly bless, All of the lambs
 2. God bless the lit - tle ones, keep them each day, Safe from temp-ta-
 3. God bless the lit - tle ones, ten - der - ly bless, They are His jew-




of the fold; Lead them in safe-ty past earth's wil - der-ness,
 tion's dark snare; Dry all the tears that may dim their bright eyes,
 els so bright; Keep their hearts pure, His while life shall en-dure,

CHORUS.



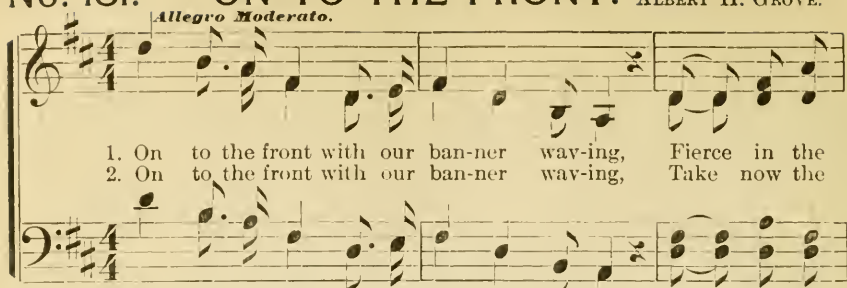
Home to the cit - y of gold.
 Help them their tri - als to bear. God bless the lit - tle ones,
 Then bear them home to the light.



Guide them in love, Home to the sun - ny land, safe, safe a - bove.

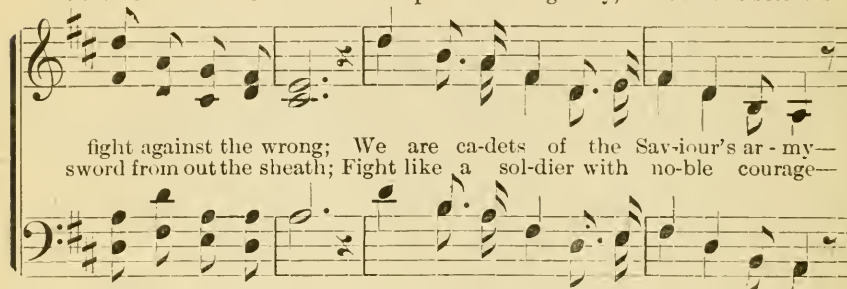
No. 131. ON TO THE FRONT. ALBERT H. GROVE.

Allegro Moderato.



1. On to the front with our ban-ner wav-ing, Fierce in the
 2. On to the front with our ban-ner wav-ing, Take now the

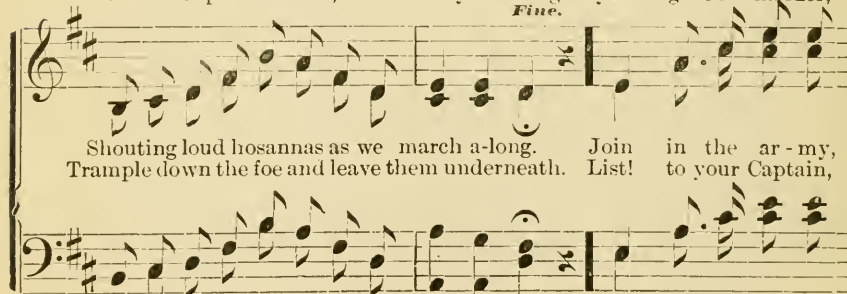
D.C.—We ne'er shall lose if we do not fal-ter, Re-inforcements
D.C.—In - to the realms of the port of glo-ry, Gal-lant soldiers



fight against the wrong; We are ca-dets of the Sav-iour's ar-my—
 sword from out the sheath; Fight like a sol-dier with no-ble courage—

make our ar-my strong; Af-ter the bat-tle is won and end-ed,
 of our Cap-tain's band; Prais-es you'll sing to your high Com-mander,

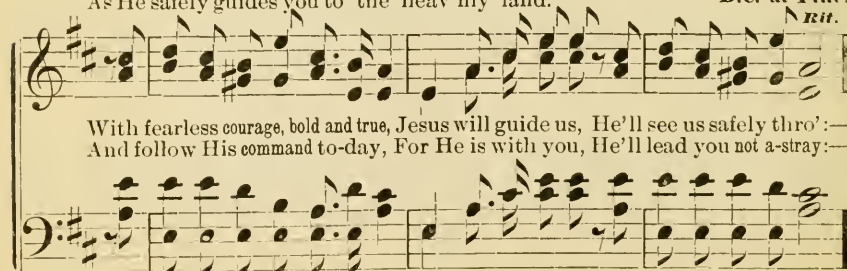
Fine.



Shouting loud hosannas as we march a-long. Join in the ar-my,
 Trample down the foe and leave them underneath. List! to your Cap-tain,

We will join the angels in the heav'nly throng.
 As He safely guides you to the heav'nly land.

D.C. at Fine.
Rit.



With fearless courage, bold and true, Jesus will guide us, He'll see us safely thro':—
 And follow His command to-day, For He is with you, He'll lead you not a-stray:—

No. 132. LETTING JESUS LEAD.

E. R. LATTA.

L. M. GORDON.

DUET.

CHORUS.

1. Quit the paths of sin and fol - ly, Let-ting Je - sus lead!
2. Strive to gain the prize be-fore thee, Let-ting Je - sus lead!
3. Be His yoke, up - on thee, tak-en, Let-ting Je - sus lead!
4. Trust Him where so-e'er thou go - est, Let-ting Je - sus lead!

DUET.

CHORUS.

Seek the nar - row way, and ho - ly, Let-ting Je - sus lead!
 Be His guar - dian - ship still o'er thee, Let-ting Je - sus lead!
 Be thy faith, a faith un-shak-en, Let-ting Je - sus lead!
 Trust Him in each ill thou knowest, Let-ting Je - sus lead!

CHORUS. *f*

If thou do - est His com-mand, He will hold thee by the hand,

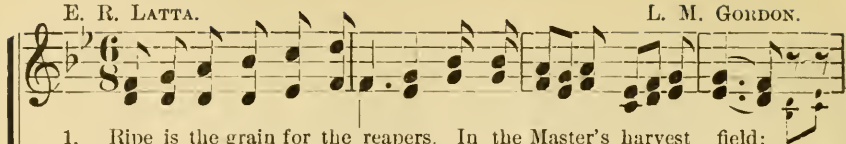
He will guide to Ca-naan's land; Let, oh, let Him lead!

No. 133.

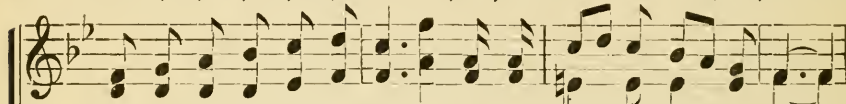
RIPE IS THE GRAIN.

E. R. LATTA.

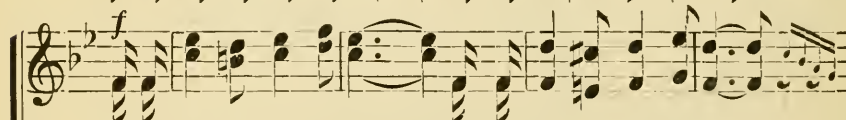
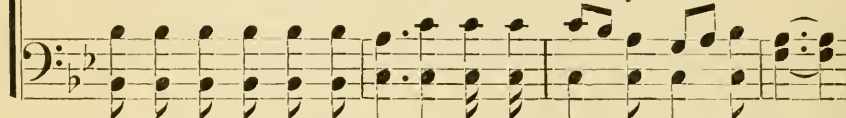
L. M. GORDON.



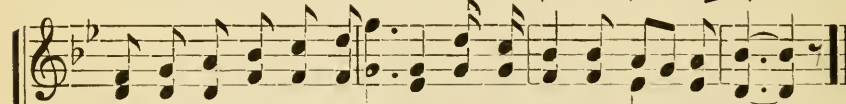
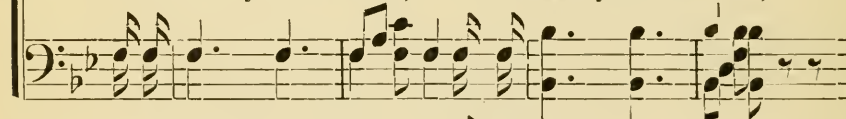
1. Ripe is the grain for the reapers, In the Master's harvest field;
2. Ripe is the grain for the reapers, But the la-bor-ers are few;
3. Ripe is the grain for the reapers, And the harvest will not wait;
4. Ripe is the grain for the reapers, Shall the reapers fail to come?



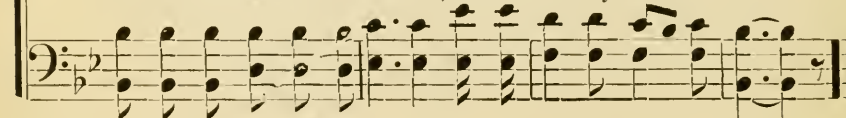
Lest it may fail to be garnered, The Re-deem-er's sick-le wield,
 We must be there late and ear-ly, We must toil the whole day through.
 What you will do, do it quick-ly, Or be ev-er more too late.
 How shall the id-ler make an-swer, In the heav'n-ly har-vest home?



The Redeemer's sick-le wield, The Redeemer's sick-le wield,
 We must toil the whole day through, We must toil the whole day through,
 Or be ev-er more too late, Or be ev-er more too late,
 In the heav'n-ly har-vest home, In the heav'n-ly har-vest home,



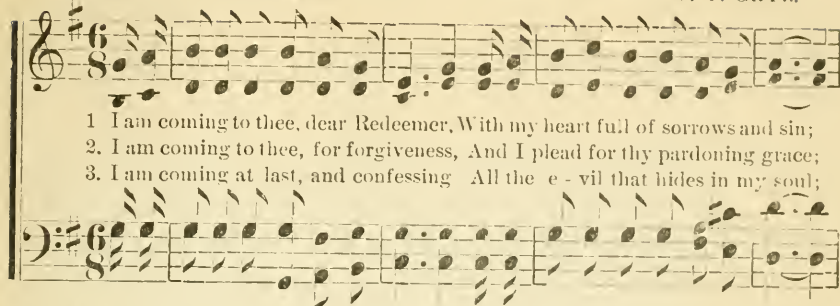
Lest it may fail to be garnered, The Re-deem-er's sick-le wield,
 We must be there late and ear-ly, We must toil the whole day through,
 What you will do, do it quick-ly, Or be ev-er more too late.
 How shall the id-ler make an-swer, In the heav'n-ly har-vest home?



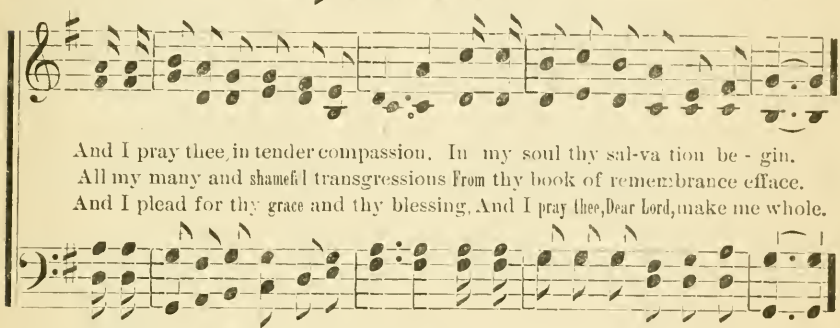
No. 134. I AM COMING TO THEE,

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

W. T. GIFFE.

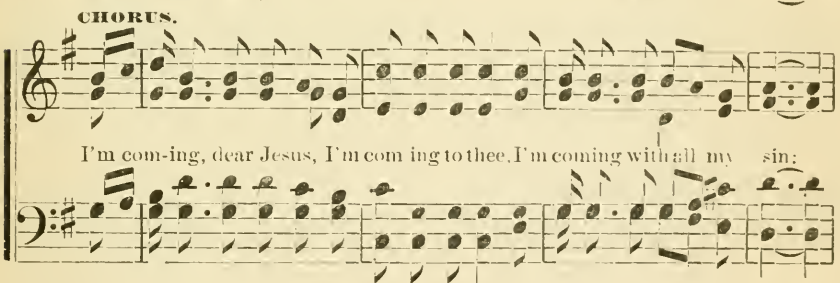


1 I am coming to thee, dear Redeemer, With my heart full of sorrows and sin;
2. I am coming to thee, for forgiveness, And I plead for thy pardoning grace;
3. I am coming at last, and confessing All the e - vil that hides in my soul;

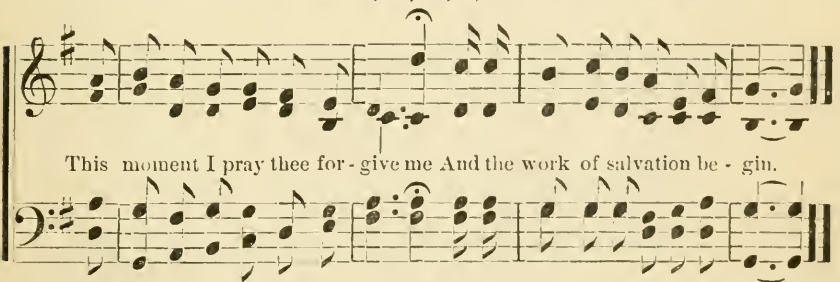


And I pray thee in tender compassion, In my soul thy sal - va - tion be - gin,
All my many and shameful transgressions From thy book of remembrance efface.
And I plead for thy grace and thy blessing, And I pray thee, Dear Lord, make me whole.

CHORUS.



I'm com - ing, dear Jesus, I'm com - ing to thee, I'm coming with all my sin;



This moment I pray thee for - give me And the work of salvation be - gin.

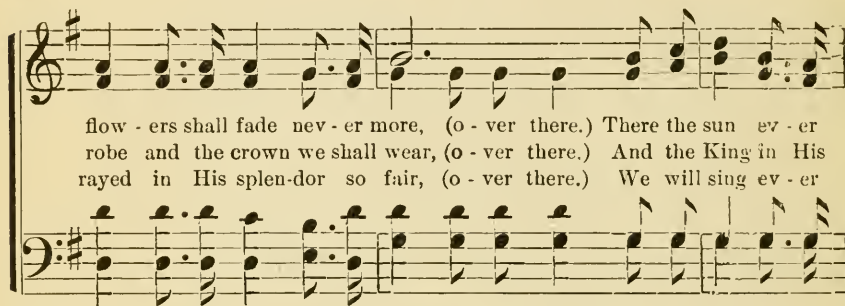
No. 135. BEAUTIFUL HOME, OVER THERE.

R. A. GLENN.

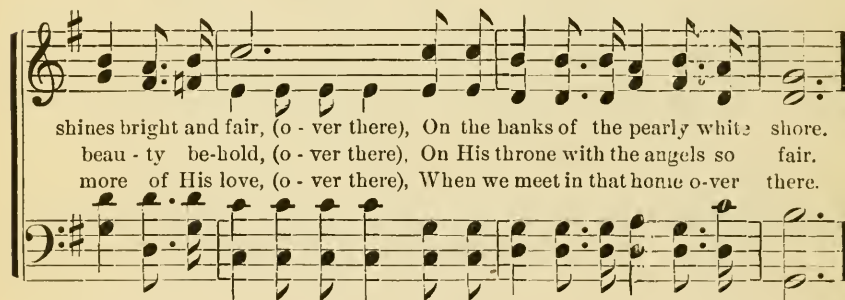
W. H. BURGETT.



1. In that beau-ti-ful home o-ver there, (o-ver there,) Where the
 2. We will sing in the beau-ti-ful home, (o-ver there,) When the
 3. To our boun-ti-ful giv-er a-bove, (o-ver there,) All ar-

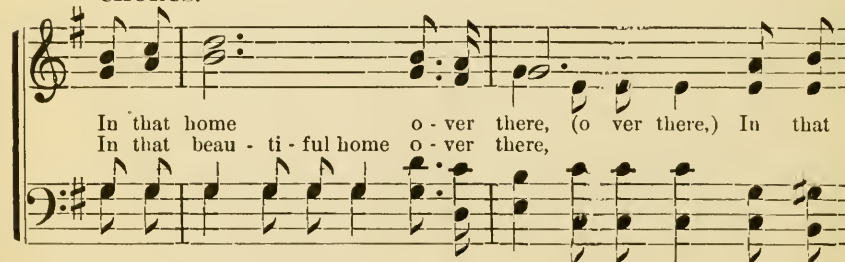


flow-ers shall fade nev-er more, (o-ver there.) There the sun ev-er
 robe and the crown we shall wear, (o-ver there.) And the King in His
 rayed in His splen-dor so fair, (o-ver there.) We will sing ev-er



shines bright and fair, (o-ver there), On the banks of the pearly white shore.
 beau-ty be-hold, (o-ver there), On His throne with the angels so fair.
 more of His love, (o-ver there), When we meet in that home o-ver there.

CHORUS.



In that home o-ver there, (o-ver there,) In that
 In that beau-ti-ful home o-ver there,

Beautiful Home, Over There.

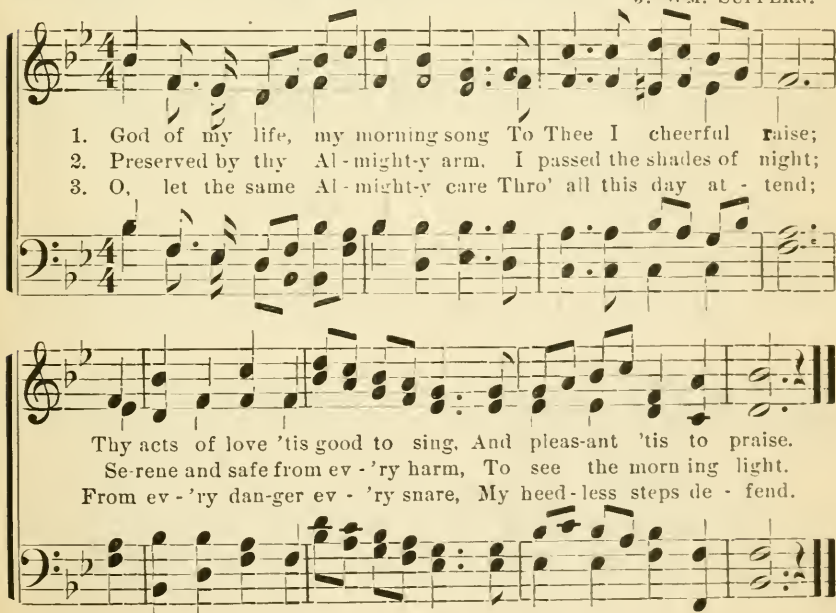


beau - ti - ful home o - ver there, (by and by.) We will shine as the
stars ev - er more, (over there.) In that beautiful home over there, over there.

No. 136.

MORNING HYMN.

J. WM. SUFFERN.

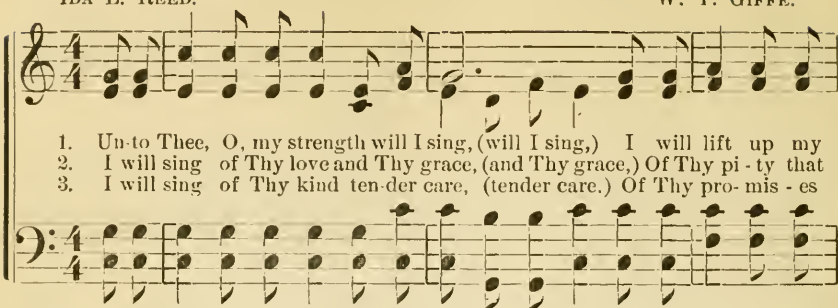


1. God of my life, my morning song To Thee I cheerful raise;
2. Preserved by thy Al-might-y arm, I passed the shades of night;
3. O, let the same Al-might-y care Thro' all this day at - tend;
Thy acts of love 'tis good to sing, And pleas-ant 'tis to praise.
Se-rene and safe from ev - 'ry harm, To see the morn-ing light.
From ev - 'ry dan-ger ev - 'ry snare, My heed-less steps de - fend.

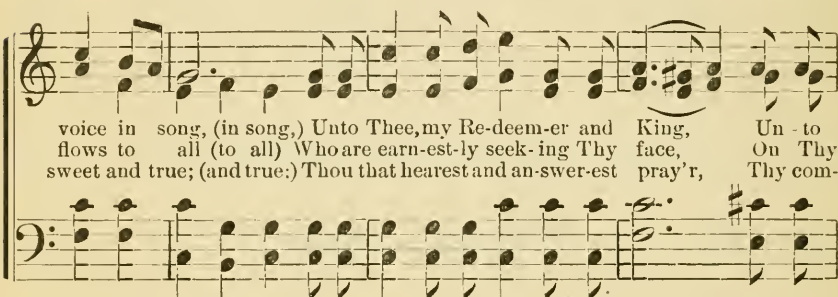
No. 137. UNTO THEE WILL I SING.

IDA L. REED.

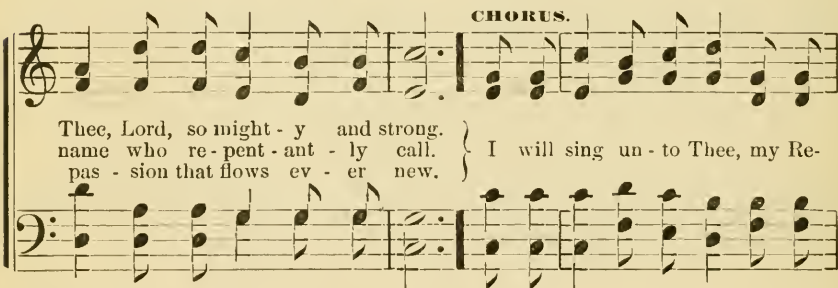
W. T. GIFFE.



1. Un-to Thee, O, my strength will I sing, (will I sing,) I will lift up my
 2. I will sing of Thy love and Thy grace, (and Thy grace,) Of Thy pi - ty that
 3. I will sing of Thy kind ten - der care, (tender care.) Of Thy pro - mis - es

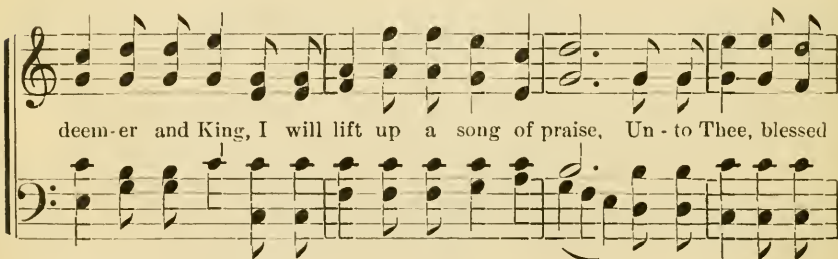


voice in song, (in song,) Unto Thee, my Re-deem-er and King, Un - to
 flows to all (to all) Who are earn-est-ly seek-ing Thy face, On Thy
 sweet and true; (and true;) Thou that hearest and an-swer-est pray'r, Thy com-



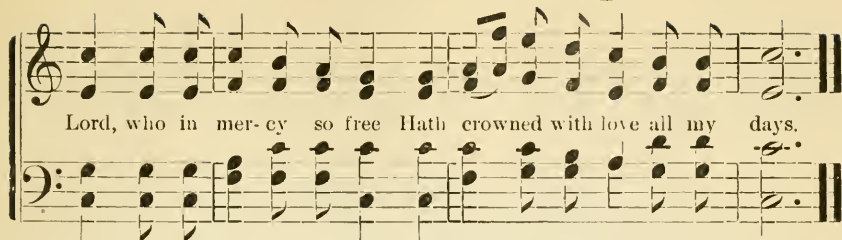
CHORUS.

Thee, Lord, so might - y and strong. } I will sing un - to Thee, my Re-
 name who re - pent - ant - ly call. }
 pas - sion that flows ev - er new. }



deem-er and King, I will lift up a song of praise, Un - to Thee, blessed

Unto Thee Will I Sing.

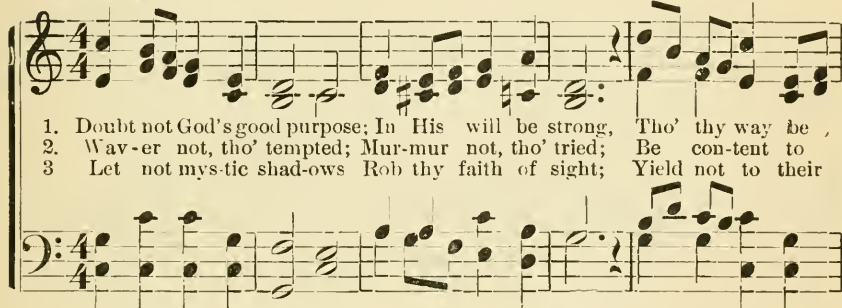


Lord, who in mer-cy so free Hath crowned with love all my days.

No. 138. DOUBT NOT GOD'S GOOD PURPOSE.

E. S. D.
Moderato.

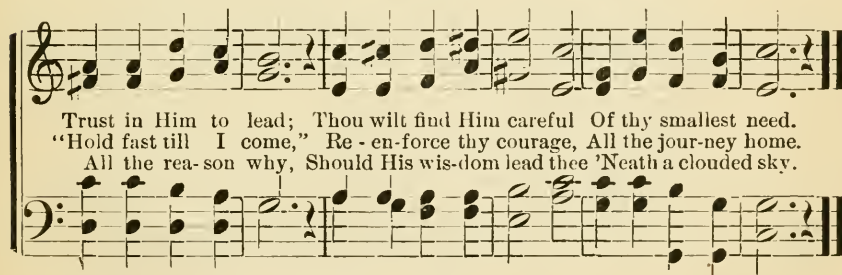
EMMA S. DAY
Arr. by W. T. G.



1. Doubt not God's good purpose; In His will be strong, Tho' thy way be
2. Wav-er not, tho' tempted; Mur-mur not, tho' tried; Be con-tent to
3. Let not mys-tic shad-ows Rob thy faith of sight; Yield not to their



drea - ry, And the path be long. Ask thou Him to help thee;
fol - low, And in Him a - bide. Let the lov-ing mes - sage,
pres - sure, But withstand their might; Thou shalt know here af - ter



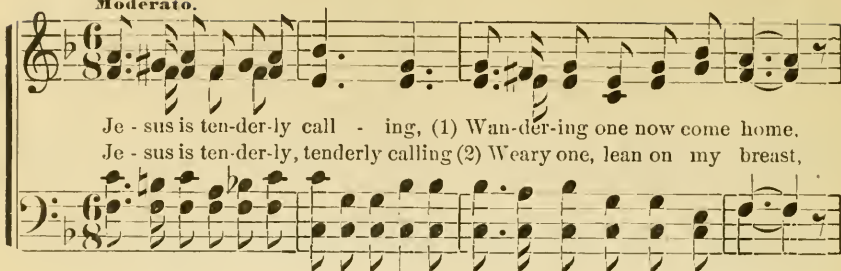
Trust in Him to lead; Thou wilt find Him careful Of thy smallest need.
"Hold fast till I come," Re - en-force thy courage, All the jour-ney home.
All the rea-son why, Should His wis-dom lead thee 'Neath a clouded sky.

No. 139.

JESUS IS CALLING.

D. E. B.

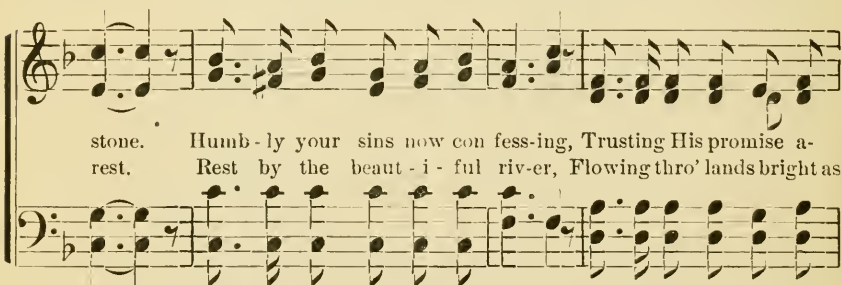
D. E. BRYER.

Moderato.


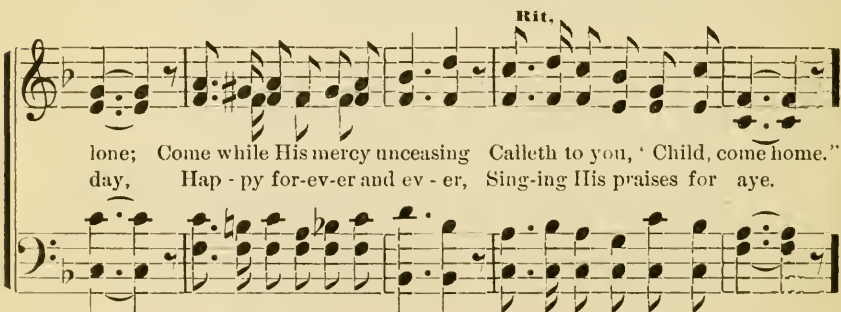
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing, (1) Wan - der - ing one now come home.
 Je - sus is ten - der - ly, tenderly calling (2) Weary one, lean on my breast,



Tones like sweet mu - sic are fall - ing, Melt - ing hearts hard - er than
 Ye that are heav - i - ly la - den, Come un - to me and find



stone. Humb - ly your sins now con fess - ing, Trusting His promise a -
 rest. Rest by the beaut - i - ful riv - er, Flowing thro' lands bright as



lone; Come while His mercy unceasing Calleth to you, ' Child, come home.'
 day, Hap - py for - ev - er and ev - er, Sing - ing His praises for aye.

Jesus is Calling.

CHORUS.

Ten - der - ly call - ing, Wan - der - er, come to your home,
Tenderly call-ing,

Rit.

Ten - der ly call - ing, Je - sus is call - ing, "Come home."
Tenderly call-ing,

No. 140.

CARTWRIGHT.

W. T. GIFFE.

Andante.

1. Se - rene I laid me down Be - neath His guar - dian care;
2. Thus does Thine arm sup - port This weak de - fense - less frame;
3. My life I would a - new De - vote, O Lord, to Thee;

Cres.

Dim.

I slept, and I a - woke and found My kind pre - serv - er near.
But whence these favors, Lord, to me, All worth - less as I am!
And in Thy ser - vice I would spend A long e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 141. BEAUTIFUL LIGHTS OF HOME.

IDA L. REED.

W. T. GIFFE.

1. Beau-ti-ful lights of home, Shine where the err-ing stray,
 2. Beau-ti-ful lights so clear, Shine in thy glo-ry, shine,
 3. Beau-ti-ful lights a-glow, Send out thy guid-ing ray,

Where they in dark-ness roam, Point to the brighter way.
 Bring-ing the lost ones dear, Back, by thy rays di-vine.
 Smile on us here be-low, Point to the nar-row way.

CHORUS.

Beautiful lights beautiful lights..... Beautiful lights of
 Beautiful lights, Beautiful lights,

home,.... beautiful lights of home.. Shine where the wand'ers stray,. Guide them a-
 Beautiful lights of home, beautiful lights of home, Shine where the wand'ers stray, Guide

Beautiful Lights of Home.

right, we pray, . . . Beautiful lights of home, beautiful lights of home.
them a-right, we pray,

No. 142. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD. No. 1.

REV. J. F. JAUGHERTY.

MILLO W. NETHERCUTT.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd; His pro-mise is sure, The lambs in His
2. The Lord is my Shepherd; I love His con-trol, He lift - eth me
3. The Lord is my Shepherd; His goodness so true, And mer - cy shall

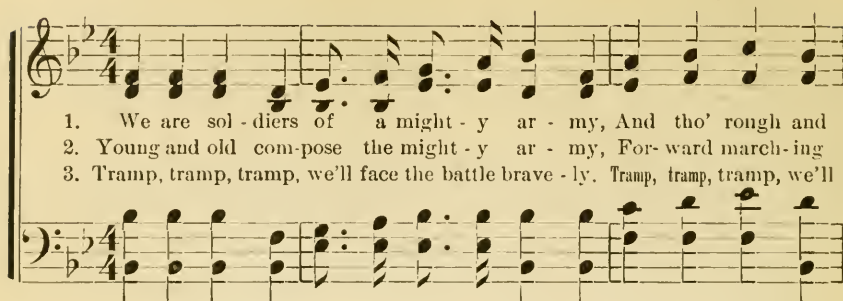
bos-om are al - ways se - cure; Whate'er may betide those without,
up, He re - stor - eth my soul; Re-joic - ing in hope of sal - va -
fol-low me all the way thro'; And then, when my journey shall end,

I am told
tion, I'm told I nev- er shall want while I keep in the fold.
I am told

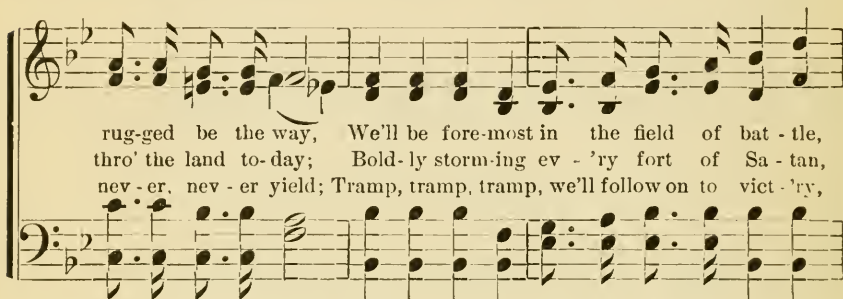
No. 143. WE'LL OVERTHROW THE WRONG.

J. T. R.

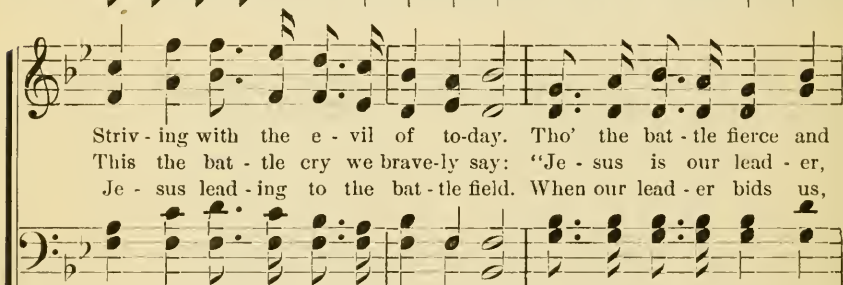
J. T. REESE.



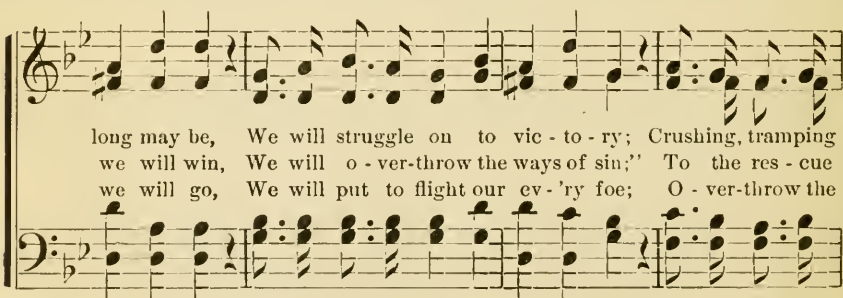
1. We are sol - diers of a might - y ar - my, And tho' rough and
 2. Young and old com - pose the might - y ar - my, For - ward march - ing
 3. Tramp, tramp, tramp, we'll face the battle brave - ly. Tramp, tramp, tramp, we'll



rug - ged be the way, We'll be fore - most in the field of bat - tle,
 thro' the land to - day; Bold - ly storm - ing ev - 'ry fort of Sa - tan,
 nev - er, nev - er yield; Tramp, tramp, tramp, we'll follow on to vict - 'ry,



Striv - ing with the e - vil of to - day. Tho' the bat - tle fierce and
 This the bat - tle cry we brave - ly say: "Je - sus is our lead - er,
 Je - sus lead - ing to the bat - tle field. When our lead - er bids us,



long may be, We will struggle on to vic - to - ry; Crushing, tramping
 we will win, We will o - ver - throw the ways of sin;" To the res - cue
 we will go, We will put to flight our ev - 'ry foe; O - ver - throw the

We'll Overthrow the Wrong.

ev - 'ry e - vil down, Till at last we gain a golden crown;
of a fal - len world, Be our might - y col - umns bravely hurled;
wrong, de - fend the right, This we'll write up - on our ban - ner bright;

We'll be foremost in the field of battle, Striving with the e - vil of to-day.

CHORUS.

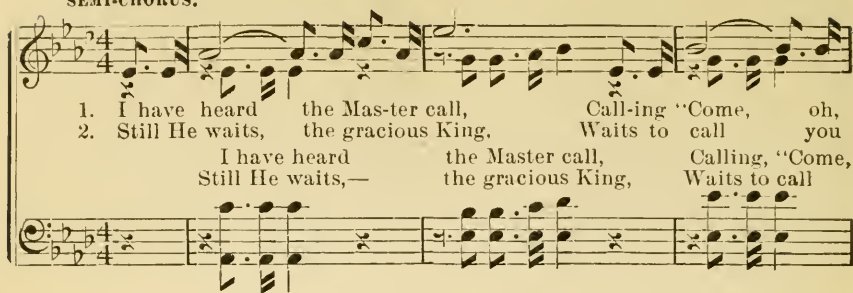
On, joining an ar-my strong, On, ju-bi-lant now our song,
On on, on, On, on, on,

On, happy ex - ul - tant throng, We'll o - ver-throw the wrong.

No. 144. COME, OH, COME TO ME!

ANNA D. BRADLEY.
SEMI-CHORUS.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. I have heard the Mas-ter call, Call-ing "Come, oh,
2. Still He waits, the gracious King, Waits to call you

I have heard the Master call, Calling, "Come,
Still He waits,— the gracious King, Waits to call



come to me!" Oh, my soul..... awake, re-joice.
to His side. Will you trust..... His guarding care?

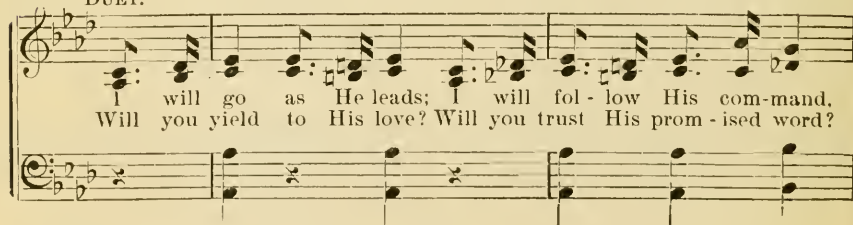
oh, come to me!" Oh, my soul, awake, re-joice,
you to His side, Will you trust His guarding care?



Lo! the King..... is need - ing thee,
Will you in..... His mer - cy hide?

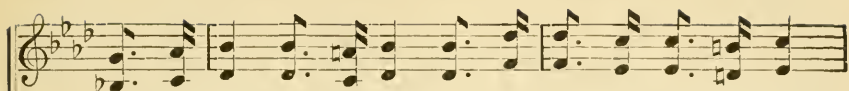
Lo! the King is need - ing thee,
Will you in His mer - cy hide?

DUET.



I will go as He leads; I will fol - low His com-mand.
Will you yield to His love? Will you trust His prom - ised word?

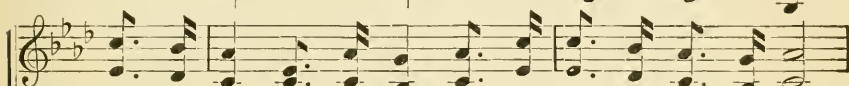
Come, Oh, Come to Me!



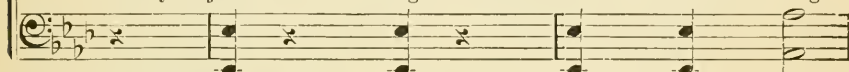
I will trust to His love; I will clasp His guid - ing hand.
Will you come in the fold And be shelter - ed by His blood?



Mas - ter, lead Thou the way, I will glad - ly fol - low Thee,
Will you fight in the name Of our Lead - er and our King,



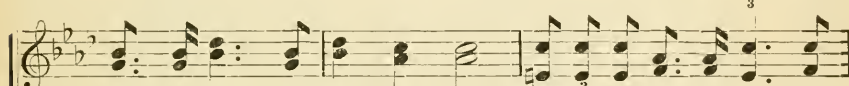
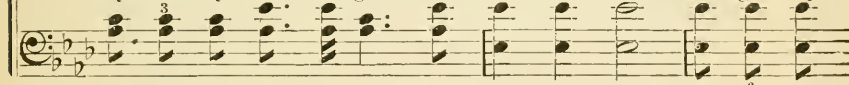
All I ask is to know Is my Sav - ior lead - ing me?
Will you join in the song Which His blood-washed soldiers sing?



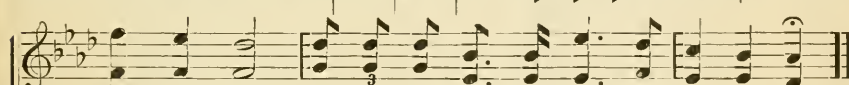
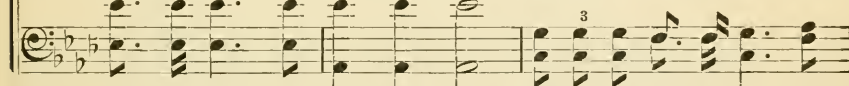
FULL CHORUS.



Joy - ful - ly I will go at His com - mand: Ea - ger - ly



I will clasp His guid - ing hand; Trust - ful - ly, I will fol - low



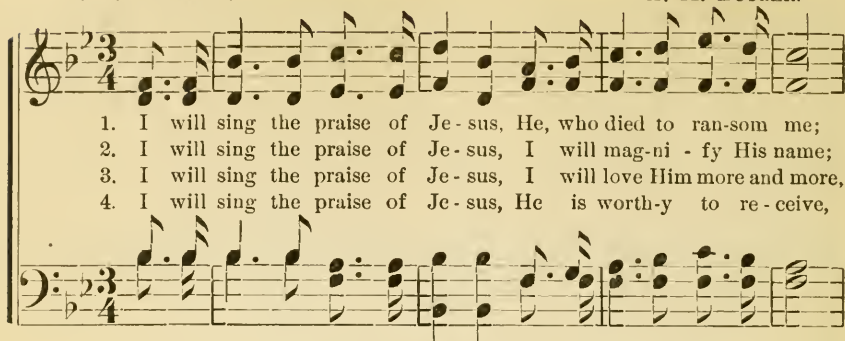
day by day; Lov - ing - ly He will guide me all the way,



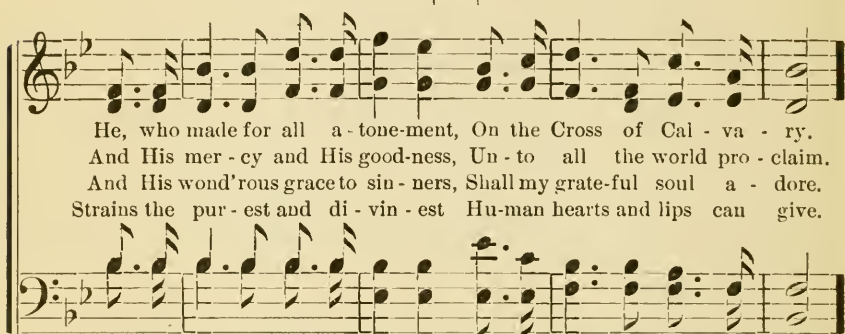
No. 145. I WILL SING THE PRAISE OF JESUS.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

H. M. BUTLER.

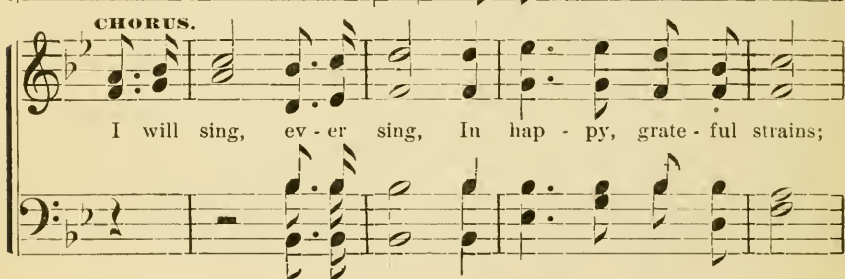


1. I will sing the praise of Je-sus, He, who died to ran-som me;
 2. I will sing the praise of Je-sus, I will mag-ni - fy His name;
 3. I will sing the praise of Je-sus, I will love Him more and more,
 4. I will sing the praise of Je-sus, He is worth-y to re-ceive,

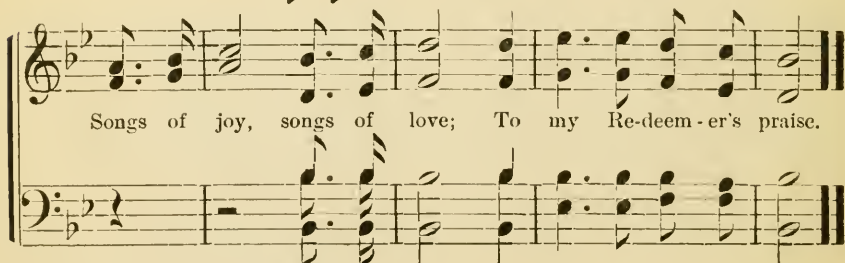


He, who made for all a - tone-ment, On the Cross of Cal - va - ry.
 And His mer - cy and His good-ness, Un - to all the world pro - claim.
 And His wond'rous grace to sin - ners, Shall my grate-ful soul a - dore,
 Strains the pur - est and di - vin - est Hu-man hearts and lips can give.

CHORUS.



I will sing, ev - er sing, In hap - py, grate - ful strains;



Songs of joy, songs of love; To my Re-deem - er's praise.


No. 146. I'M ON MY JOURNEY HOME.

R. A. EVILSIZER.

L. M. EVILSIZER.



1. I am bound for the land of corn and wine, I'm on my journey home;
2. I'm near - ing heav - en's bor - der land, I'm on my journey home;
3. Tho' the way be long and the riv - er deep, I'm on my journey home;
4. I can see the saints and the Great White Throue, I'm on my journey home;
5. I can hear the song that the an - gels sing, I'm on my journey home;

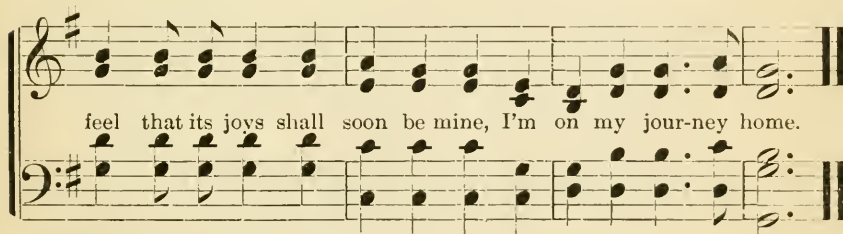


And I feel that its joys shall soon be mine, I'm on my journey home.
 And I feel the clasp of my Saviour's hand, I'm on my journey home.
 I can lay me down and sweet-ly sleep, I'm on my journey home.
 And the Son of Man whose glo-ry shone, I'm on my journey home.
 And see them crowning the Saviour King, I'm on my journey home.

CHORUS.



I'm on my jour-ney home, I'm on my jour-ney home, And I

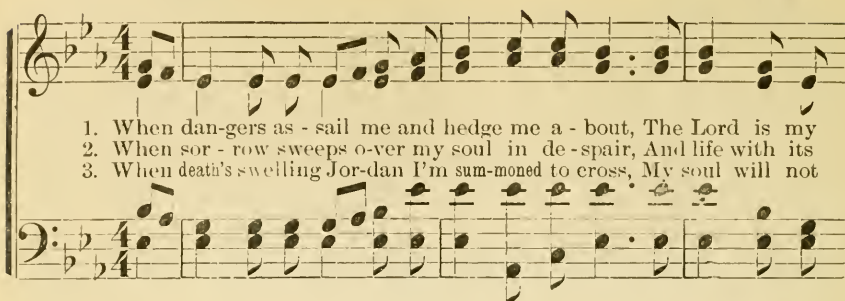


feel that its joys shall soon be mine, I'm on my jour-ney home.

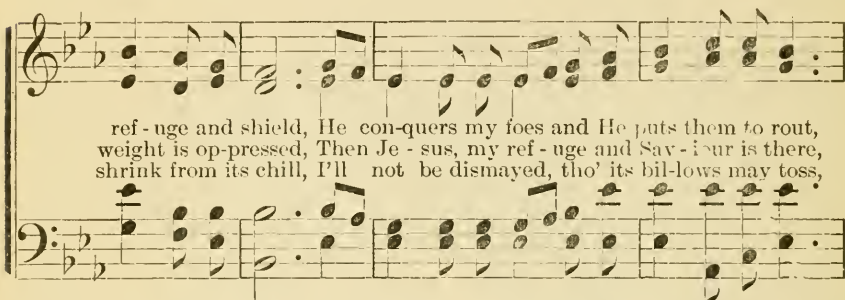
No. 147. THE LORD IS MY REFUGE.

R. A. EVILSIZER.

J. A. SMITH.

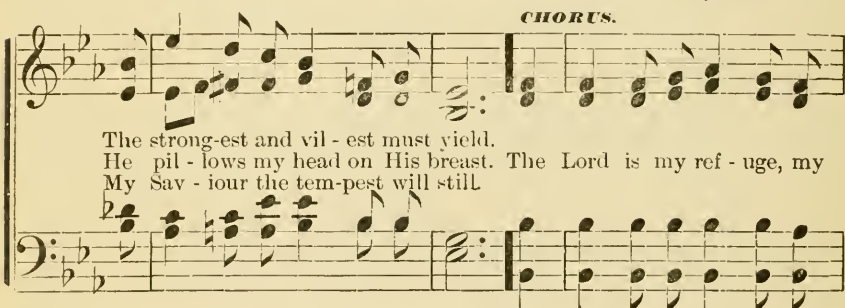


1. When dan-gers as - sail me and hedge me a - bout, The Lord is my
 2. When sor - row sweeps o-ver my soul in de-spair, And life with its
 3. When death's swelling Jor-dan I'm sum-moned to cross, My soul will not

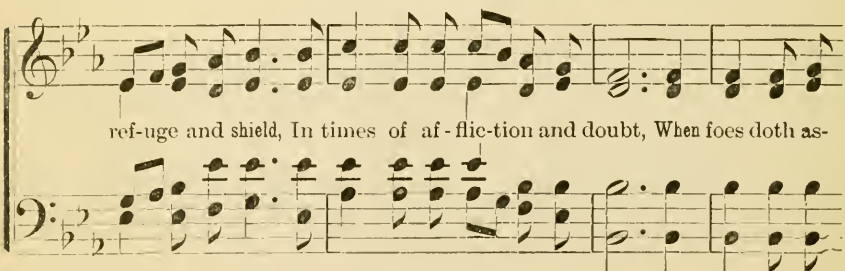


ref-uge and shield, He con-quers my foes and He puts them to rout,
 weight is op-pressed, Then Je - sus, my ref - uge and Sav - iour is there,
 shrink from its chill, I'll not be dismayed, tho' its bil-lows may toss,

CHORUS.



The strong-est and vil - est must yield.
 He pil - lows my head on His breast. The Lord is my ref - uge, my
 My Sav - iour the tem-pest will still



ref-uge and shield, In times of af - flic-tion and doubt, When foes doth as-

THE LORD IS MY REFUGE.

sail me and press me to yield, The Lord is my for-tress with-out.

No. 148. ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.

DESIGNED FOR A QUARTET.

Welch Air,

J. L. LAWSON.

Arr. by W. T. GIFFE.

Andante. *p* *m* *m* *p* *p*

1. In our beds we lie a sleep-ing, All thro' the night, While good angels
2. While we sleep, of sweet things dreaming, All thro' the night, Sil-ver moon is

Dim. *m* *f*

watch are keeping, All thro' the night. But be-fore we go to slumber,
o'er us beaming, All thro' the night. All the world to rest is go-ing,

m *Dim.* *p* *m* *p* *pp*

We will pray our Heav'nly Father, That He keep us safe from danger, All thro' the night.
Twi-light in-to darkness growing; To us all may peace be giv-en All thro' the night.

No. 149. WE ARE LITTLE TOILERS.

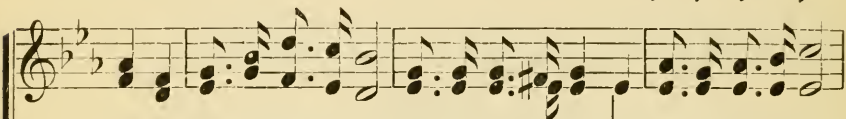
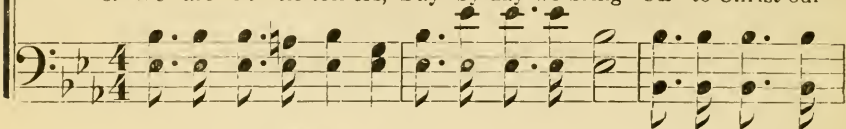
IDA L. REED.

PRIMARY CLASS.

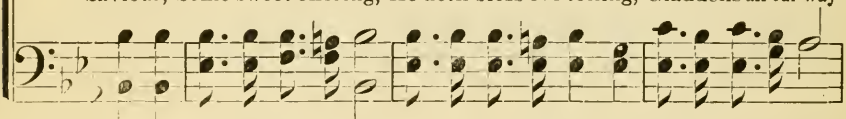
R. A. GLEEN.



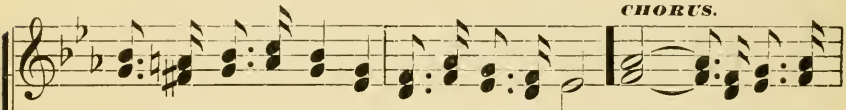
1. We are lit - tle toil-ers, For our Lord and King, Pa-tient-ly we
2. We are lit - tle toil-ers, In His vine-yard fair, We with joy are
3. We are lit - tle toil-ers, Day by day we bring Un - to Christ our



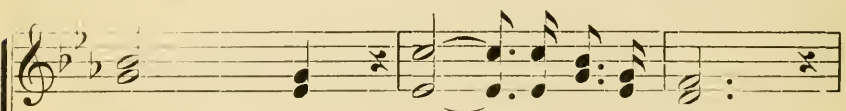
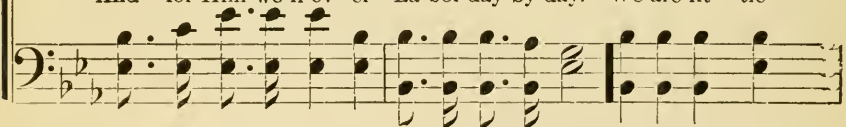
labor, Love's sweet gifts to bring, Unto Him who loves us, Humble tho' they be,
filling Our small places there, Jesus helps us onward, All our ways doth see,
Saviour, Some sweet offering, He doth bless our toiling, Gladdens all our way



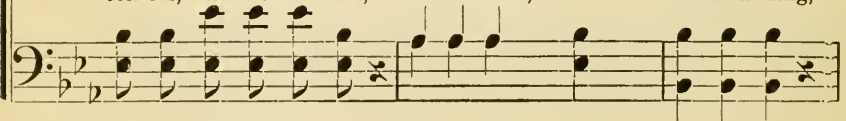
CHORUS.



Yet our Lord will bless them, In His mer-cy free. We are lit - tle
Will - ing lit - tle servants, Un - to Him we'll be.
And for Him we'll ev - er La-bor day by day. We are lit - tle



toil
toil-ers, lit - tle toil-ers, For our Lord and King,
For our Lord, our Lord and King,



WE ARE LITTLE REAPERS.

Un - to Him we'll ev - er Love's sweet off'ring bring.
Un-to Him, Yes, unto Him we'll ever

150. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD. No. 2.

Mrs. ELIZA V. BENNETT.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd. Sup - ply-ing my need, And guid-ing my
2. To pas-tures the sweet-est— For He knows them best,—He beck-ons me
3. Tho' I pass thro' the val-ley Where life's visions fade, Into death's dismal
4. Where the foe may behold it, My ta - ble is spread With wine of His
5. Thus goodness and mer - cy Shall fol - low me still, While my days in their

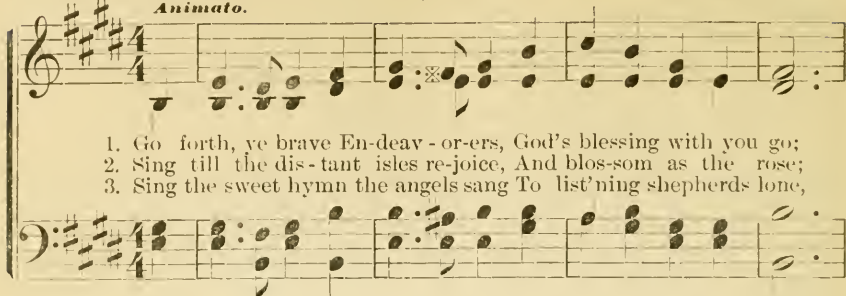
footsteps Thro' val - ley and mead, From His life giv - ing sources Spring
on-ward To ha - vens of rest, My soul He re - stor - eth, And
shad-ows, His arm is my aid, What then will I fear? His
wis-dom, And heav-en - ly bread; My cup o - ver - flow-eth, With
fleet-ing, Life's measure shall fill; Till at last when a - wak-ing, Oh

wa-ters that glide, And the wells of sal - vation I lin - ger be - side.
leads in the ways Of His love and His coun-sel 'Mid earth's weary maze.
sol - ace supplied, Nor His rod, nor His staff to My weakness de - nied.
boun - ty and grace, While the oil from my head on My gar - ments I trace.
joy! I may dwell In the house of my Shepherd, His prais-es to swell.

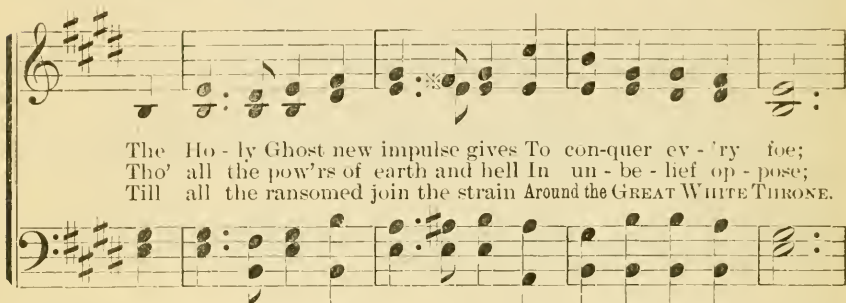
No. 151. Go Forth, Ye Brave Endeavorers!

CHAS. STURTEVANT.
Animato.

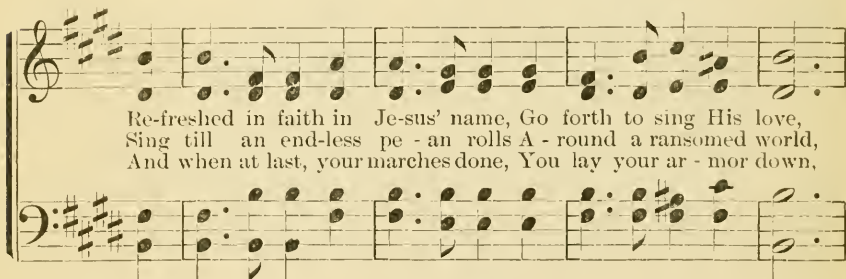
L. B. CHAPMAN.



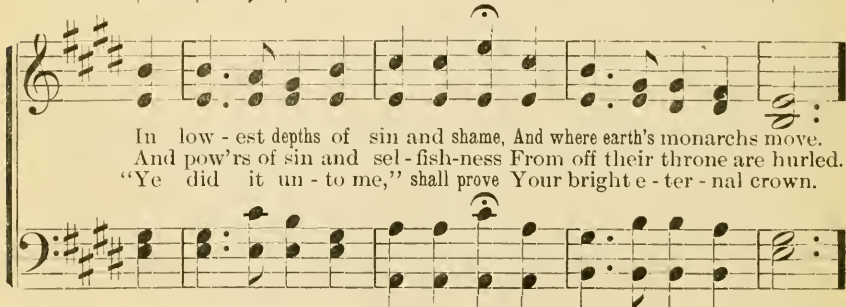
1. Go forth, ye brave En-deav-or-ers, God's blessing with you go;
2. Sing till the dis-tant isles re-joice, And blos-som as the rose;
3. Sing the sweet hymn the angels sang To list'n'g shepherds lone,



The Ho-ly Ghost new impulse gives To con-quer ev-'ry foe;
Tho' all the pow'rs of earth and hell In un-be-lief op-pose;
Till all the ransomed join the strain Around the GREAT WHITE THRONE.



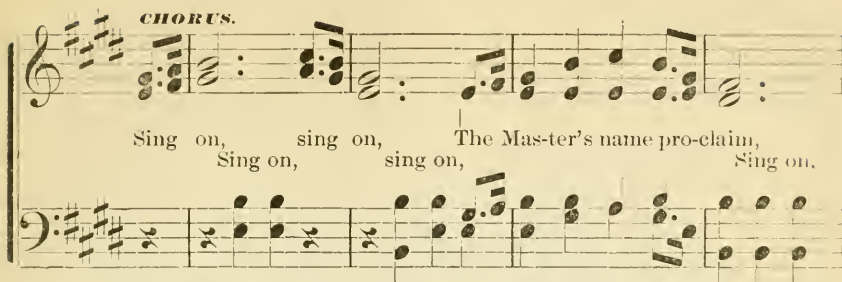
Re-freshed in faith in Je-sus' name, Go forth to sing His love,
Sing till an end-less pe-an rolls A-round a ransomed world,
And when at last, your marches done, You lay your ar-mor down,



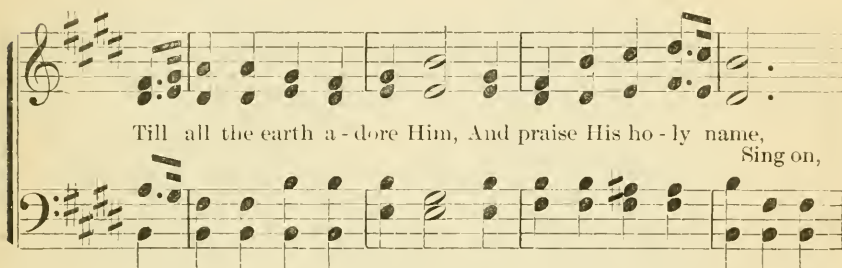
In low-est depths of sin and shame, And where earth's monarchs move.
And pow'rs of sin and sel-fish-ness From off their throne are hurled.
"Ye did it un-to me," shall prove Your bright e-ter-nal crown.

GO FORTH, YE BRAVE ENDEAVORERS!

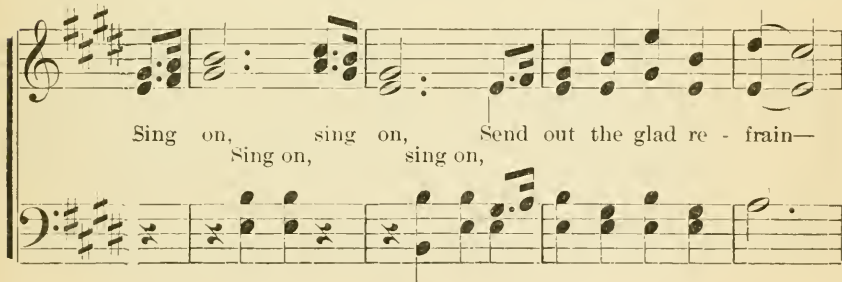
CHORUS.



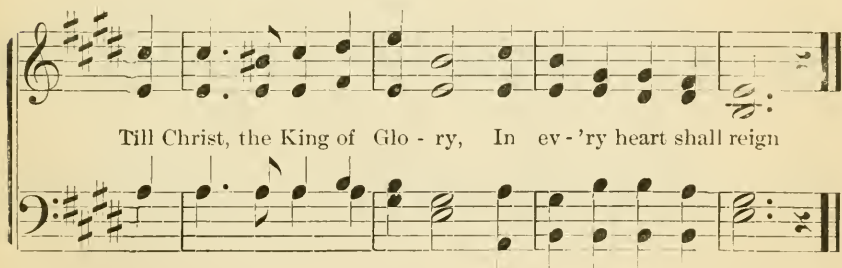
Sing on, sing on, The Mas-ter's name pro-claim, Sing on,
Sing on, sing on, sing on, Sing on,



Till all the earth a-dore Him, And praise His ho-ly name,
Sing on,



Sing on, sing on, Send out the glad re-frain—
Sing on, sing on, sing on,



Till Christ, the King of Glo-ry, In ev-'ry heart shall reign

No. 152. COME TO HIS LOVING ARMS.

Rev. R. H. McDANIEL.

H. H. JOHNSON.

DUET.

1. The Saviour is call - ing thee, Oh, wandering sinner hear;
 2. Just now is the day of grace, To-mor-row may be to late;
 3. He now will forgive your sins, And make you an heir of heav'n;
 4. No oth-er can save your soul, No oth-er a crown be-stow;

And now from destruction flee, While pardon and peace are near.
 Then hasten to seek His face, And enter salvation's gate.
 He'll give you sweet peace within, And witness of sins for-giv'n.
 Oh, yield to His sweet con-trol, And with us to glo-ry go.

CHORUS.

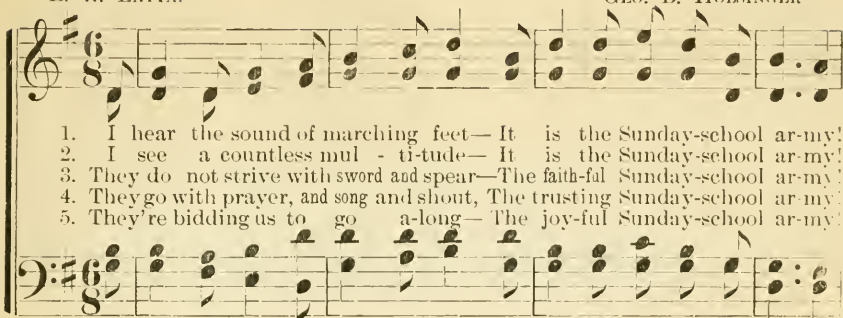
Then come, come to His lov-ing arms He'll shield you from sin's alarms;
 Come, come, come, oh come, Come, come, Come, oh come,

Oh, come, ere He pass-es by, And leaves you alone to die.

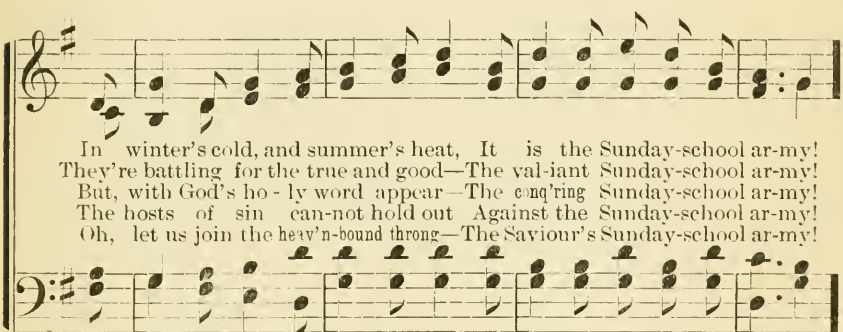
No. 153. THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ARMY.

E. R. LATTA.

GEO. B. HOLSINGER

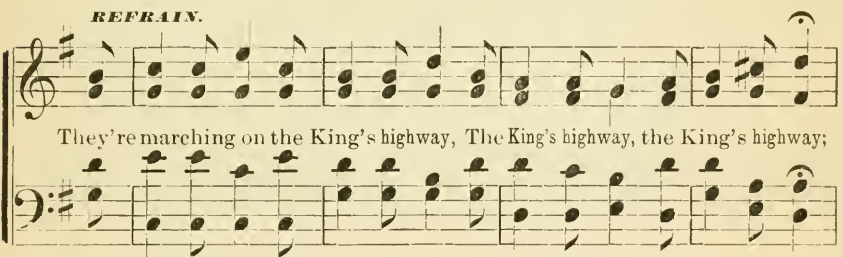


1. I hear the sound of marching feet— It is the Sunday-school ar-my!
 2. I see a countless mul - ti-tude— It is the Sunday-school ar-my!
 3. They do not strive with sword and spear—The faith-ful Sunday-school ar-my!
 4. They go with prayer, and song and shout, The trusting Sunday-school ar-my!
 5. They're bidding us to go a-long— The joy-ful Sunday-school ar-my!

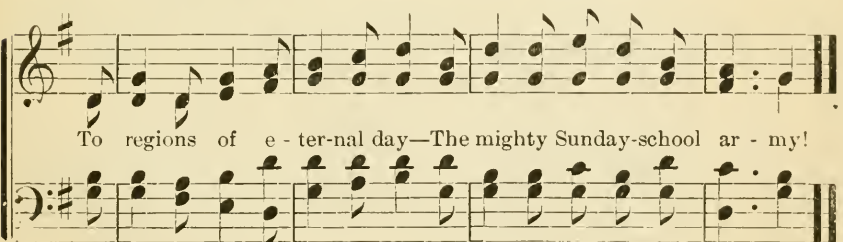


In winter's cold, and summer's heat, It is the Sunday-school ar-my!
 They're battling for the true and good—The val-iant Sunday-school ar-my!
 But, with God's ho - ly word appear—The con-g'ring Sunday-school ar-my!
 The hosts of sin can-not hold out Against the Sunday-school ar-my!
 Oh, let us join the heav'n-bound throng—The Savi-our's Sunday-school ar-my!

REFRAIN.



They're marching on the King's highway, The King's highway, the King's highway;

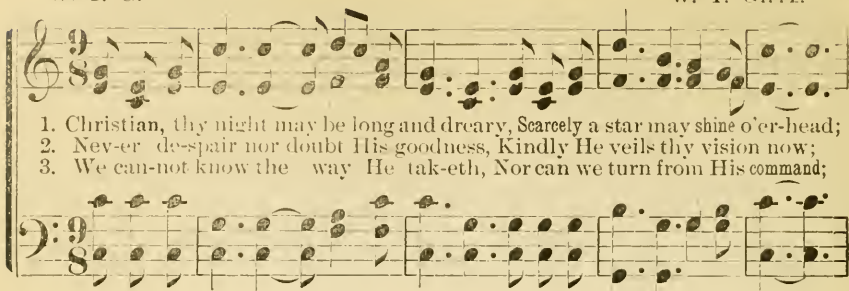


To regions of e - ter-nal day—The mighty Sunday-school ar - my!

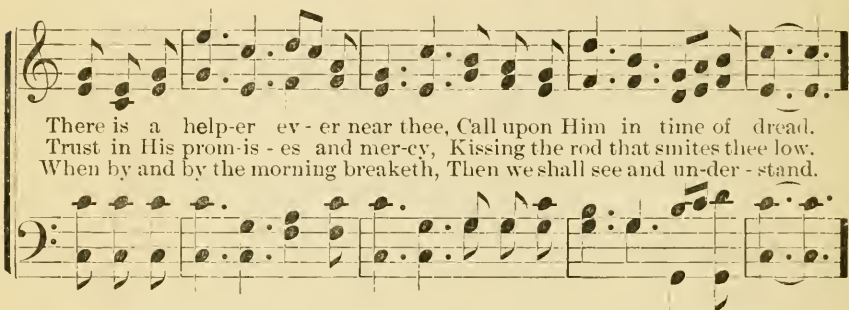
No. 154. By And By Will Come The Morning.

W. T. G.

W. T. GIFFE.

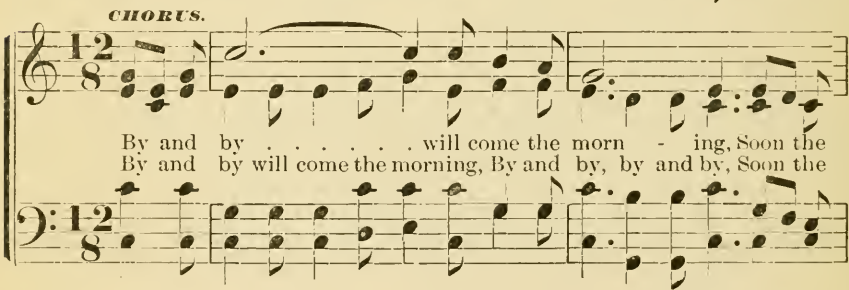


1. Christian, thy night may be long and dreary, Scarcely a star may shine o'er-head;
 2. Nev-er de-spair nor doubt His goodness, Kindly He veils thy vision now;
 3. We can-not know the way He tak-eth, Nor can we turn from His command;

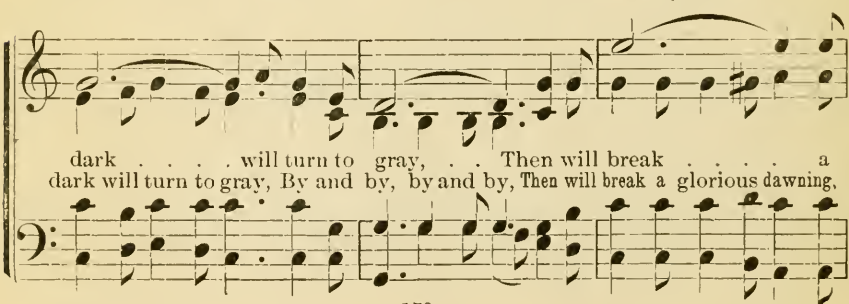


There is a help-er ev-er near thee, Call upon Him in time of dread.
 Trust in His prom-is-es and mer-cy, Kissing the rod that smites thee low.
 When by and by the morning breaketh, Then we shall see and un-der-stand.

CHORUS.



By and by . . . will come the morn-ing, Soon the
 By and by will come the morning, By and by, by and by, Soon the



dark . . . will turn to gray, Then will break a
 dark will turn to gray, By and by, by and by, Then will break a glorious dawning.

BY AND BY WILL COME THE MORNING.

glorious dawn - ing, Clearing all . . . thy griefs a - way.
By and by, by and by, Clearing all thy griefs away. By and by, by and by.

No. 155. THE GOLDEN SOMEWHERE.

MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

W. T. GIFFE.

1. Oft with broken spir - it, Pen - i - tent we kneel, Pleading that a
2. Earthly life has sor - rows, Loads of anxious care, And we long for
3. Ev'ry pain that wrong has Caused the heart to bear, Grace di - vine has
4. Oh, the sweet communion, Oh, the joy and love Wait - ing for the

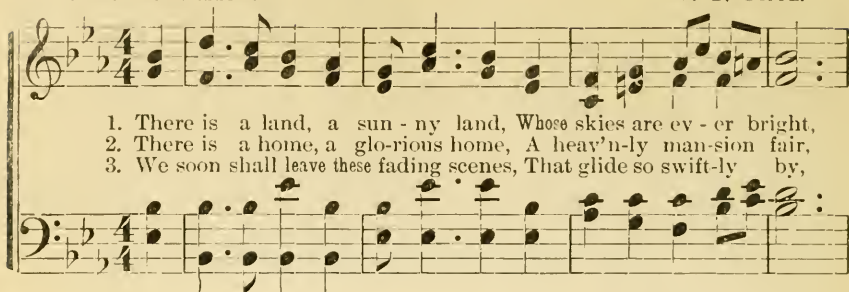
bles - sing, All our woes may heal. Then the answer cheers us With its
heav - en's Pure, ce - les - tial air. How the hope can thrill us With its
banished From that world so fair. E'en the sins that vex us Shutting
faith - ful In that land a - bove! Lift thine eye, then, Christian. Be no

comfort blest; In the golden Somewhere There is rest, sweet rest.
pro-mise blest; In the golden Somewhere, Love, and home and rest.
us from heav'n, In the golden Somewhere All shall be for - giv'n.
more cast down, In the golden Somewhere Thou shalt wear a crown.

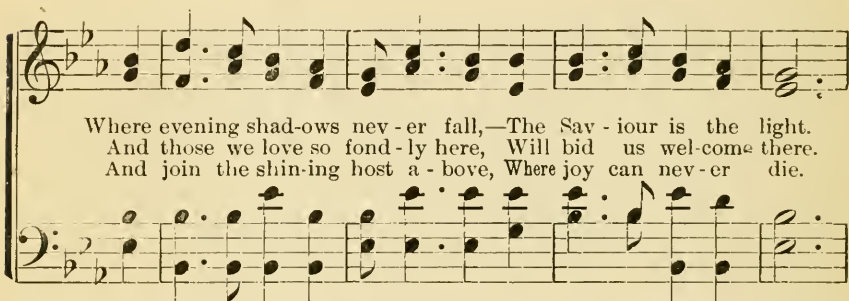
NO. 156. THE BRIGHT FOR EVERMORE.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

W. T. GIFFE.

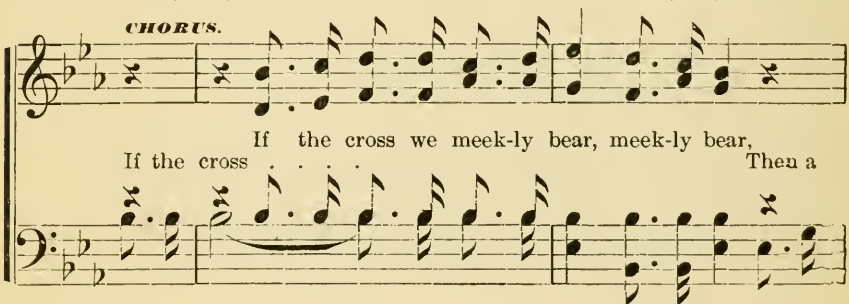


1. There is a land, a sun - ny land, Whose skies are ev - er bright,
 2. There is a home, a glo - rious home, A heav'n - ly man - sion fair,
 3. We soon shall leave these fading scenes, That glide so swift - ly by,

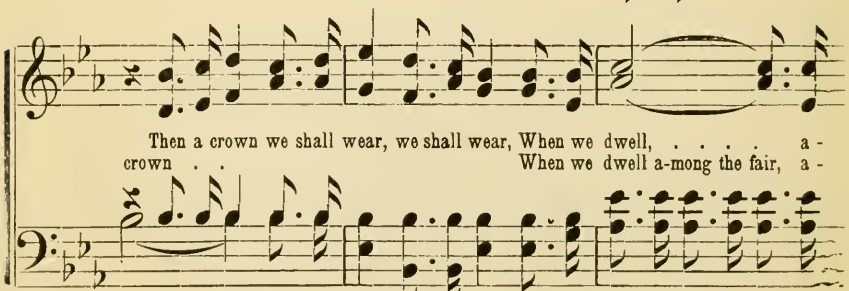


Where evening shad - ows nev - er fall, — The Sav - iour is the light.
 And those we love so fond - ly here, Will bid us wel - come there.
 And join the shin - ing host a - bove, Where joy can nev - er die.

CHORUS.



If the cross we meek - ly bear, meek - ly bear,
 If the cross Then a



Then a crown we shall wear, we shall wear, When we dwell, . . . a -
 When we dwell a - mong the fair, a -

THE BRIGHT FOR EVERMORE.

mong the fair, In the bright for ev - er - more.
 mong the fair, a-mong the fair, In the bright for ev-ermore, ev-er - more.

No. 157. The Reaper and the Flowers.

HENRY W. LONGFLELOW.

FOR FUNERALS.

W. T. GIFFE.

1- There is a Reaper whose name is Death, And with his sick - le keen,
 2. "Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he "Have naught but the beard - ed grain?
 3. He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes, He kissed their droop - ing leaves;
 4. "My Lord has need of these flow'rets gay," The Reaper said, and smiled;
 5. "They shall all bloom in fields of Light, Transplanted by my care.
 6. And the mother gave in tears and pain, The flowers she most did love:
 7. Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath, The Reaper came that day:

He reaps the bearded grain at a breath, And the flowers that grow be - tween.
 Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me, I will give them all back a - gain."
 It was for the Lord of Paradise He bound them in his sheaves.
 "Dear tokens of the earth are they, Where He was once a child."
 And saints upon their garments white, These sacred blos - soms wear."
 She knew she should find them all again In the fields of light a - bove.
 'Twas an angel visited the green earth, And took the flowers a - way.

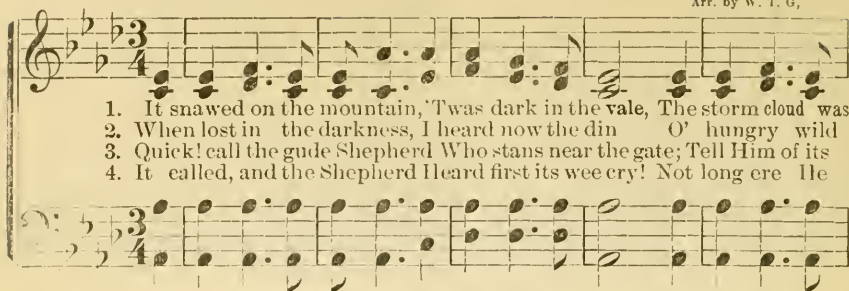
No. 158. YOUR LAMB OR MINE.

BREWER MATTOCKS.

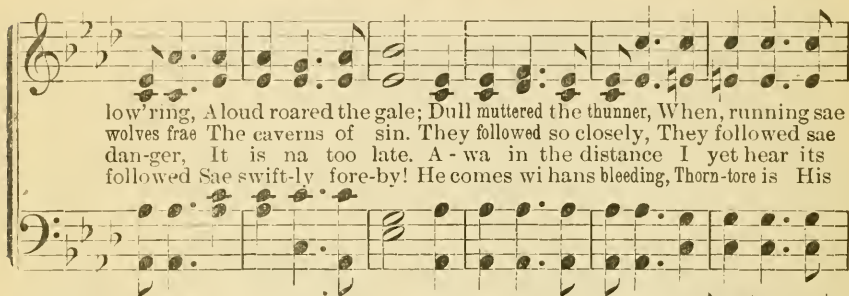
(SCOTCH.)

NETTIE. B. CHRISTIAN.

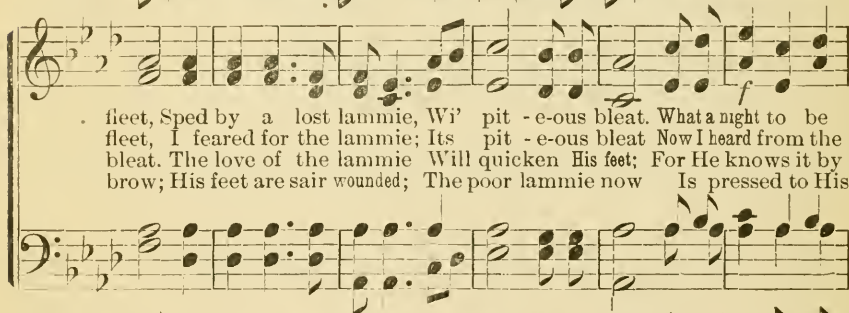
Arr. by W. T. G.



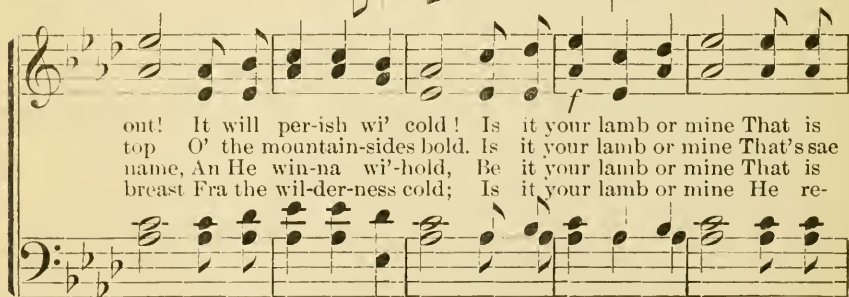
1. It snawed on the mountain, 'Twas dark in the vale, The storm cloud was
 2. When lost in the darkness, I heard now the din O' hungry wild
 3. Quick! call the gude Shepherd Who stans near the gate; Tell Him of its
 4. It called, and the Shepherd Heard first its wee cry! Not long ere He



low'ring, Aloud roared the gale; Dull muttered the thunner, When, running sae
 wolves frae The caverns of sin. They followed so closely, They followed sae
 dan-ger, It is na too late. A-wa in the distance I yet hear its
 followed Sae swift-ly fore-by! He comes wi hans bleeding, Thorn-tore is His



fleet, Sped by a lost lammie, Wi' pit-e-ous bleat. What a night to be
 fleet, I feared for the lammie; Its pit-e-ous bleat Now I heard from the
 bleat. The love of the lammie Will quicken His feet; For He knows it by
 brow; His feet are sair wounded; The poor lammie now Is pressed to His



out! It will per-ish wi' cold! Is it your lamb or mine That is
 top O' the mountain-sides bold. Is it your lamb or mine That's sae
 name, An He win-na wi'-hold, Be it your lamb or mine That is
 breast Fra the wil-der-ness cold; Is it your lamb or mine He re-

YOUR LAMB OR MINE.

gane fra the fold? Is it your lamb or mine That is gane fra the fold?
 far from the fold? Is it your lamb or mine That's sae far from the fold?
 gane fra the fold, Be it your lamb or mine That is gane fra the fold.
 turns to the fold? Is it your lamb or mine He returns to the fold?

No. 159. HOLY, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY.

R. HEBER, D. D.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
 2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! All the saints adore Thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! Tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eyes of

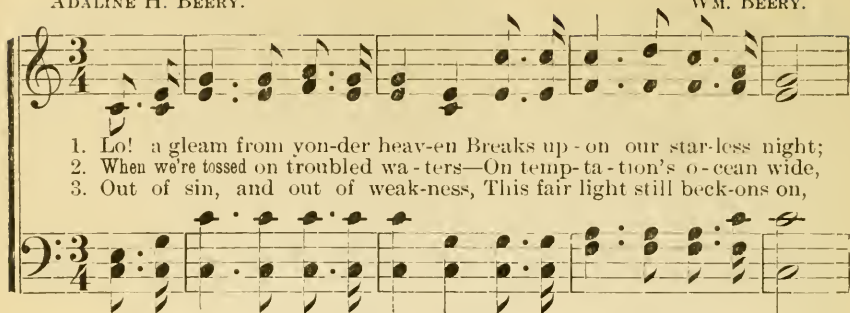
morn - ing our songs shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly. Ho-ly Ho - ly!
 golden crowns around the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and Sera-phim
 sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see; On-ly Thou art ho - ly.

Mer-ci-ful and Might-y! God in three per-sons, blessed Trin-i - ty!
 fall-ing down before Thee, Which wert and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
 there is none beside Thee, Per-fect in pow'r, in love and pur-i - ty.

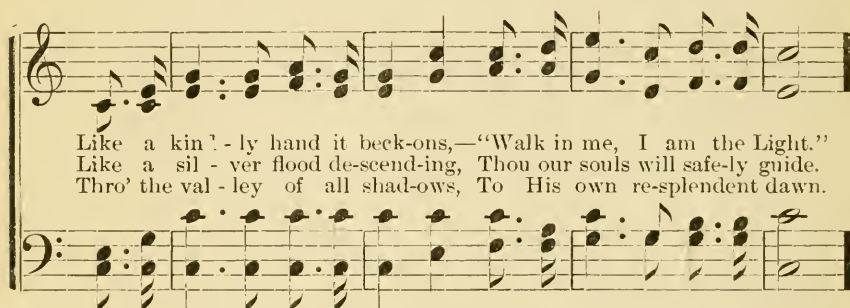
No. 160. THE BECKONING LIGHT.

ADALINE H. BEERY.

WM. BEERY.



1. Lo! a gleam from yon-der heav-en Breaks up-on our star-less night;
 2. When we're tossed on troubled wa-ters—On temp-ta-tion's o-cean wide,
 3. Out of sin, and out of weak-ness, This fair light still beck-ons on,

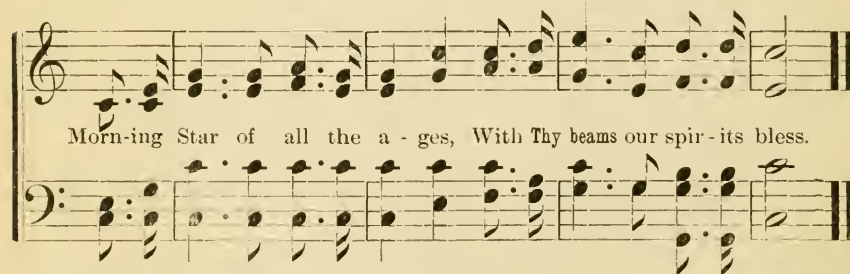


Like a kin'-ly hand it beck-ons,—“Walk in me, I am the Light.”
 Like a sil-ver flood de-scend-ing, Thou our souls will safe-ly guide.
 Thro' the val-ley of all shad-ows, To His own re-splend-ent dawn.

CHORUS.



Je-sus! Light se-re-ne, e-ter-nal! Glo-ri-ous Sun of Right-eous-ness!



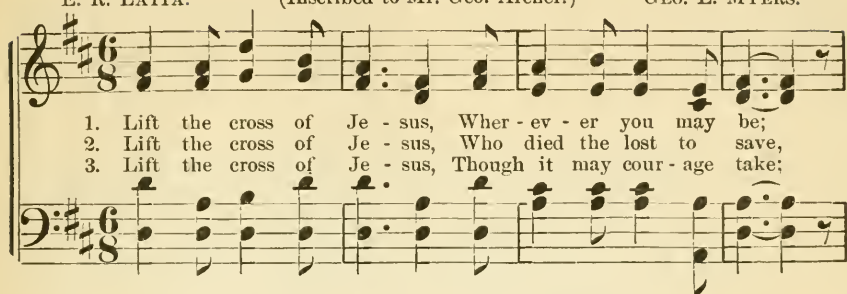
Morn-ing Star of all the a-ges, With Thy beams our spir-its bless.

No. 161. LIFT THE CROSS OF JESUS.

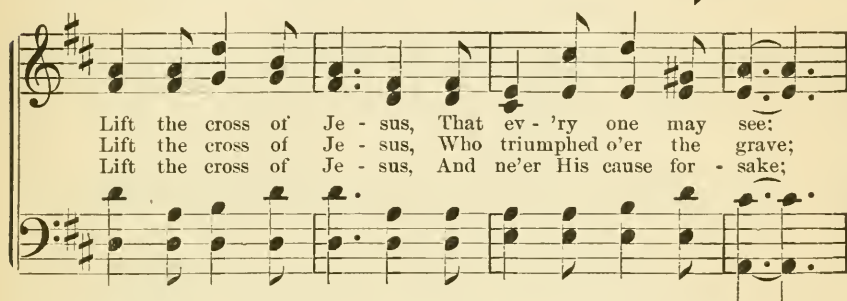
E. R. LATTA.

(Inscribed to Mr. Geo. Archer.)

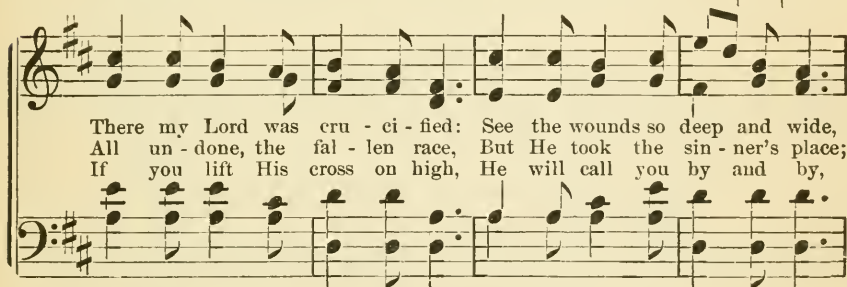
GEO. E. MYERS.



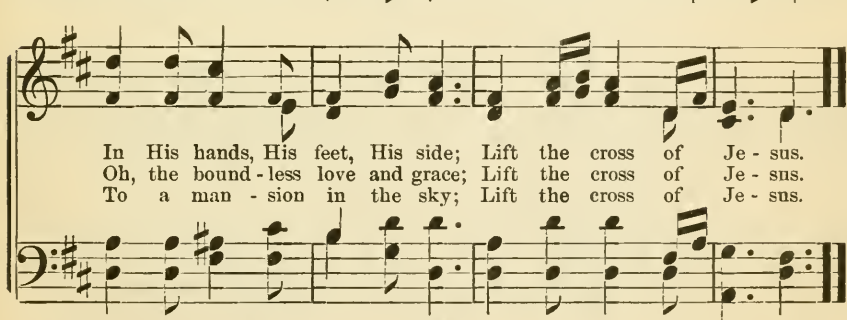
1. Lift the cross of Je - sus, Wher - ev - er you may be;
 2. Lift the cross of Je - sus, Who died the lost to save;
 3. Lift the cross of Je - sus, Though it may cour - age take;



Lift the cross of Je - sus, That ev - 'ry one may see;
 Lift the cross of Je - sus, Who triumphed o'er the grave;
 Lift the cross of Je - sus, And ne'er His cause for - sake;



There my Lord was cru - ci - fied: See the wounds so deep and wide,
 All un - done, the fal - len race, But He took the sin - ner's place;
 If you lift His cross on high, He will call you by and by,

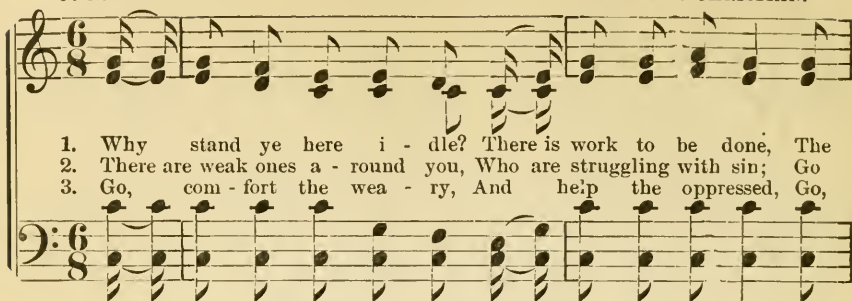


In His hands, His feet, His side; Lift the cross of Je - sus.
 Oh, the bound - less love and grace; Lift the cross of Je - sus.
 To a man - sion in the sky; Lift the cross of Je - sus.

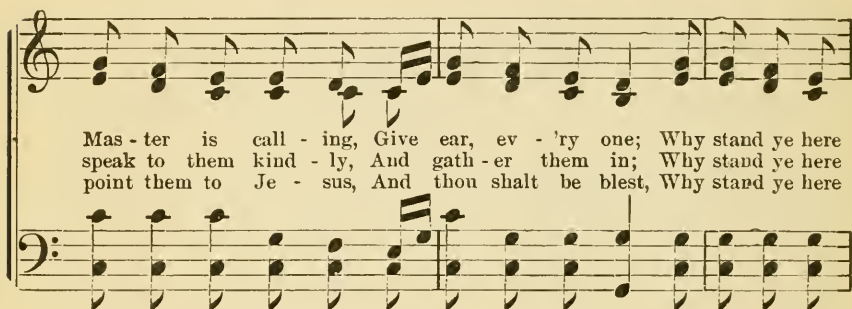
No. 162. WHY STAND YE HERE IDLE?

J. L. H.

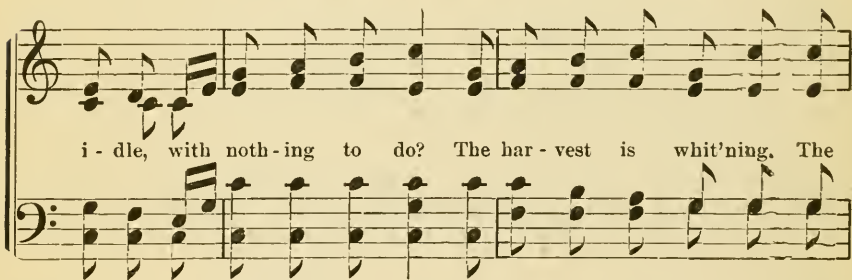
NETTIE B. CHRISTIAN.



1. Why stand ye here i - dle? There is work to be done, The
 2. There are weak ones a - round you, Who are struggling with sin; Go
 3. Go, com - fort the wea - ry, And help the oppressed, Go,

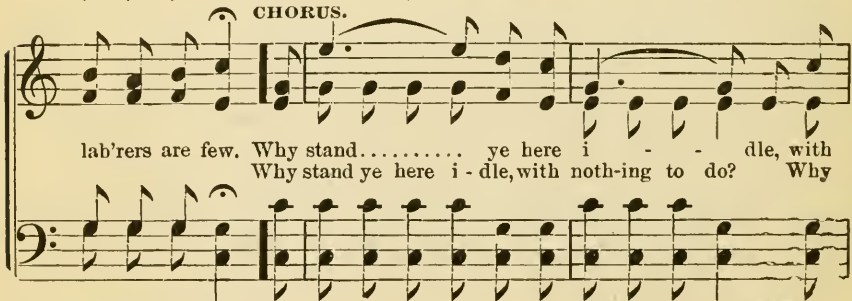


Mas - ter is call - ing, Give ear, ev - 'ry one; Why stand ye here
 speak to them kind - ly, And gath - er them in; Why stand ye here
 point them to Je - sus, And thou shalt be blest, Why stand ye here



i - dle, with noth - ing to do? The har - vest is whit'ning. The

CHORUS.



lab'ers are few. Why stand..... ye here i - dle, with
 Why stand ye here i - dle, with noth - ing to do? Why

Why Stand Ye Here Idle?—Concluded.

noth - ing to do?..... The har - vest is
stand ye here i - dle, with nothing to do? The har-vest is whit'ning, The

whit - 'ning. The la - b'ers are few.....
la-b'ers are few, The har-vest is whit'ning, The lab'ers are few.

No. 163. THE PLACE I LOVE.

W. T. G.

(Infant Class.)

W. T. GIFFE.

1. There is a place I love to go, Where more of Je-sus I may
2. There is a place where children sing Glad prais-es to the heav'nly
3. We learn of Je-sus, and His praise In thankful voice we glad - ly

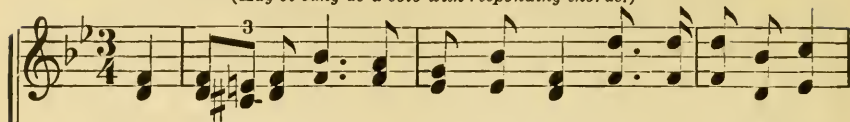
know; Of Him who loved the children so; It is the Sunday-school.
King, And to the Lord their trib-ute bring; It is the Sunday-school.
raise; We learn of man - y bet - ter ways, In this our Sunday-school.

No. 164. LET THE GOSPEL SHINE.

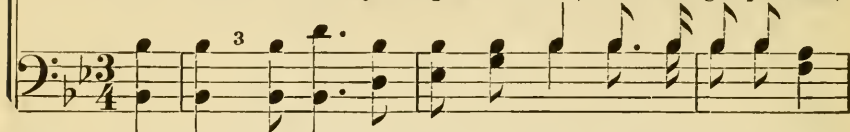
MARY J. CARTWRIGHT.

W. T. GIFFE.

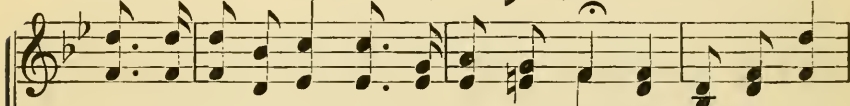
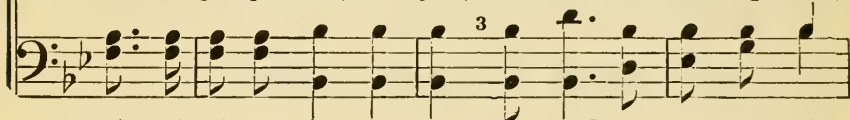
(May be sung as a solo with responding chorus.)



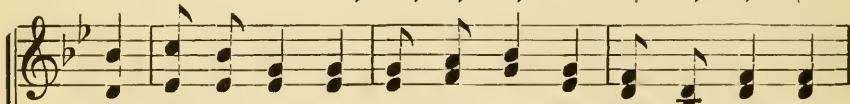
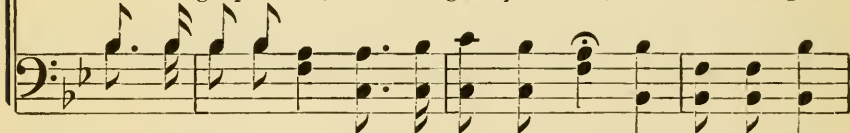
1. The world is full of sin and woe; Let the gos-pel shine,
2. No gloom - y christians should we see; Let the gos-pel shine,
3. A - rise! a - rise! your light is come; Let the gos-pel shine,



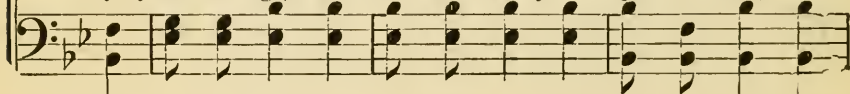
Let the gos - pel shine; Dis - pel the gloom wher - e'er you go;
 Let the gos - pel shine; Bid doubts and fears and dark - ness flee;
 Let the gos - pel shine; Re - joice, for souls are flock - ing home;



Let the gos-pel shine, Let the gos - pel shine; Oh, tell of Je-
 Let the gos-pel shine, Let the gos - pel shine; For Christ can so
 Let the gos-pel shine, Let the gos - pel shine; And when to glo-



us' wondrous love, Of how He left His throne a - bove, His
 il - lume with grace, That as you go from place to place, With
 ry you shall go, And meet the ones you helped be - low, Oh,



Let the Gospel Shine.

pow'r to save and keep you, prove, Oh, let the gos - pel shine.
 hap - py heart and cheer - ful face, You'll let the gos - pel shine.
 then what bliss 'twill be to know You let the gos - pel shine.

CHORUS. Vigorously.

Let the gos - pel shine, Let the gos - pel shine; Je - sus, fill this

Cres.
 heart of mine, And help me, oh, help me to let the gos - pel shine.

No. 165. RESPONSIVE READING.

LEADER.—The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand forever.

RESPONSE.—Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard,

L. That the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth,

R. Fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of his understanding.

L. He giveth power to the faint;

R. And to them that have no might he increaseth strength.

L. Even the youths shall faint and be weary,

R. And the young men shall utterly fall;

L. But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength;

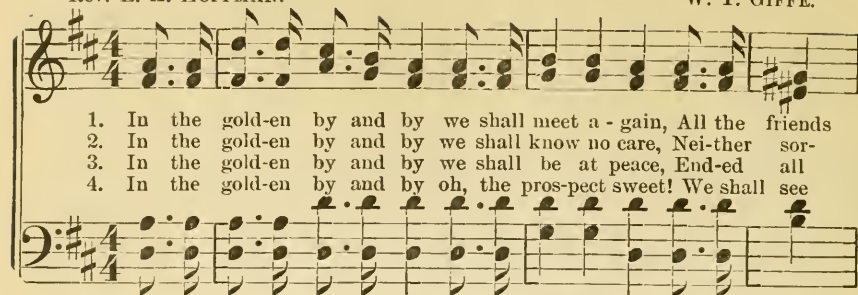
R. They shall mount up with wings as eagles;

L. They shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.


No. 166. IN THE GOLDEN BY AND BY.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

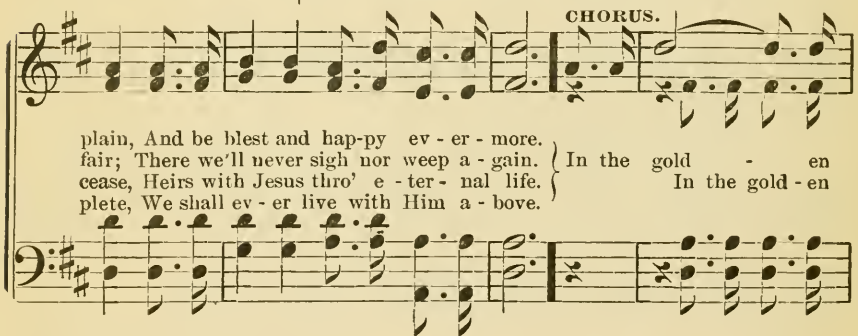
W. T. GIFFE.



1. In the gold-en by and by we shall meet a - gain, All the friends
 2. In the gold-en by and by we shall know no care, Nei-ther sor-
 3. In the gold-en by and by we shall be at peace, End-ed all
 4. In the gold-en by and by oh, the pros-pect sweet! We shall see

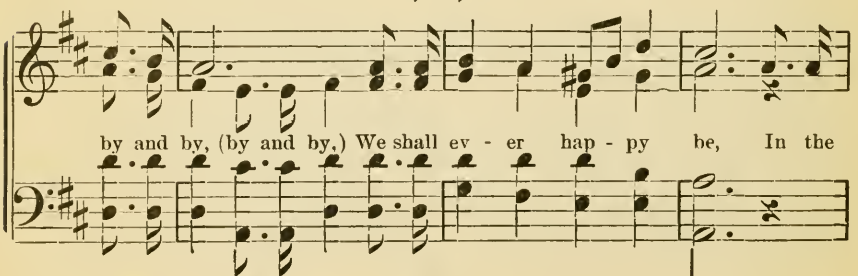


who have gone be - fore; There our friendship we'll renew on yon E - den
 row, nor sin, nor pain; All our tears are wiped a-way in that home so
 earth-ly toil and strife, We shall en - ter in - to joys, that will nev - er
 the dear Lord we love, And in fel - low-ship of joy and in peace com-



CHORUS.

plain, And be blest and hap-py ev - er - more.
 fair; There we'll never sigh nor weep a - gain. } In the gold - en
 cease, Heirs with Jesus thro' e - ter - nal life. } In the gold - en
 plete, We shall ev - er live with Him a - bove.



by and by, (by and by,) We shall ev - er hap - py be, In the

In the Golden By and By.

gold In - the gold - en by and by, by and by,

We shall praise God e - ter - nal - ly.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the voice part and a grand staff (treble and bass) for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a steady accompaniment.

No. 167. LEAD ME, FATHER.

R. A. EVILSIZER.

W. T. GIFFE.

1. Lead me in the way, Fa - ther, In Thy blessed way;
 2. Ev - er be my guide, Fa - ther, Keep me from all ill;
 3. I am weak and lone, Fa - ther, Rug-ged is the way;
 4. Make me now Thine own, Fa - ther, Con - se - crate me now,

Do not let me stray, Fa - ther, Keep me near, I pray.
 In Thee let me hide, Fa - ther, Bid the storm be still.
 If Thou lead me not, Fa - ther, I shall go a - stray.
 While with hum-ble heart, Fa - ther, At Thy feet I bow.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the voice part and a grand staff (treble and bass) for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a steady accompaniment.

No. 168.

WHY STAND YE IDLE?

J. L. M.

J. L. MOORE.

1. Oh, hear what the Mas-ter is say - ing to you, Go work in the har-
 2. Go thrust in your sick-le and gath-er the grain, The world is the great
 3. Oh, why stand ye i-dle? there's work, work for you; Go reap for the Mas-

vest to - day; The fields are all white but the reap-ers are few, And
 har - vest field; Go work on the hill - top, the mountain and plain, A-
 ter to - day; Be read - y and will - ing, be earn - est and true, The

CHORUS.
 time passeth quick-ly a - way. Oh, why stand ye i - dle?
 bundance the harvest will yield.
 Lord will a - bund-ant-ly pay. Oh, why, oh, why stand ye i - dle to-day?

Oh, why stand ye i - dle? The har-vest is great
 Oh, why, oh, why stand ye i - dle to-day? The har-vest is great

Why Stand Ye Idle?

But the reap-ers are few, There's la-bor, my broth-er, for you.

No. 169. LET IT FALL ON ME.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. L. MOORE.

Andante.

1. I am thirsting so intense-ly, O Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry! For the
2. At Thy feet in low sub-mission; And in deep humil-i-ty, I am
3. Let it, Lord, this moment reach me; Let the blood be now applied; Let the
4. Heal and cleanse my humbled spirit; All the dross of sin remove: Take a-
5. Lord, how long? let now the baptism, And the fire of Pen-te-cost, Fall up-

CHORUS.

full-ness of Thy blessing; Let it free-ly fall on me.
 kneel-ing, I am pleading For Thy grace to fall on me.
 pow'r be sent from heaven, And my soul be sanc-ti-fied. Let it fall on
 way the love of sin-ning; Fill me with Thy per-fect love.
 on me and re-fine me, Till my soul in love is lost.

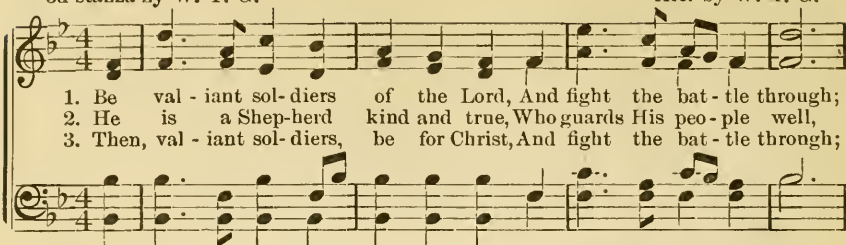
Rit.

me, Lamb of Cal-va-ry; Let it fall on me, E-ven me, e-ven me.

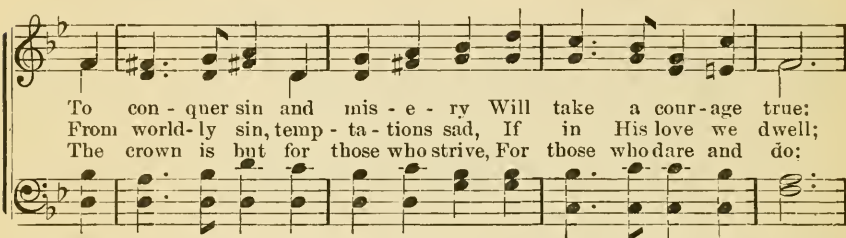
No. 170. SOLDIERS OF THE LORD.

Mrs. T. J. WRIGHT.
3d stanza by W. T. G.

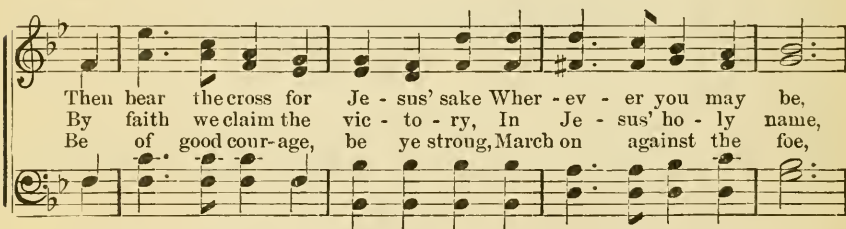
MINNIE WRIGHT.
Arr. by W. T. G.



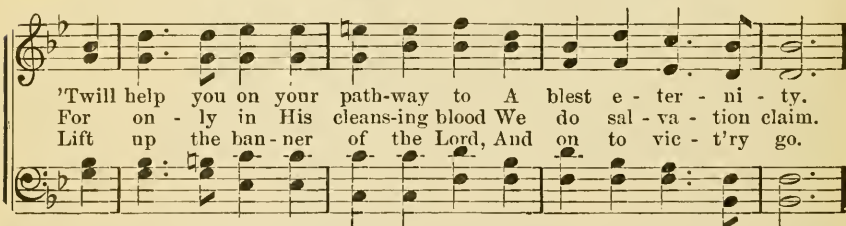
1. Be val - iant sol - diers of the Lord, And fight the bat - tle through;
2. He is a Shep - herd kind and true, Who guards His peo - ple well,
3. Then, val - iant sol - diers, be for Christ, And fight the bat - tle through;



To con - quer sin and mis - e - ry Will take a cour - age true;
From world - ly sin, temp - ta - tions sad, If in His love we dwell;
The crown is bnt for those who strive, For those who dare and do;

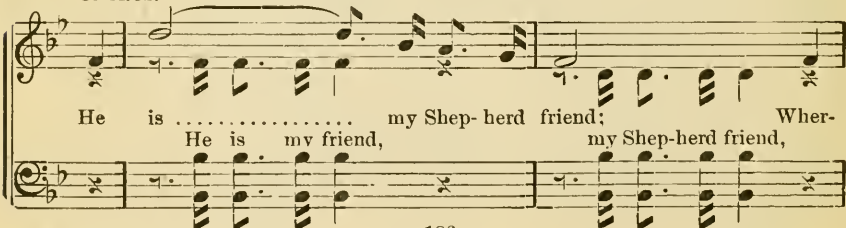


Then hear the cross for Je - sus' sake Wher - ev - er you may be,
By faith we claim the vic - to - ry, In Je - sus' ho - ly name,
Be of good cour - age, be ye strong, March on against the foe,



'Twill help you on your path - way to A blest e - ter - ni - ty.
For on - ly in His cleans - ing blood We do sal - va - tion claim.
Lift up the ban - ner of the Lord, And on to vic - t'ry go.

CHORUS.



He is my Shep - herd friend; Wher -
He is my friend, my Shep - herd friend,

Soldiers of the Lord.

e'er..... He leads I'll go, there I will go, For He
 Where'er He leads,

leads..... thro' pastures fair,..... Where the heal - ing wa - ters
 O yes, He leads thro' pastures fair,

flow;.... I will bless..... His ho - ly name,..... E - ven
 Yes, I will bless His ho - ly name,

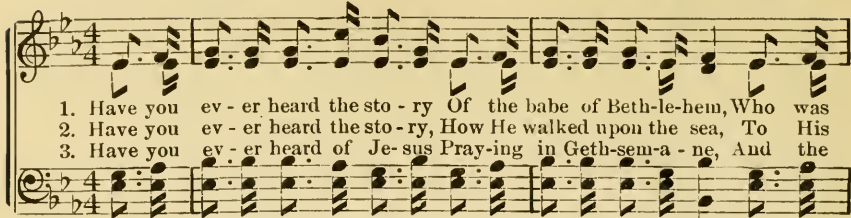
till..... this life is past; Then, O then. the vic-t'ry
 E - ven till this life is past; Then, O then

claim,..... When I get safe - ly home at last. at last.
 the vic-t'ry claim,

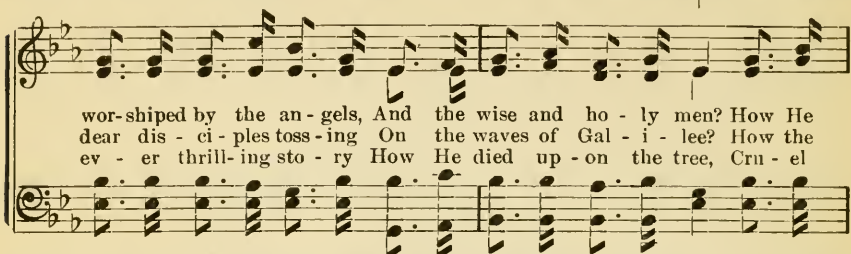
No. 171. JUST THE SAME TO-DAY.

Mrs. S. Z. KAUFMAN. Arr.

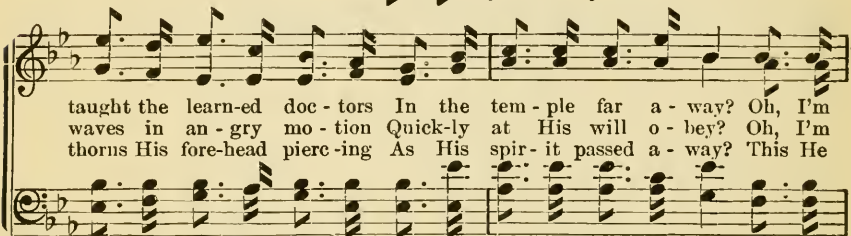
W. A. OGDEN.



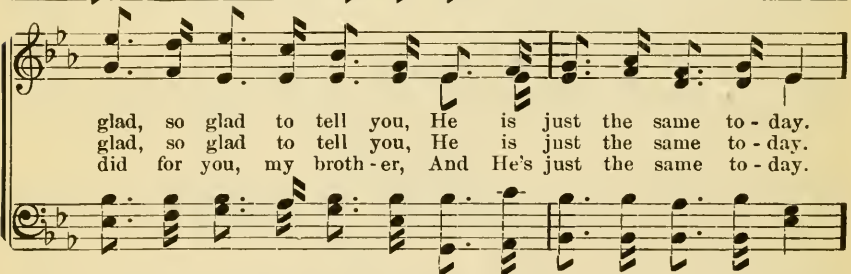
1. Have you ev - er heard the sto - ry Of the babe of Beth-le-hem, Who was
 2. Have you ev - er heard the sto - ry, How He walked upon the sea, To His
 3. Have you ev - er heard of Je - sus Pray - ing in Geth-se-ma - ne, And the



wor-shipped by the an - gels, And the wise and ho - ly men? How He
 dear dis - ci - ples toss - ing On the waves of Gal - i - lee? How the
 ev - er thrill - ing sto - ry How He died up - on the tree, Cru - el

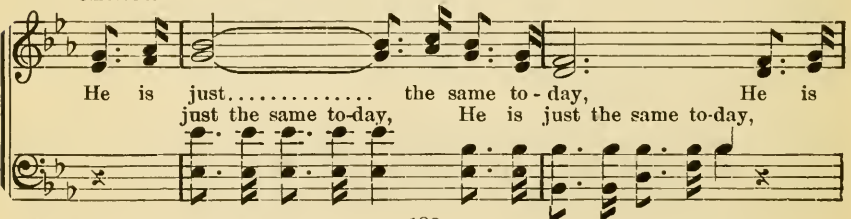


taught the learn-ed doc - tors In the tem - ple far a - way? Oh, I'm
 waves in an - gry mo - tion Quick-ly at His will o - bey? Oh, I'm
 thorns His fore-head pierc - ing As His spir - it passed a - way? This He



glad, so glad to tell you, He is just the same to - day.
 glad, so glad to tell you, He is just the same to - day.
 did for you, my broth - er, And He's just the same to - day.

CHORUS.



He is just..... the same to - day, He is
 just the same to-day, He is just the same to-day,

Just The Same To-day.

just..... the same to - day, Seeking those who've gone a-
just the same to-day, He is just the same to-day,

stray, Sav - ing souls a-long the way, Thank God! He's just the same to - day.

No. 172.

BETHANY.

- 1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to thee.
- 2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.
- 3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;

Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

- 4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony grief
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.
- 5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

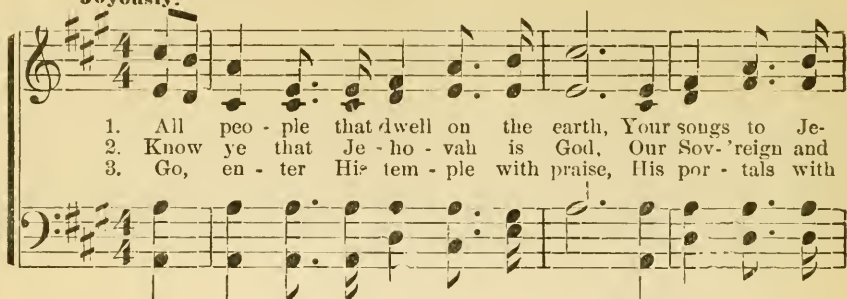
No. 173. WITH THANKFUL ACCLAIM.

ANON.

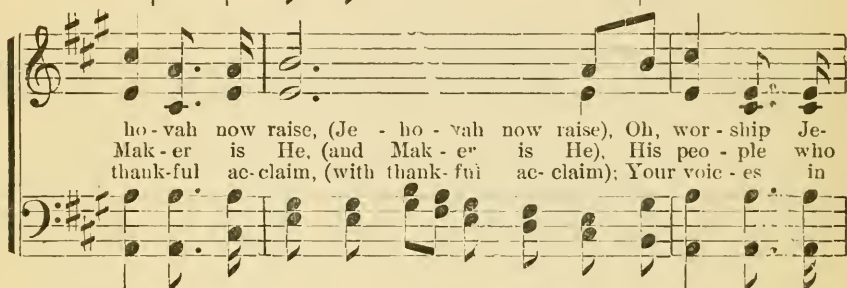
(Metrical version of the 100th psalm.)

W. T. GIFFE.

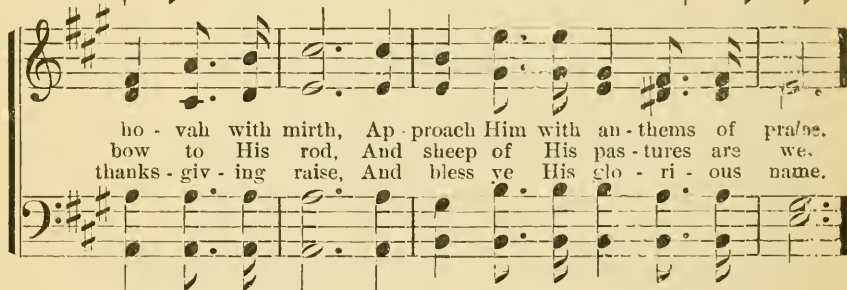
Joyously.



1. All peo - ple that dwell on the earth, Your songs to Je-
 2. Know ye that Je - ho - vah is God, Our Sov-'reign and
 3. Go, en - ter His tem - ple with praise, His por - tals with

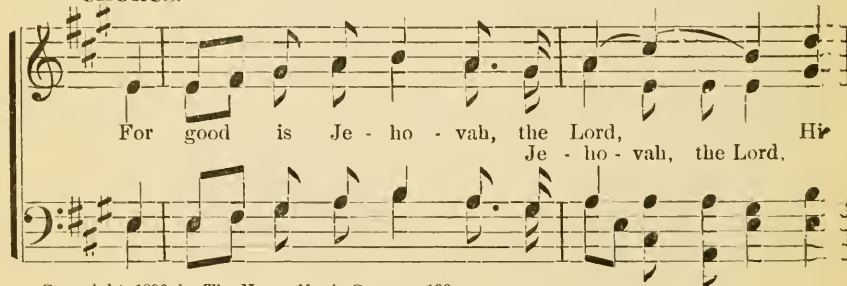


ho - vah now raise, (Je - ho - vah now raise), Oh, wor - ship Je-
 Mak - er is He, (and Mak - er is He), His peo - ple who
 thank - ful ac - claim, (with thank - ful ac - claim); Your voic - es in



ho - vah with mirth, Ap - proach Him with an - thems of praise.
 bow to His rod, And sheep of His pas - tures are we.
 thanks - giv - ing raise, And bless ye His glo - ri - ous name.

CHORUS.



For good is Je - ho - vah, the Lord, His
 Je - ho - vah, the Lord,

Vith Thankful Acclain.

mer - cy to us nev - er ends, (nev - er ends); His faith - ful-ness

true to His word, (to His word). Thro' a-ges un - end-ing ex-tends.

No. 174. RESPONSIVE READING.

LEADER —For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

RESPONSE.—I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

L.—He maketh His wind to blow and the waters flow.

R.—The vine shall give her fruit, and the ground shall give her increase, and the heavens shall give their dew.

L.—Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase.

R.—Give unto the Lord the glory due His name; bring an offering and come before Him.

L.—Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house, * * * and prove me now, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

R.—Of all that Thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto Thee.

L.—Not grudgingly, or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver.

R.—Freely ye have received, freely give.

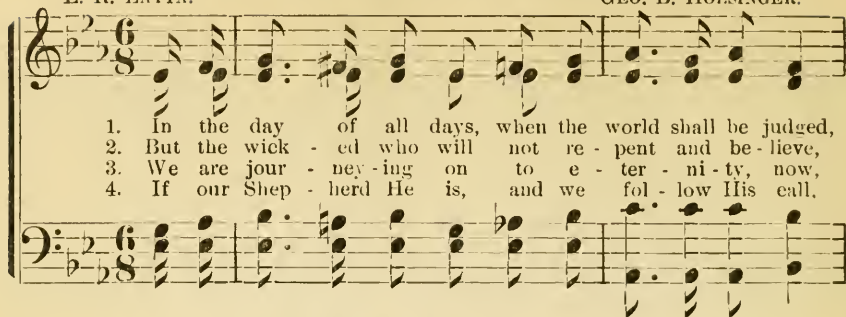
L.—My son, give me thine heart.

R.—Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

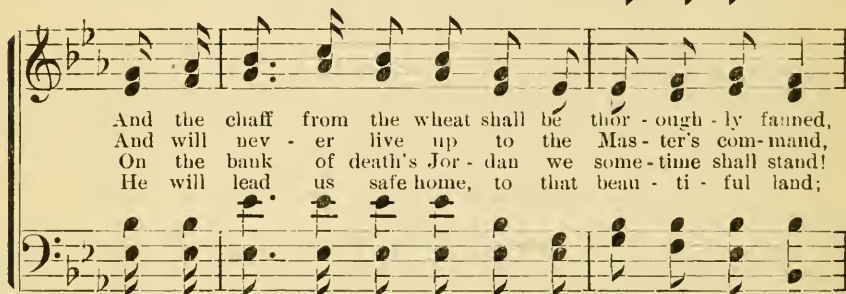
No. 175. AT THE SAVIOR'S RIGHT HAND.

E. R. LATTA.

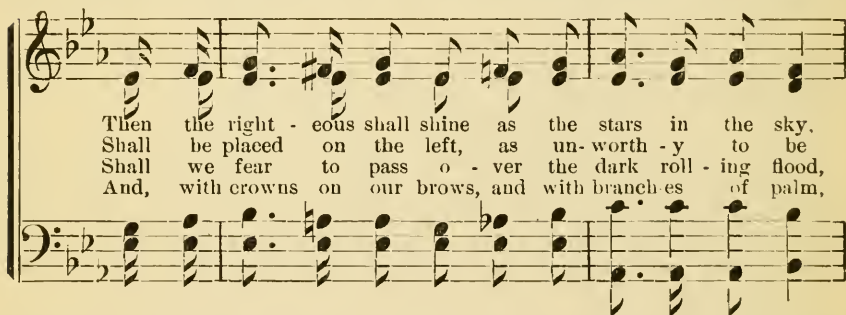
GEO. B. HOLINGER.



1. In the day of all days, when the world shall be judged,
 2. But the wick - ed who will not re - pent and be - lieve,
 3. We are jour - ney - ing on to e - ter - ni - ty, now,
 4. If our Shep - herd He is, and we fol - low His call.



And the chaff from the wheat shall be thor - ough - ly fanned,
 And will nev - er live up to the Mas - ter's com - mand,
 On the bank of death's Jor - dan we some - time shall stand!
 He will lead us safe home, to that beau - ti - ful land;



Then the right - eous shall shine as the stars in the sky,
 Shall be placed on the left, as un - worth - y to be
 Shall we fear to pass o - ver the dark roll - ing flood,
 And, with crowns on our brows, and with branches of palm,



And their plac - es shall be at the Sav - ior's right hand,
 With the child - ren of God at the Sav - ior's right hand,
 Lest our por - tion be not at the Sav - ior's right hand?
 We shall ev - er a - bide at the Sav - ior's right hand.

At the Savior's Right Hand.

REFRAIN.

Let me..... find a place... with that..... hap - py band...
 Let me find a place with that happy band, Let me find a place with that happy band,

Who shall ev - - - er a-bide..... A-bide at the Savior's right hand.
 Who shall ever abide at the Savior's right hand.

No. 176. OH, FOR A HEART TO PRAISE.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY.

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,
2. A heart re-signed, sub-mis-sive, meek, My dear Re-deem-er's throne,
3. A hum-ble, low - ly, con-trite heart, Be - liev - ing, true and clean,
4. A heart in ev - 'ry thought renewed, And full of love di - vine,
5. Thy na - ture, dear - est Lord, im-part; Come quickly from a - bove;

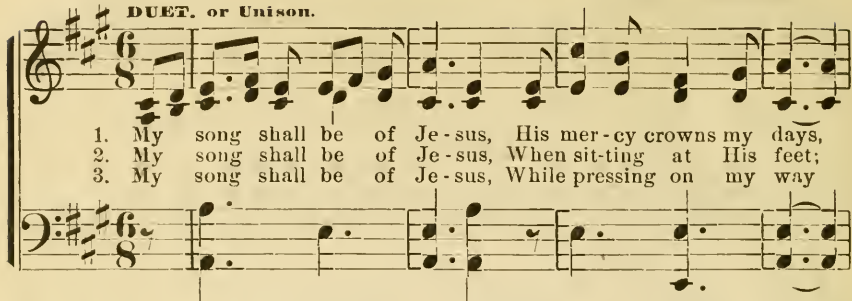
A heart that al - ways feels Thy blood So free - ly spilt for me.
 Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.
 Which neith - er life nor death can part From Him that dwells with - in.
 Per - fect, and right, and pure, and good, A cop - y, Lord, of Thine.
 Write thy new name up - on my heart, Thy new, blest name of love.

No. 177. MY SONG SHALL BE OF JESUS.

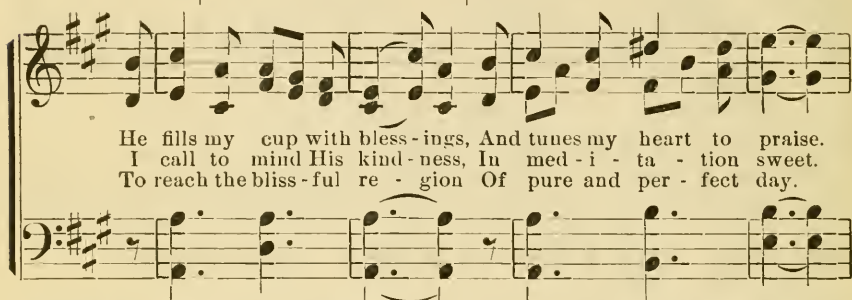
Mrs. HEYER.

LOUIS D. EICHORN.

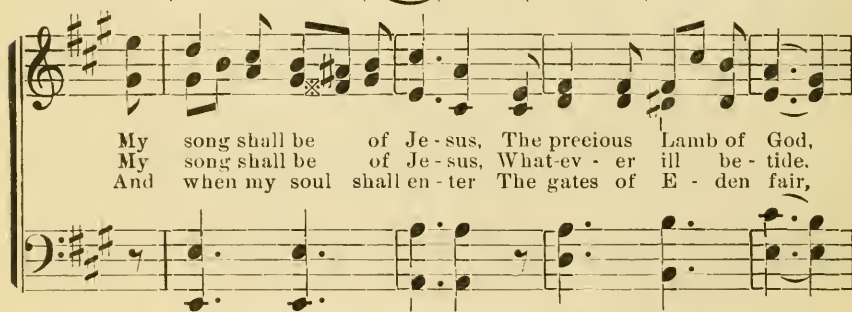
DUET, or Unison.



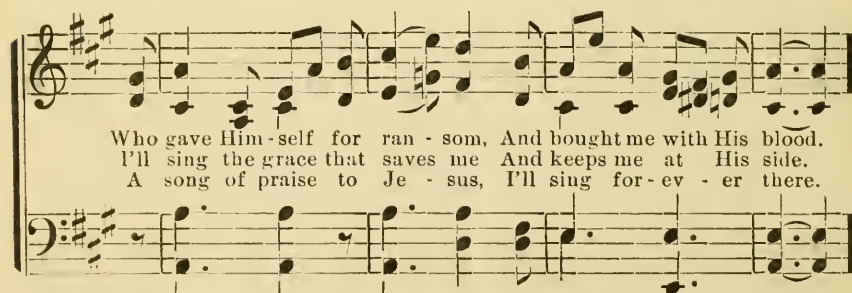
1. My song shall be of Je-sus, His mer-cy crowns my days,
 2. My song shall be of Je-sus, When sit-ting at His feet;
 3. My song shall be of Je-sus, While pressing on my way



He fills my cup with bless-ings, And tunes my heart to praise.
 I call to mind His kind-ness, In med-i-ta-tion sweet.
 To reach the bliss-ful re-gion Of pure and per-fect day.



My song shall be of Je-sus, The pre-cious Lamb of God,
 My song shall be of Je-sus, What-ev-er ill be-tide.
 And when my soul shall en-ter The gates of E-den fair,



Who gave Him-self for ran-som, And bought me with His blood.
 I'll sing the grace that saves me And keeps me at His side.
 A song of praise to Je-sus, I'll sing for-ev-er there.

My Song Shall be of Jesus.

CHORUS.

My song shall be of Je - sus, His mer-cy crowns my days,
Shall be of Jesus,

He fills my cup with bless - ings, And tunes my heart to praise.

No. 178

E. R. LATTA.

LET ME IN.

W. T. GIFFE.

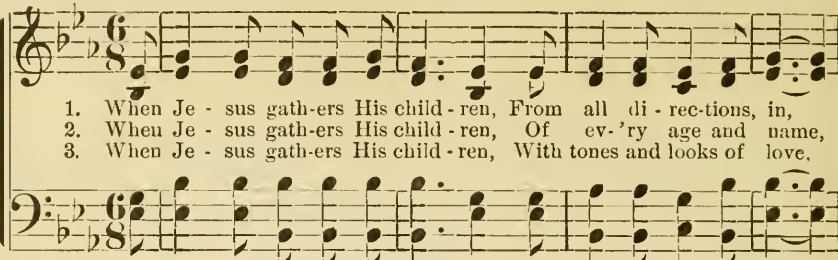
1. I'm waiting now, at mercy's door, In all my guilt of sin! My
2. I'm waiting now, at mercy's door, Admittance there to win! Al-
3. I'm waiting now, at mercy's door, And, on the promise lean! My
4. I'm waiting now, at mercy's door, Thy service to be - gin! Thy

soul would stay with - out no more, Dear Sav-ior, let me in!
though I should have come before, Dear Sav-ior, let me in!
feet would roam from Thee no more, Dear Sav-ior, let me in!
pard'n - ing grace I now im-plore, Dear Sav-ior, let me in!

No. 179. SHALL I BE WORTHY.

E. R. LATTA.

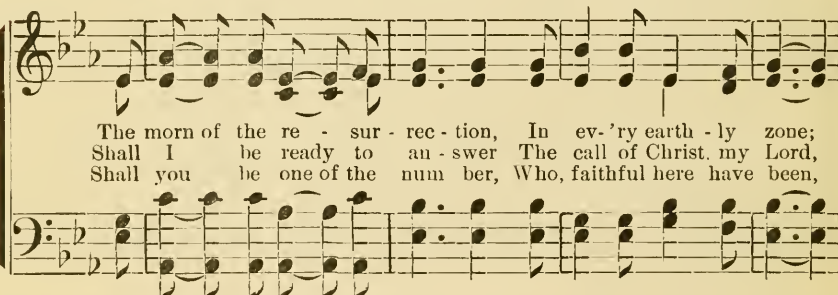
W. T. GIFFE.



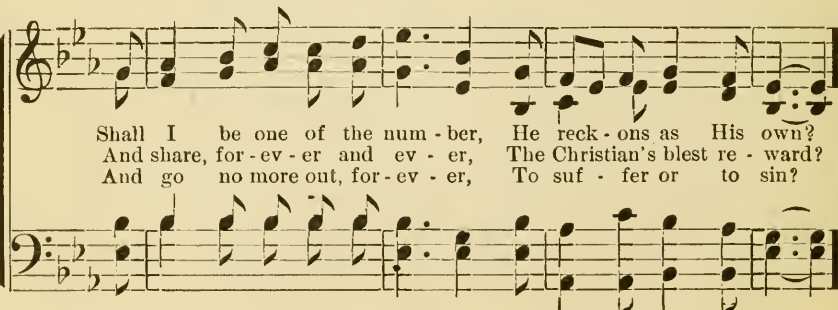
1. When Je - sus gath-ers His child - ren, From all di - rec-tions, in,
 2. When Je - sus gath-ers His child - ren, Of ev-'ry age and name,
 3. When Je - sus gath-ers His child - ren, With tones and looks of love,



Who've chos-en Him for their Mas - ter, And He has cleansed from sin;
 And welcomes them to His kingdom, Be-cause they o - ver - came;
 And they, thro' beaut-i - ful por - tals, Shall pass to bliss a - bove;



The morn of the re - sur - rec - tion, In ev-'ry earth - ly zone;
 Shall I be ready to an - swer The call of Christ, my Lord,
 Shall you be one of the num - ber, Who, faithful here have been,



Shall I be one of the num - ber, He reck - ons as His own?
 And share, for - ev - er and ev - er, The Christian's blest re - ward?
 And go no more out, for - ev - er, To suf - fer or to sin?

Shall I be Worthy?

CHORUS.

When Je - sus gath-ers His child - ren, Who slum-ber here be - low,

Shall I be count-ed as worth - y, And glad - ly rise and go?

No. 180.

IN SACRED LAYS.

OZELLA S. STONE.

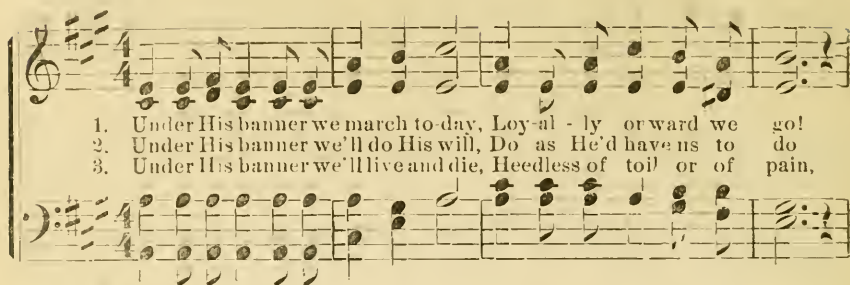
Moderato.

1. Come, O my soul! in sacred lays, At tempt thy great Cre - at-or's praise;
2. Enthron'd a-mid the radiant spheres, He glo - ry, like a garment wears;
3. In all our Maker's grand designs, Almighty pow'r with wisdom shines;

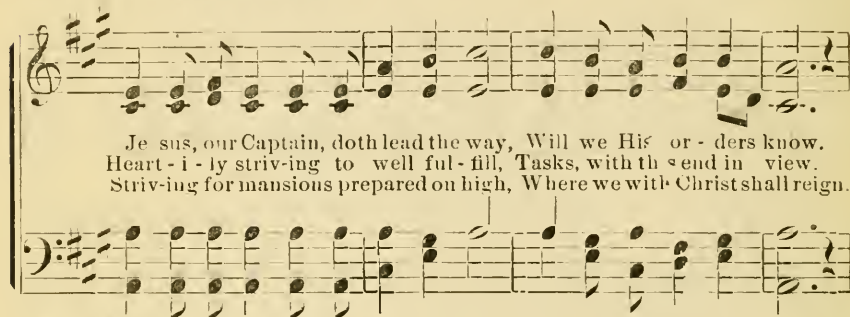
But oh, what tongue can speak His fame; What mortal verse can reach the theme?
To form a robe of light divine, Ten thousand suns a-round Him shine.
His works, thro' all this wondrous frame, Declare the glory of His name.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

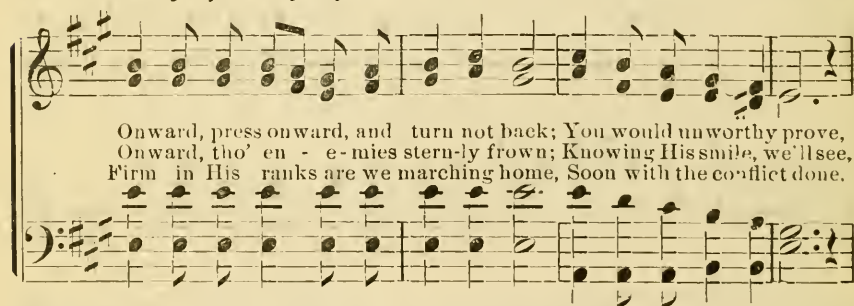
W. H. BURGETT.



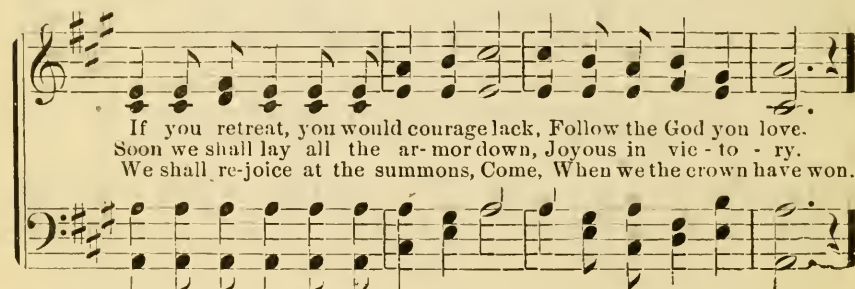
1. Under His banner we march to-day, Loy-al - ly or-ward we go!
 2. Under His banner we'll do His will, Do as He'd have us to do
 3. Under His banner we'll live and die, Heedless of toil or of pain,



Je-sus, our Captain, doth lead the way, Will we His or-ders know.
 Heart-i-ly striv-ing to well ful-fill, Tasks, with th-e end in view.
 Striv-ing for man-sions pre-pared on high, Where we with Christ shall reign.



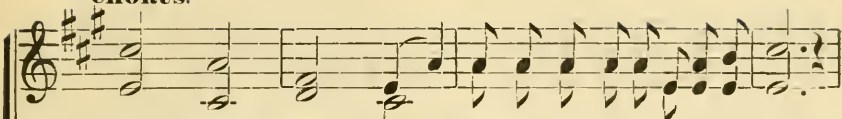
Onward, press onward, and turn not back; You would unworthy prove,
 Onward, tho' en-e-mies stern-ly frown; Knowing His smile, we'll see,
 Firm in His ranks are we marching home, Soon with the conflict done.



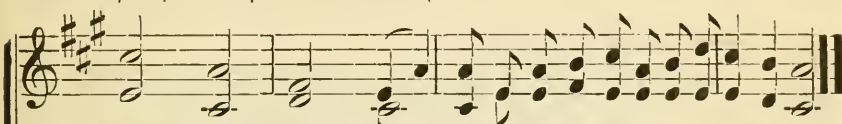
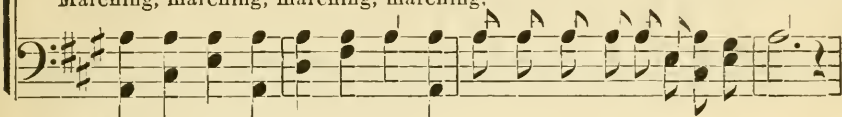
If you retreat, you would courage lack, Follow the God you love.
 Soon we shall lay all the ar-mor down, Joyous in vic-to-ry.
 We shall re-joice at the summons, Come, When we the crown have won.

Under His Banner.

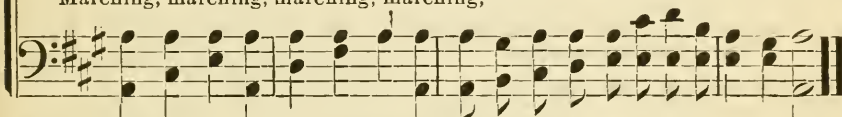
CHORUS.



March - ing, march - ing, Marching 'neath the banner of our King,
Marching, marching, marching, marching.



March - ing, march - ing, Joyfully in praises let our anthems ring.
Marching, marching, marching, marching.



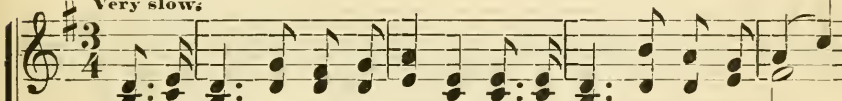
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PASSING AWAY.

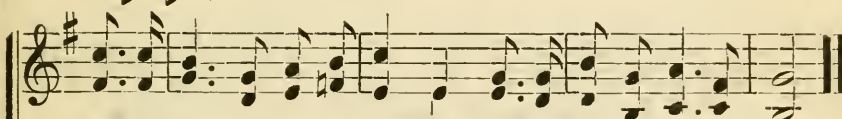
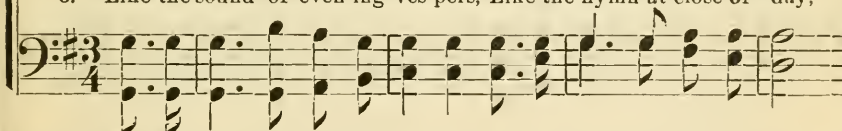
MRS. GOODWIN.

O. M. LIVENGOOD.

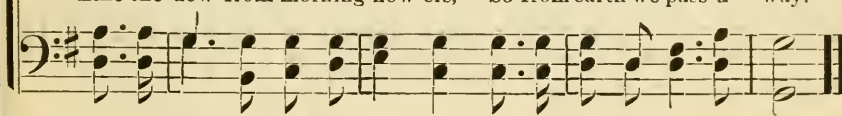
Very slow.



1. Like a dream our life is passing, Like a dream that's almost through,
2. Like a ship up-on the o - cean, With its white sails all un-furled,
3. Like the sound of even-ing ves-pers, Like the hymn at close of day,



Like a flow'r emblossomed landscape, That the dark might hides from view.
We are near - ing, ev - er near - ing To the un - seen fu - ture world.
Like the dew from morning flow - ers, So from earth we pass a - way.



EMMA J. BELL.

F. E. COOK.

1. Bring in the lit - tle children, Oh, hear the loving call, The loss of one will
 2. The laughing, dimpled faces, The fac-es pale and wan, Fair with the light of
 3. A - mid the gay and careless, Wherever they are found, His tender love un -

grieve Him, For Je-sus loves them all, A lit - tle word of kindness, Their
 heav-en, Or dark with want and pain, Oh, do not let them en - ter The
 fail-ing, Doth com-pass them a-round; From ev-'ry dist-ant by-way, From

ten-der hearts may win; The Savior loves the children, Oh, bring them quickly in.
 darkened path of sin; For Jesus loves the children; Oh, bring them safely in.
 out the haunts of sin, The Christ who bless'd thy children, Still softly calls them in.

CHORUS.

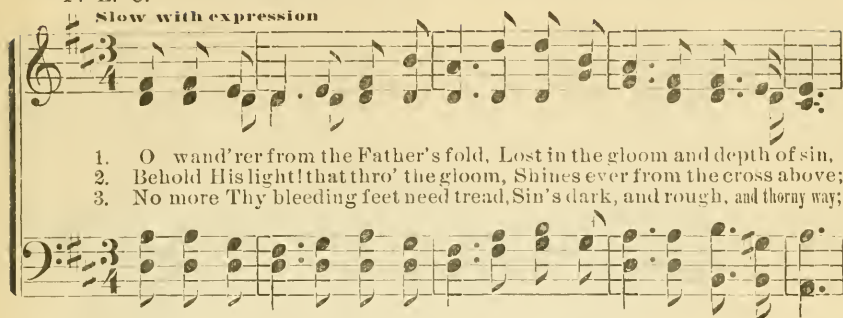
Bring them, bring them, Bring the children in, Go seek them in the by-ways, And bring them quickly in.

No. 184. O WAND'ERER FROM THE FOLD.

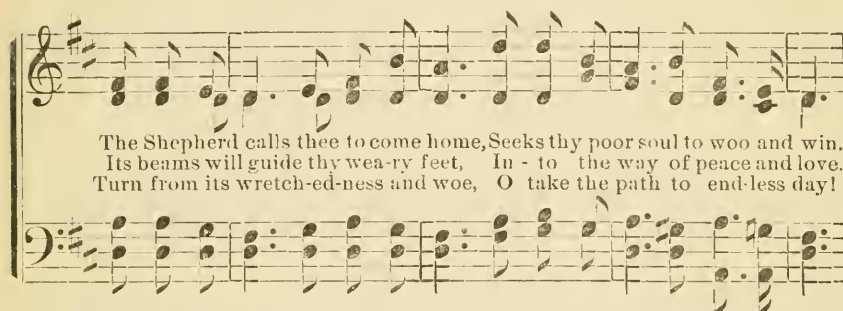
F. E. C.

F. E. Cook.

Slow with expression



1. O wand'rer from the Father's fold, Lost in the gloom and depth of sin,
 2. Behold His light! that thro' the gloom, Shines ever from the cross above;
 3. No more Thy bleeding feet need tread, Sin's dark, and rough, and thorny way;

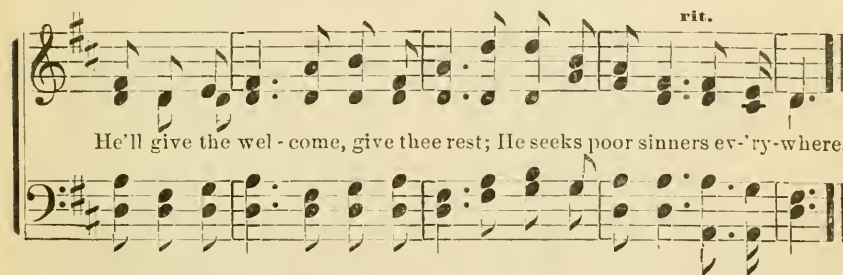


The Shepherd calls thee to come home, Seeks thy poor soul to woo and win.
 Its beams will guide thy wea-ry feet, In - to the way of peace and love.
 Turn from its wretch-ed-ness and woe, O take the path to end-less day!

CHORUS.



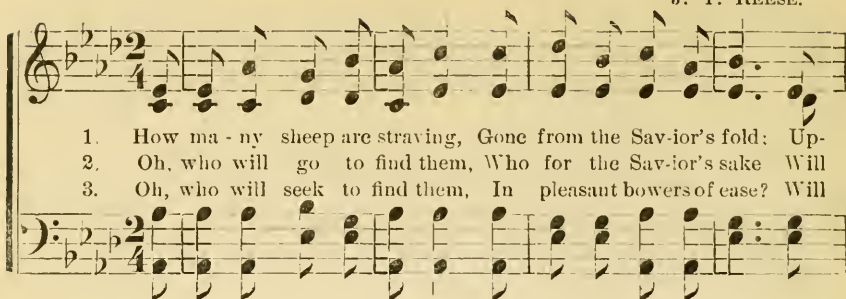
O wand'rer from the Father's fold Re-turn un - to His shel't'ring care;



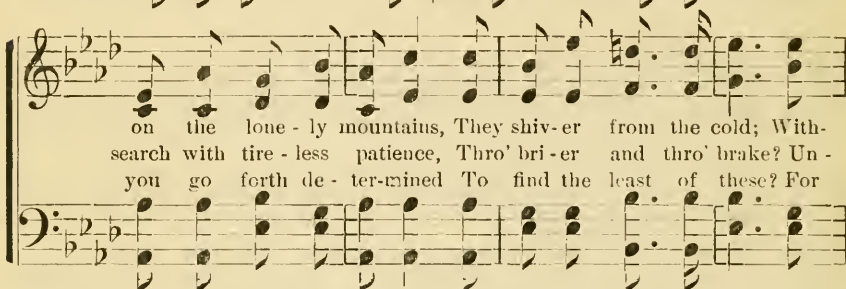
He'll give the wel - come, give thee rest; He seeks poor sinners ev'-ry-where.

No. 185. BRINGING BACK THE WANDERERS.

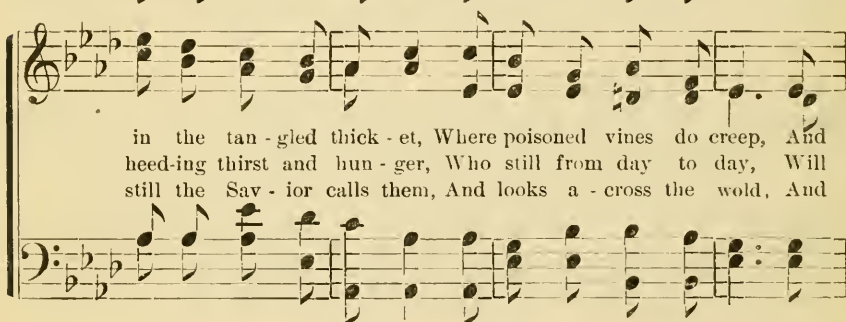
J. T. REESE.



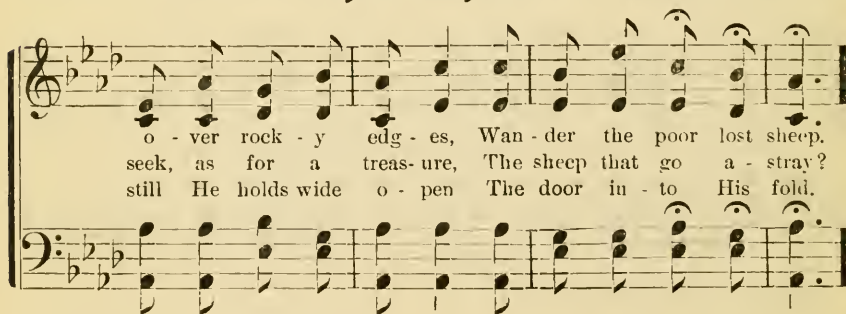
1. How ma - ny sheep are straving, Gone from the Sav-ior's fold: Up-
 2. Oh, who will go to find them, Who for the Sav-ior's sake Will
 3. Oh, who will seek to find them, In pleasant bowers of ease? Will



on the lone - ly mountains, They shiv-er from the cold; With-
 search with tire - less patience, Thro' bri-er and thro' brake? Un -
 you go forth de - ter-mined To find the least of these? For



in the tan - gled thick - et, Where poisoned vines do creep, And
 heed-ing thirst and hun - ger, Who still from day to day, Will
 still the Sav - ior calls them, And looks a - cross the wold, And



o - ver rock - y edg - es, Wan - der the poor lost sheep.
 seek, as for a treas - ure, The sheep that go a - stray?
 still He holds wide o - pen The door in - to His fold.

Bringing Back the Wanderers.

CHORUS.

Oh, who will go..... and seek to day, The wand'ring
 Oh, who will go, and seek to-day,

ones..... who've gone astray?..... Go tell the sto - - - - ry sweet and
 The wand'ring ones who've gone astray? Go tell the story sweet and

old, And bring them to..... the Sav-ior's fold.
 old, sweet and old, And bring them to the Sav-ior's fold

No. 186. RESPONSIVE READING.

MATT. 5:12.

1. And seeing the multitude, He went up into a mountain: and when He was set, His disciples came unto Him:

2. And He opened His mouth and taught them, saying,

3. Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake.

12. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

No. 187. HIS LOVE IS JUST THE SAME.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

W. T. GIFFE.

3rd stanza by W. T. G.

Moderato.

1. We read in sac - red sto - ry, Of the ten - der - ness of Christ,
 2. We love to read the sto - ry, Of the lame and blind re stored;
 3. O, wondrous love un - fail - ing, Bear - ing all the test of time;

How His in - fin - ite com - pas - sion, And His wondrous love suf - ficed;
 Of the heal - ing of the lep - ers By the Christ of all a - dored;
 Free - ly, free - ly yet He giv - eth Par - don, grace and love di - vine.

But the sweetest thought to cheer us, As we tread life's thorny way,
 Of the feed - ing of the mul - ti - tude, He taught beside the way.
 O my broth - er, hear Him call - ing, Call - ing now, why thus de - lay,

Is that Je - sus then so pre - cious, Loves us just the same to - day.
 Bless - ed is the sweet as - sur - ance, He is just the same to - day.
 He will save you to the ut - most, For He's just the same to - day.

His Love is Just the Same.

CHORUS.

His love is just the same. As when up-on the sea. Our
 bless-ed Sav-ior walked The waves of Gal-i-lee.

The image shows a musical score for a chorus. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first system ends with a double bar line, and the second system ends with a final cadence (double bar line with a repeat sign).

No. 188. RESPONSIVE READING.

PSA. 96.

1. O sing unto the Lord a new song; sing unto the Lord all the earth.

2. Sing unto the Lord, bless His name: show forth His salvation from day to day.

3. Declare His glory among the heathen His wonders among all people.

4. For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised: He is to be feared above all Gods.

5. For all the gods of the nations are idols: but the Lord made the heavens.

6. Honor and majesty are before Him. Strength and beauty are in His sanctuary.

7. Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength.

8. Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name: bring an offering and come into His courts.

9. O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before Him, all the earth.

10. Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth: the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved. He shall judge the people righteously.

11. Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad: let the sea roar and the fullness thereof.

12. Let the field be joyful and all that is therein: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice.

13. Before the Lord: for He cometh, for He cometh to judge the earth: He shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with His truth.

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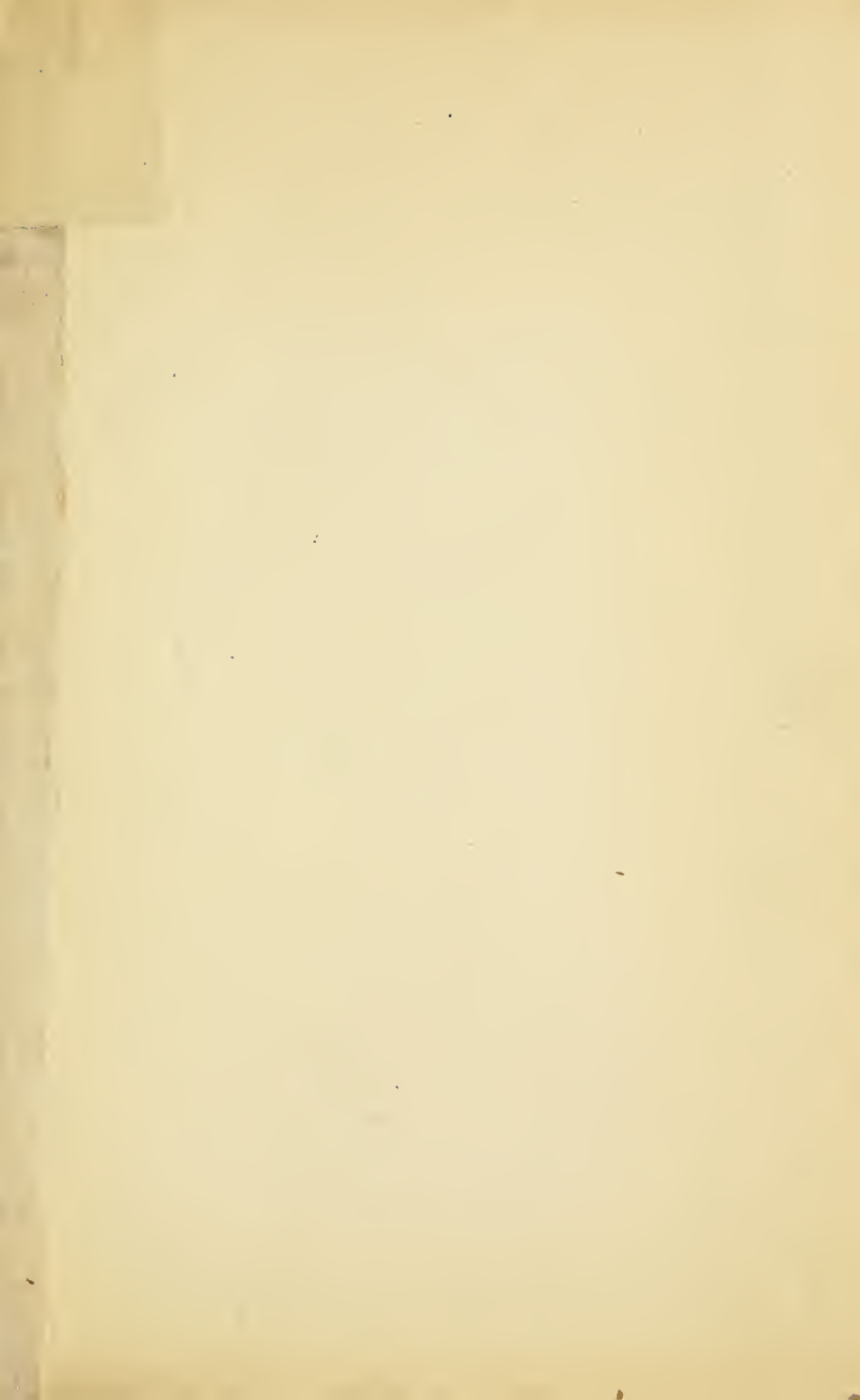
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